

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIV. — OCTOBER, 1899. — No. DIV.

RECENT CHANGES IN SECONDARY EDUCATION.¹

A COLLEGE administrator who paid no attention to the condition of secondary schools could not guide well the policy of his own college, and could not secure for his college its proper share of influence on education in general. For this reason, efficient college presidents watch and think about secondary schools, — their effects on colleges, and the colleges' influence on them. Nobody need be surprised, therefore, if Harvard College is frequently mentioned in this paper. It does not follow, however, that the interests of that large majority of secondary school pupils whose education is carried no farther will not be duly considered. It is one of the most promising of recent changes in secondary education that the interests of the two sets of pupils — those who are going farther, and those who are not — are seen to be, not divergent, but almost identical.

The institutions of secondary education in the United States are divided into two groups, — public schools, and endowed and private schools. In the country at large the public schools constitute about three fifths of the whole number of secondary schools; but in the North Atlantic, North Central, and Western divisions of the United States two thirds of all secondary education is public. In the South Atlantic and South Central divisions, on the contrary, the greater part of secondary education is still endowed or private, — chiefly private.

¹ A paper read before the American Institute of Instruction, July 10, 1899.

Public secondary schools are, on the whole, much more recent than endowed and private schools, although there are a few notable exceptions, like the Boston Latin School; indeed, it is difficult to realize how very recent public secondary schools are in this country. Thus, the Cambridge High School is only fifty-two years old; the Boston English High School for boys dates from 1821, and the Chicago Public High School for both sexes from 1856. In Cincinnati a Central High School was organized in 1847; but in 1852 two large endowments for high school purposes — the Woodward fund and the Hughes fund — were united for the purpose of sustaining two public schools of this grade. The Free Academy of New York was organized in 1849, and the Central High School of Philadelphia in 1838. These two schools were for boys only.

Public high schools for girls are even more recent. Thus, in Boston, the Girls' High and Normal School did not get into operation till 1852. It is said that the establishment in Chicago of the Public High School for both sexes in 1856 was a very early instance of public provision of secondary education for girls. That sort of secondary education which is now known under the generic name of "high school" is, therefore, on the average, not more than two generations old for boys, and less than two generations old for girls. Our survey, then, will cover no long period of time. When we consider how completely equal the

public provisions for boys and for girls in secondary schools have become, we may well be amazed at the neglect of the girls less than fifty years ago, and hopeful about the higher education of young women.

The original object in establishing English high schools was to provide a training up to sixteen or eighteen years of age for boys who were not going to college. As to girls, nobody seems to have imagined, fifty years ago, that their education could be advantageously prolonged beyond eighteen years of age. The future occupations of the graduates of the high schools were imagined to be mercantile or mechanical; and the studies selected were those which it was supposed would be useful to boys destined to such careers. The early programmes of study did not lack variety: for example, that of the Boston English High School included arithmetic, algebra, geometry, geography, general history and the history of the United States, reading, grammar and declamation, rhetoric and composition, bookkeeping, natural philosophy, moral philosophy, natural theology, the evidences of Christianity, and various applications of mathematics, such as navigation, surveying, mensuration, and astronomical calculations. The Constitution of the United States, drawing, logic, and French were shortly added. This comprehensive programme of studies was to be completed in three years; for it was not until 1852 that the school course was fixed at four years. The Chicago High School comprehended from the beginning three departments — classical, English high, and normal. The programme of the English department contained, beside the subjects just mentioned in connection with the Boston English High School, botany, astronomy, physiology, chemistry, geology and mineralogy, and vocal music. In the classical department of this school, the applied mathematics, the sciences, mental philosophy, moral science, rhet-

ric, logic, and political economy were omitted, Latin and Greek taking the place of these studies. The carrying on in the same building of two or more different courses of study, distinguished by such names as the classical, the English, and the general, soon became common; for the example of Boston in maintaining a public Latin school and a separate English high school was not generally followed; indeed, it is only within a few years that some cities, such as Worcester, Cambridge, and Somerville, in Massachusetts, have adopted the Boston method.

The classical sides, or courses, of the public high schools, like the classical courses in the endowed and private academies and schools, have been from the start much influenced by the requirements for admission to American colleges; but the English sides, or courses, have been but slightly influenced by these requirements. Only since the institution of scientific or technological schools have the English high schools proper, or the "general," or English programmes in public high schools, felt the influence of institutions of higher education to which some of their graduates were going. The development of these scientific schools having taken place mainly within the last thirty years, they are practically younger than the high schools. Since the majority of high schools never send any graduates, or but an insignificant proportion of their graduates, to higher institutions, the high schools have had a development or evolution of their own; and their ideals have been largely their own, with the exception of the comparatively small number of high schools which have maintained an effective classical side. Their constituency and government have been quite unlike those of the public elementary schools on the one hand, and of the institutions of higher education on the other.

How have their ideals, or standards,

changed with lapse of time? The first and most obvious change is in the standard of the schools as regards physical provisions for the safety, comfort, and health of the pupils. Buildings are better constructed; thought is taken, at least in planning new buildings, for proper heat, good light, adequate ventilation, and cleanliness; and in general the convenience and health of pupils and teachers are much considered, although not always with successful results. This change is, of course, part of the general change in the sentiments and practices of the intelligent part of American society in regard to bodily excellence, physical training, and public health. In this respect the public high schools have altogether outstripped the endowed academies, — as may be plainly seen on comparing the accommodations of such famous academies as the two Phillips Academies at Exeter and Andover with such Massachusetts high schools as those of Cambridge, Medford, Springfield, and Fall River, not to mention those of Milwaukee, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Denver. To appreciate the magnitude and beneficence of this change one must have been a pupil in a public school fifty-five years ago, as I was in the then new building of the Boston Latin School.

In the second place, the number of subjects in the programmes of study of public secondary schools has been gradually reduced, as the idea of imparting useful information at these schools has given place to the idea of training capacities and implanting desires or aspirations. On the programme of the Cambridge High School for 1853, in the English department, or course, more than twenty different subjects appear. In the English course of the same school in 1883, thirty years later, not more than fourteen subjects appear. In the regulations of the Boston Girls' High School in 1867, for the three years' course of study, at least twenty-one different subjects occur, and it would be possible to

make the count even higher. There is still some complaint that the number of simultaneous studies in our public schools is too large; but the number has unquestionably been much reduced during the last twenty-five years. This reduction in the number of studies means greater thoroughness in treating some, at least, of the subjects retained. The tendency is a thoroughly good one, and ought to be given free course. The introduction of the laboratory methods of teaching natural science has compelled the assignment of more time to any science studied by that method. Superintendents and masters have perceived that no valuable result in the way of training could be got from a few weeks' attention to botany and zoölogy, or meteorology and astronomy, or chemistry and physics, at the rate of three or four lessons a week. Accordingly, they have either refused to deal at all with a scientific subject proposed for admission to the programme, or they have given it time enough to enable the pupils to get from it the training it is fitted to give. I have before me the lists of subjects in the three courses of study maintained in the high school of a small Massachusetts city in the later seventies and earlier eighties. On this programme, Latin, mathematics, Greek, and French are all studied forty weeks in the year, if they are studied at all, — that is, it was not considered worth while to attack any one of those subjects unless it could be studied forty weeks in the year. The subjects pinched for time in this high school are the English subjects, such as English grammar, history, English literature, and civil government, and the scientific subjects, such as geography, physics, physiology, botany, chemistry, astronomy, and geology. The largest number of subjects prescribed for any single pupil in the course of four years is seventeen, and this prescription occurs in the feeble course called "general." Even in this "general" course, the small-

est number of weeks in the years assigned to one subject is twelve. In the programmes of this school, the habitual superiority of the classical course over the other courses is very clearly marked. The total number of subjects dealt with in the classical course of four years is only ten; and of those ten, Latin, algebra, Greek, and French are taught for forty weeks every year in which they occur; geometry is taught for twenty-eight weeks; and physics for thirty-two; and the only subjects which can be said to be slighted are English grammar, ancient geography, and ancient history. These programmes of this typical school are twenty years old. They show great progress, since the first programmes of the Boston English High School were made, in regard to condensation and thoroughness: they show progress away from the false ideal of giving useful information, toward the ideal of imparting power and implanting a longing or taste for some intellectual pleasure, like reading good literature, cultivating a natural science such as physics or chemistry, pursuing out of doors some branch of natural history, or studying history. They show that the constituency and governors of this school had begun to perceive that the supreme object of all education, whether elementary, secondary, or higher, is to implant an intellectual longing that will continue to demand some satisfaction long after school days or college days are over. That education which does not accomplish this object has failed, no matter how prolonged it was; and that education which has effected this has succeeded, however short it was.

I have said that most public high schools have maintained, and still maintain, parallel courses which are selected by or for groups of pupils supposed to have separate destinations. The commonest names for these courses are classical, general (or Latin scientific), English, and commercial. Their merit, as a rule, declines quite obviously from

the classical, which is the best, down to the commercial, which is the poorest. The number of these separate courses is in some schools large, — even eight or nine in number; but the commonest numbers of separate courses are three and four. The number of real options used in constructing these three or four courses is in reality small, the commonest options being some science and history instead of Greek, and some English literature and rhetoric with history instead of Latin. A few of the best and most progressive high schools, and a few endowed academies, are now arranging their studies in one programme, with clear indications of the few options; and this arrangement makes the course of study for the individual pupil distinctly more flexible than the commoner arrangement in stiff groups. This change marks a decided advance in the theoretical conception of a just freedom for the individual during secondary education. The Boston plan of maintaining a Latin school and a separate English high school involved a decision by parents or teacher as to which school a little boy ten or twelve years of age should enter; and that decision classified that boy for life at a very early age, long before the boy's capacities and possibilities could have been determined. The common method of arranging the studies of a high school in three or four different groups or series, and compelling each pupil to choose which group he will take, also involves a very early decision of the pupil's destination. If he chooses the classical course, he can go to college; but if he chooses any other course, he can at best go only to a scientific or technological school; and he is not sure of being well prepared for that. During the last thirty years it has been my fate to listen to, or read, many arguments on the impossibility of a college youth's selecting his own studies with discretion, when he has attained the age of eighteen or nineteen and is only

choosing for a single year and with much advice ; yet it never seems to have occurred to the persons who find such comparatively unimportant choices dangerous, that the organization of our public secondary schools has compelled the determination of the pupils' life destinations at the early age of ten to fourteen, through choices made for them, without their participation or consent, by parents or teachers, sometimes on trivial grounds, or, at least, on imperfect knowledge of the pupils' capacities and tastes. The recognition of the profound individual differences of capacity and mental inclination in children, and the desire to give elasticity to secondary school organization, in order to accommodate instruction to these individual differences, are invaluable changes of sentiment and disposition in the management of our public schools.

Underneath these changes lies another change of ideal. The former conception was, that different kinds of education were needed for the high school graduate who was going into some sort of commercial or industrial occupation at eighteen, and for the youth who was destined for college or scientific school at eighteen. Inasmuch as the first boy's education was to be much shorter than the second's, it must also be more discursive and superficial, and must inform him slightly about a much greater variety of subjects. The college boy could wait to learn in college something about natural history, or physics, or political economy, or civil government ; but the less fortunate boy, whose education was to cease at eighteen, must get glimpses of all these subjects before he left the high school. A consensus of opinion, arrived at from two different sides, is gradually modifying profoundly these views. From the side of the high school graduate, it is now contended that whatever subjects are fit to make a young man ready to pursue with intelligence and vigor some of the higher studies of a col-

lege or scientific school ought also to prepare him to grasp with rapidity the details of any business or mechanical occupation to which he may be compelled to resort at eighteen, and to enable him to prosecute that business with diligence and alertness. In either career after the age of eighteen, what the youth most needs is a trained capacity to observe, to reason, and to maintain an alert attention. In either career a firm mental grip is the first element of success. Whatever studies will impart this power will answer the main purpose in either career. On the other hand, it is beginning to be recognized by colleges and scientific schools, that whatever subject is well and thoroughly taught in public high schools taken together as a class, taught in a way to inspire interest and train mental power, ought to count toward admission to college or scientific school ; inasmuch as all the college or scientific school needs as material is young men who have developed mental powers in proportion to their age. In other words, the colleges and scientific schools are beginning to recognize that their first demand should be for trained capacity in their candidates for admission, and not for knowledge of any particular subject or subjects. What has moved the colleges toward this new acknowledgment ? I have already observed that the public high schools in the United States have had a gradual development of their own, and have secured functions of their own, and that they are not properly to be called fitting or preparatory schools. It is the sight of this development all over the northern and western portions of our country, which has, after two generations, procured a substantial modification of college requirements for admission. This modification, with its probable effects upon secondary schools, both public and private, is the next topic to which I shall ask your attention.

All endowed and private secondary schools in the United States have been

much affected as to their courses of study and their methods of teaching by the requirements for admission to the American colleges. Most of them were expressly intended to prepare boys for colleges. The few public schools, like the Boston Latin School, which were established for the same purpose, of course arranged their studies with reference to college requirements; and in the public high schools established within the last fifty years with a classical course as well as English or modern language courses, college requirements for admission had to be regarded in their classical courses; and these classical courses, though frequented by only a small proportion of the pupils, have always claimed a disproportionate share of the total expenditure made on the school, because for these courses the best teachers were required.

Now, for more than twenty years after the establishment in numerous American cities and towns of these high schools with classical courses, the requirements for admission to college remained what they had been for generations, — Latin, Greek, and elementary mathematics, with ancient history and geography. Harvard College has certainly been as ready for experiments and changes as any other American college; yet down to 1869 the requirements for admission to Harvard College were the subjects just named, with the addition of the elements of physical geography and modern geography. No English, French, or German, no history except ancient history, and no natural science except the elements of geography, could be counted toward admission. Although hundreds of high schools for boys between twelve and eighteen years of age had been established between 1849 and 1869, and had made for themselves a large place in American education, the requirements for admission to the American colleges were practically unchanged for the twenty years between 1849 and 1869. The sci-

entific schools throughout this period had but little influence on secondary schools whether public or private; because their requirements for admission were set very low. Thus, the requirements for admission to the Lawrence Scientific School were, in the chemical department, the elements of chemistry, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry; in the department of engineering, — algebra, geometry and trigonometry. The chemical department might be said to have encouraged the study of chemistry in secondary schools, and both departments encouraged the study of trigonometry. Such were the limits of the influence of the Lawrence Scientific School on secondary schools previous to 1869. No scientific or technological school in the country had requirements which compared in extent or difficulty with the requirements for admission to the average American college.

By a gradual process, extending over thirty years, Harvard College has come to recognize for admission the following additional subjects: English, French, German, English and American history, the history of Europe, physics, chemistry, physiography, anatomy physiology and hygiene, trigonometry, astronomy, and meteorology, — that is, all these new subjects may count toward admission to Harvard College; so that the modern languages, including English, the natural sciences, and history, have obtained from that college, at least, full recognition as suitable elements of secondary education. For the Lawrence Scientific School, all the subjects just mentioned may now be counted for admission, and, in addition, botany and zoölogy, shopwork, and drawing. The shopwork may embrace one or some of the following divisions — wood-working, blacksmithing, chipping, filing and fitting, and machine-tool work. Moreover, it is proposed to bring the admission requirements of the Lawrence Scientific School up to an equality with those of Harvard College by adding new

subjects from year to year, until the labor or effort required to get into the Scientific School shall be as great as that required to enter the college, although there will be a larger range of options for the individual candidate.

In the wide range of subjects which may be presented for admission to Harvard College, the individual candidate has inevitably a good deal of choice. He must present English, Latin, either French or German, elementary history (either Greek and Roman, or English and American), algebra, geometry, and one natural science; but nearly three quarters of his preparation may still be the traditional Latin, Greek, elementary mathematics, and ancient history, — or, on the other hand, these traditional subjects may be represented by less than a third of his studies in the secondary schools; namely, by Latin, algebra, and geometry. At the option of the candidate, the modern languages, including English, may be represented to the extent of nearly one half of his preparatory studies; or natural science may constitute a little more than one third of his preparatory studies; or, at the small additional cost of presenting three advanced subjects instead of two, the modern languages and history may cover sixteen twenty-sixths of the total requirements.

It is manifest that under this scheme Harvard College proposes to count for admission any study taught in secondary schools to an extent which can fairly be supposed to cultivate in the pupils the peculiar mental capacity the study is fitted to impart. With the exception of Latin, every one of the studies absolutely required for admission to Harvard College is already a common high school study; and, of course, there is not a single study in the list of permitted subjects which would not be a good subject for a secondary school.

The subjects recognized for admission to the Lawrence Scientific School in-

clude shopwork and drawing, subjects which belong to the programmes of manual training schools, or mechanic arts high schools. This recognition of the function of these new schools is novel and interesting. Hereby the university declares that in the scientific professions, at least, eye skill and hand skill are of great utility; and it also recognizes the fact that there are children whose minds are opened and set working, and whose powers of attention are trained, by manual tasks more effectually than by book tasks, and who arrive at distinct conceptions of precision, proof, and truth, better through mechanical achievements requiring accuracy of eye and hand than in any other way.

These new requirements for admission to Harvard College and the Lawrence Scientific School have been carefully defined in descriptive pamphlets, but will need to be still further defined by the actual examination papers in a series of years. They recognize to the full the importance of the field conquered by the public high school in the United States, while they leave to the private fitting school, and the endowed school their traditional programme in full force, with the additions which the experience of those schools has led them gradually to accept within the past thirty years. The new scheme of admission requirements was, indeed, based in part on a careful examination of the actual programmes of a large number of good public high schools, the preliminary inquiries which have led to this important change going back as far as the investigation made by the Committee of Ten in 1892-93.

It may reasonably be expected that within a few years all the leading American colleges and scientific schools will make analogous modifications of their requirements for admission; for it is not only their interest to do so, but the interest of American education in general. Indeed, a considerable number of American colleges have already taken some

steps toward this result, as for instance by permitting the substitution of modern languages for Greek at entrance examinations to the course for the A. B., or by offering a variety of degrees corresponding to entrance examinations of various standards. At its first opening, the Leland Stanford University printed a list of twenty subjects, — languages, sciences, mathematics, and history, — and said that any ten might be offered for admission. No discrimination whatever was made between the subjects, although some of them might have been studied four years at school, and others only six months. It is much to be wished that the scientific and technological schools should raise their standards for admission ; for so long as they admit their students on much easier terms than the colleges admit theirs, the public high schools, or the non-classical courses in public high schools, will lack that valuable support which the colleges give to the classical courses in high schools, and to the endowed and private fitting schools.

The support which colleges and scientific schools can give to secondary schools comes indirectly through that portion of the schools' graduates who go on to a college or scientific school. The establishment of colleges for women has therefore strengthened decidedly the influence of colleges and scientific schools with high schools, and, vice versâ, the influence of secondary schools with the institutions of higher education. This increased influence is, in part, a result of the increased number of pupils in secondary schools who are preparing for the higher institutions. But the presence of girls in the classes preparatory for colleges has had a further effect to enlarge the range of subjects accepted by colleges at their entrance examinations. Thus, girls naturally want to study the modern languages and history, and they ordinarily have a quicker appreciation of literature than boys, and a stronger desire to become acquainted with the

literature of their own and other languages ; hence, a greater willingness on the part of school committees and school trustees to provide for these new subjects in secondary schools. This indirect effect of the establishment of colleges for women is by no means exhausted. In the early years of college education for women it was natural that the most ardent supporters of the undertaking should desire, in the first instance, to prove that young women could pursue with success precisely the same subjects which young men had been accustomed to pursue. This demonstration having now been given, the advocates of the higher instruction for women will feel at liberty to seek experimentally a better education for young women than that contrived in the interests of young men. Hence will probably come a better development of some subjects now but feebly taught in secondary schools ; and with this new development, a greater freedom of election of studies in secondary schools.

The argument for many information-studies, each developed but slightly in secondary schools, carries with it an assumption that after leaving school the boy or girl will have no opportunity of acquiring information, however much it may be needed. The same argument is used in favor of long periods of study in graduate schools. The young man who has graduated from college at twenty-three is urged to spend four or five years in a graduate school, to pursue his studies and acquire a thorough knowledge of his chosen subject, before he goes out into the desolate world, wherein no more knowledge is to be acquired. This argument, whether applied to the secondary school or to the graduate school, is in the highest degree fallacious and misleading. The fact is, that if a boy or girl of eighteen has acquired the habit of study and the desire for knowledge, he or she will continue to acquire information rapidly and effectively after leaving school. If no such habit has been acquired, and no

such taste imparted, no continuous mental absorption of facts or principles is to be expected ; but this disastrous result is due not to the lack of information-studies at school, but to the lack of power-training and inspiration. It is precisely the same with the young men and women of twenty-five or twenty-six who should be going out into the world from the graduate school of arts and sciences. To linger longer in study at school is to forego the better training of the scholar's life out in the world, the better training, that is, of the life of productive, scholarly activity — of the life which gives out as well as sucks in. There is a plausible but canting phrase which says that the high school provides a training for life, the preparatory school a training for college. The fact is that the secondary school should provide a good training for life beyond eighteen years of age ; the college a better training for life beyond twenty-one or twenty-two ; and the professional school a still better training for life, because the training is prolonged to twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. But the graduate from any one of these three institutions should find, in his own case, that the training which active life affords is the best he has ever had, because more strenuous, more responsible, and more productive. Any institution of education may calculate on the prodigious development in mental powers and moral character which the man or woman, well started in youth, will undergo through experience of life in the actual world. When the class of 1853 graduated at Harvard College, photographs of the whole class were taken and preserved in book form. Forty years after, the photographs of all the survivors were taken and placed in a similar book, each older photograph opposite the younger photograph of the same person. The resulting volume was lying on my table at home, when a French gentleman, who had been for some years the librarian of the Argentine Republic, called to

see me on his way to Paris. As I was obliged to keep him waiting a few minutes, he picked up from the table that book of photographs, and soon became absorbed in examining it. When I joined him he was full of eager inquiries about it, and concluded by saying that it was the most optimistic human document he had ever seen. A perfect stranger to all the men, and of a different race, he nevertheless appreciated in the older faces the immense improving effect of the experience of life. It is safe, then, to rely on the development of good mental and moral quality out in the world after leaving school, college, or professional school, provided that the preliminary training has been sound and well directed. Secondary schools need no longer feel that now or never is the time for their pupils to acquire useful information. It will be enough if they teach them how to get trustworthy information, and to desire it.

It is sometimes said that the degree of Bachelor of Arts ought to represent culture, and the degree of Bachelor of Science technical skill and useful information applicable at once to the earning of a livelihood ; and, in like manner, that secondary school studies are divisible into culture-studies and information-studies, the first class being the higher and the second the lower. It is certainly true that the young graduate from a good scientific or technological school is somewhat nearer to the earning of his living than the young graduate of a college ; because his studies have been expressly arranged to prepare him for some scientific calling, like that of the chemist, engineer, architect, or teacher of scientific subjects. But this distinction between the two degrees is fading away, and may soon disappear altogether, for the reason that the object in view with candidates for both degrees is fundamentally the same, namely, — training for power. In that sense, all the studies of a college or of a scientific school ought

to be culture-studies, and all information-studies, and all broadening, elevating, and inspiring. Just so in secondary schools, the distinction between culture-studies and information-studies may be expected gradually to disappear, all subjects suitable for secondary schools having both qualities. Even the cultivation of the imagination is likely to take on new aspects; for it is already clear that the imagination which broods over new facts, broad inductions, and guiding hypotheses is of a more vigorous and fruitful quality than the literary or romantic imagination; unless, indeed, that imagination also occupies itself with biographical or historical pictures, or with possible manifestations of natural forces and of human qualities and powers, and keeps itself within these bounds.

Another change in the policy of American secondary schools deserves mention. When the high schools were first established, and in some measure during the first thirty or forty years of their existence, it was natural that they should take to themselves a large group of studies superior to those ordinarily pursued in the grammar schools or grades, and seek the exclusive possession of those superior studies. In carrying out this policy, the secondary schools came to violate some of the best established principles in education. Thus, they prevented the foreign languages from being begun at the right period of a child's life, — namely, between nine and twelve. They also reserved to themselves algebra and geometry, both of which subjects should be begun long before the age of fourteen. This segregation of high school studies is, of course, exceedingly undesirable; since it results in depriving pupils under fourteen or fifteen years of age of some of the most appropriate and useful portions of an elementary education. From this point of view, the German or Swedish division of the total period of education up to eighteen is much to be preferred to our own. In those

countries the elementary schools claim the child up to nine or ten years of age, the secondary schools from nine or ten up to eighteen or nineteen. Under our conditions, the most available method of recovering from this error is to push back into the grammar schools some of the studies which have heretofore been reserved for the high schools, — such, for example, as Latin, French, the elements of algebra and geometry, and the elements of physics. If we could get rid of that distinct and most untimely stopping-place at the end of the grammar school course, a larger proportion of American children would pursue their education beyond fourteen or fifteen. By this change of policy, both the elementary school and the secondary school would be strengthened and enriched, as both kinds of school now begin to see.

Beside conveying the theoretical recognition by the colleges of the fact that modern languages, natural science, and history, if well taught, may give as good a mental training as classics or mathematics, the changes made in college requirements for admission have an immediate practical value. They will bring colleges into closer connection with English high schools throughout the country, and open the colleges to considerable numbers of young persons who have no faculty for mathematics or for Greek, thus extending the influence of colleges, and increasing the proportion of highly educated persons in the community. The changes made at Harvard College are merely part of a general movement for freer and at the same time closer relations between colleges and secondary schools. Hereafter it will not be necessary for a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age to choose once for all between a college career and a business or industrial career; and, furthermore, — and this is the more important consideration, — the other courses of study in high schools need no longer be inferior to the classical course, all courses being stimu-

lated by the possibility of meeting through them the admission examinations to colleges. The entire body of instruction in high schools will thus be elevated, to the advantage of that large proportion of pupils whose education stops with the high school. This result is one of those aimed at by the Committee of Ten in 1893, every one of the nine conferences called by that Committee having recommended that its own subject, or subjects, if taught at all in a secondary school, should be taught in the same way to those intending to go to college and to those not intending to go to college.

Let us consider for a moment the effect of the changes proposed in regard to a single subject, — history. Can there be a more appropriate and desirable study in the American high schools than history, whether we look to the interests of the Republic or to the intellectual and moral needs of the pupils? Yet, history has notoriously been a weak subject in high schools, being taught from condensed manuals chiefly by committing them to memory, and without illustration and enforcement through studies in geography, climatology, ethnology, and economics. The improvement in the elementary requirement in history at the Harvard entrance examinations, and the addition of an advanced examination in history, together afford a notable example of the efforts made by Harvard College to render studies hitherto weak in secondary schools fit to compare with, and in some measure to replace, studies which heretofore have been on a much better footing.

It is obvious that the new plan of admission to Harvard College tends to enlarge election of studies in secondary schools, because it tends to give the individual pupil a wider choice among studies than he has theretofore enjoyed. Of course selection between groups of studies has existed in public high schools almost from the beginning, and is open to all the familiar objections to early

selection among groups. The present changes tend to offer to the pupil election between individual studies — a much less fateful and conclusive sort of choice. There are those who say that there should be no election of studies in secondary schools, — that the school committee, or the superintendent, or the neighboring college, or a consensus of university opinion, should lay down the right course of study for the secondary school, and that every child should be obliged to follow it. This is precisely the method followed in Moslem countries, where the Koran prescribes the perfect education to be administered to all children alike. The prescription begins in the primary school, and extends straight through the university; and almost the only mental power cultivated is the memory. Another instance of uniform prescribed education may be found in the curriculum of the Jesuit colleges, which has remained almost unchanged for four hundred years, disregarding some trifling concessions made to natural science. That these examples are both ecclesiastical is not without significance. Nothing but an unhesitating belief in the Divine wisdom of such prescriptions can justify them; for no human wisdom is equal to contriving a prescribed course of study equally good for even two children of the same family, between the ages of eight and eighteen. Direct revelation from on high would be the only satisfactory basis for a uniform prescribed school curriculum. The immense deepening and expanding of human knowledge in the nineteenth century, and the increasing sense of the sanctity of the individual's gifts and will-power, have made uniform prescriptions of study in secondary schools impossible and absurd. We must absolutely give up the notion that any set of human beings, however wise and learned, can ever again construct and enforce on school children one uniform course of study. The class system, that is, the process of instructing

children in large groups, is a quite sufficient school evil, without clinging to its twin evil, an inflexible programme of studies. Individual instruction is the new ideal.

It is to be observed that election of studies in a secondary school ought to be followed, for all those who go to college, by election of studies within the college. It ought to be perfectly possible for a boy who has been prepared for college chiefly upon the modern-language, or scientific, or mathematical side, to turn in college to the study of the ancient languages, history, literature, and philosophy; and, vice versa, it should be possible for the boy prepared chiefly on the classical side to turn to natural science, mathematics, history, or modern literature.

If, however, the training to be hereafter obtained in high schools from modern languages, science, and history is to be comparable in merit with the training given by the classical sides of high schools in Latin and Greek, it is clear that a new and more expensive kind of teacher must be provided in these modern subjects — men and women of broader training and greater attainments, and therefore entitled to higher salaries. The classics have had enormous advantages in secondary schools: they have been taught through more years than any other subject, and more periods a week, and by more accomplished teachers. These advantages must now be given to the newer subjects, if equally good results in mental training are to be procured through them. The intellectual ideal which has been maintained by the classical course is not to be lowered — it is to be extended to other courses. The prime object of the proposed changes is to lift instruction in secondary

schools, not to bring down instruction in colleges. The average quality of the youth admitted to American colleges ought not to be lowered in the least degree, in consequence of the recognition of the new subjects. That evil must be avoided by providing in the schools as good instruction in the new subjects as in the old, and by maintaining strict examinations at the college gates.

Finally, the new scheme of requirements for admission to colleges does not mean that secondary education is to be more discursive for the individual pupil than it has been. On the contrary, it should become less so. Discursiveness is advantageous neither to the boy who is going to college, nor to the boy who is not going to college, and should be absolutely avoided for every pupil in the high school. The elective system, as a whole, whether in school or in college, does not tend to discursiveness, but to intensity in study. That the new requirements have no tendency to diminish the specialization of studies in secondary schools is obvious from the fact that they are adapted to the ordinary curriculum of the best classical schools in the country. These are the most highly specialized schools. They are also adapted to schools which wish to specialize in science, mathematics, or history.

Let me not end this paper, however, with a negative or defensive statement. It has been my object to call attention to some of the positive gains made in recent years in both the theory and the practice of secondary education. These gains are noiseless, but pervasive; they take effect on 500,000 pupils every year. Have we not here some solid ground for hopefulness about the Republic, both as a form of government and as a state of society?

Charles W. Eliot.

THE UNITED STATES AND ROME.

I.

SCIENCE at the present time has assumed control of international political relations. The application of science to the production of wealth, to the development of commercial intercourse, to the diminution of space, has rendered of no effect the old political laws enacted by geography. Political theories arise and take shape out of the general knowledge of the time. We cannot expect of such theories permanent authority and universal application. Science is continually busy altering our political and social conditions. The isolation of the United States in the time of George Washington was caused on the one side by lands unknown, on the other by the ocean hardly traversed by ships loitering at the pleasure of the wind. Out of this plenitude of time and space the Monroe Doctrine and allied theories were put together. To America Europe used to be the Old World, governed by alien ideas and ancient constitutions of society. Even England was far away. A king, an aristocracy, an established church, universities of great authority were so many strange conceptions that prevented any intimacy between England and ourselves. The United States now hear from minute to minute what takes place in every capital in Europe; they send forth thousands upon thousands of travelers curious of foreign ways; every year they receive hundreds of thousands of immigrants, and every year they exchange wealth greater than that of ancient kingdoms with the great nations of Europe. Questions that affect Europe immediately concern the United States. Alike they are perplexed over the production and distribution of wealth, the progress of science, the maintenance of peace.

There is no prospect that the intimacy of this country with Europe will be arrested; rather it is likely to increase at a rapidly accelerated pace. The two continents are speedily becoming one political whole. There is no national privacy in any quarter of the globe; whither one nation's ships go, thither steer the fleets of the world. Asia and Africa have passed under the suzerainty of Europe; they will be exploited to gratify the luxury of London, Paris, and Berlin, and hearty American appetites are expectant of their shares also. The political relations between the United States and the nations of Europe will be as close as those between Massachusetts and New York. The Atlantic will be no wider than the Channel. Social relations will follow; capitalists will draw nearer to capitalists, laboring class to laboring class. The barriers of language will be pushed aside. The United States will soon be brought into the closeness of juxtaposition which requires definite attitude and action not only with European governments, but with all European institutions. Of those institutions the greatest is the Roman Catholic Church.

In one sense this country has been regulating its relations with that church ever since this continent was discovered; but in a larger sense the meeting of the great modern democracy and of the great Latin church will be a new occurrence, and upon it matters of great interest to civilization will depend. The dealings which we have had with that church have been on our side, adjournments and postponements, in the confident expectation that, like unanswered letters, the matters involved would soon cease to be of practical concern. The adjourned day is now approaching, the Papacy has not passed away, and the nation takes no position, but is leaving the matter as

one of private concern to her individual citizens.

In George Washington's time the population of this country was chiefly English. Its religious creeds for the greater part were taken from the creeds of the English middle classes. There were Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and members of the Anglican Church. There were Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers. There were a few Roman Catholics, but they were gathered together in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, and were of slight political consequence. In the course of time Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and California, one after the other, brought in their quota of Catholics. In the middle of this century began the great flood of immigration. The Irish have come, as a magician shakes bonbons out of a cornucopia. Famine, political discontent, hopes of every kind, have fetched people of every nationality and creed. Statistics say that the proportion of Catholics to the whole population was, in 1783 one in eighty, in 1829 one in sixteen, in 1844 one in fifteen, in 1890 one in ten, or, according to some, one in seven. There are thousands of churches, thousands of priests, and branches of all the great religious orders. The slightest inquiry shows us that the growth of the Roman Catholics in numbers, education, and wealth has been steady; that their political power has increased in even greater proportion than their numbers.

This increase of Catholicism has caused alarm among Americans of English descent. To them Wickliffe's teachings, Henry VIII.'s quarrel with Rome, the destruction of the Armada, the Puritan Revolution, the Act of Settlement, the repeated rejection of the Stuarts, have been the cardinal facts of English history. They look on Rome as their forefathers looked upon her: —

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!"

They bid you contemplate Pope Joan,

Alexander Borgia, St. Bartholomew's massacre, the persecution of Galileo, the Order of Jesus, and ask if they are not justified. This alarm and opposition sometimes show themselves in the formation of societies for the preservation of American institutions. The Catholics have betrayed, in some instances, a certain inclination that public moneys be used to support Catholic schools. Their adversaries are somewhat troubled thereby. But most people suffer those matters to take care of themselves. The general disposition is one of practical indifference. It is a long time since Luther went to the Diet of Worms, and the doctrine of *laissez faire* has wrapped itself around religious matters.

The great opposition to the Roman Church in the sixteenth century was an opposition of race, of nationality. The Reformation was the awakening of the Teutonic races to the great differences that separated them from the Latin races; northern nations felt the swelling of national instincts, and the bonds of the Universal Church were broken. From then until to-day the sentiment of nationality has been predominant; that sentiment reached its zenith in the end of this century, and is already beginning to wane. Cosmopolitanism is establishing; hereafter other bonds than those of a common country will group men together.

Signs appear that the breaking up of nationality will begin in the United States. There will be in this country three principal parties, those of English, German, and Irish descent; but there will be many other stocks. The motto *E pluribus unum* will be more true than ever. But the whole so formed will not have that unity of inheritance, of habits, of pleasures, of tradition, of imagination, which makes a nation. The United States will be the one great cosmopolitan country. In such a country, with no purely national feeling to be stirred

to opposition, a proselyting church, prudent and bold, will have great opportunity. Most of the German element will be Protestant, but it will hardly strengthen the Protestant cause, because it will not unite with the English Protestant section. The Irish will be Catholics almost to a man; and they have an ardent loyalty of nature which will naturally turn them to the support of their church. In the midst of cosmopolitan indifference and disagreement the Church of Rome will be then, as she always has been, the one church which draws to herself men of all European races. There is but one church whose priests visit every people and hear confession in every language. There is but one cosmopolitan church.

II.

By the time the United States shall be acknowledged to be the richest and most powerful nation in the world, the attitude of the Papacy will already have been long determined. The Church reads the signs of the times, and will have girded herself for the great task of controlling the religious life of the majority of the American people.

In the past the Roman Church has achieved her great victories in face of the greatest powers of the world. First she subdued the Roman Empire; after its fall she met the Teutonic Emperors as a rival; and now, after the Holy Roman Empire has passed away, she still treats with the governments of the greatest nations as an equal. She is the only organization which has succeeded in adapting itself to the varying needs of men for nineteen hundred years. Again and again has she fallen into servitude, of German Emperors, of Roman nobles, of the kings of France; again and again has she risen with undiminished vitality. It is not strange that many who think that some divine power stood behind the early Christian Church, should believe that the same power guides and preserves the Church of Rome.

There have been great crises in her history. She might have been destroyed when the barbarians overran Italy; she might have been wrecked by the Reformation in the sixteenth century; she might have been ruined in the nineteenth century, if the Pope had been made the head of a confederated Italy; and she may be vanquished in the twentieth by the spirit of the American democracy, but the genius and passion of the Latin race still subsist, and there are great powers on her side.

The Roman Church has always been cosmopolitan. There have been Popes from England, Holland, Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. Her churches lift their spires from Norway to Sicily, from Quebec to Patagonia. Her missionaries have sacrificed their lives over all the world. Her strength has been that she is the Church Universal. England recognizes the Queen as the head of the Anglican Church; Russia the Czar as the head of the Greek Church; but the Roman Church has never been bounded by national boundary lines; she alone has been able to put before the western world the ideal of a church for humanity. This has been the source of her peculiar attraction; and in the next century, with national barriers broken down, her claims to universal acceptance and obedience will be stronger than ever. Americans cannot kneel to an English king nor prostrate themselves before a Czar of Russia, but many will do both before him who has the only claim to be considered the High Priest of Christendom.

Moreover, the city of Rome is the only city in which the spiritual head of a great church could live without exciting national jealousies elsewhere. It is the capital of a nation which no longer can rank as a great power. It is the city which holds greater traditions than any other. It has been the head of Europe and of the civilized world so long that in the present it has all the charm

of the distant past, and appeals to the sentiments of all men. Montaigne speaks for all: "This city of Rome deserves to be loved; she is the only city which belongs to us all; she is the metropolitan city of all Christian nations."

But of greater importance than these matters is the freedom of the Papacy from temporal power. So long as the Popes were temporal sovereigns, they were subject to the like temptations as other princes. Political relations helped to prevent spiritual relations. Foreigners could not yield obedience to an Italian sovereign. This loss of temporal possessions is the greatest opportunity that the Papacy has had since the Reformation. The Popes now can stand before the world, not as Italian princes, but as priests of Christendom, not as the owners of central Italy, but as the descendants of Peter the fisherman, seeking only to obey the great entreaty, "Peter, feed my sheep."

It is natural that in the first anger, jealous of temporal power, the Popes have felt that they were deprived of their possessions, robbed of what had been their own by as good title as any known to civilization. It is a good ridance.

"Ah, Constantine, to what great ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that dowry
Which the first rich father took from thee."

Now they are freed from the old temptation; they have come down from the pinnacle of the temple whence the devil showed them all the riches of the west, and can ponder on the words, "My kingdom is not of this world." This freedom thrust upon them is the means by which a great man, if such a Pope shall be, will make the Papacy greater than it has ever been before. The little disputes that busy the papal adherents in Rome are petty jealousies such as vex the priest of every little parish. They are only formidable to the Papacy in times when a common man sits on the papal chair; when pet-

tifoggers make him think that local scandals and Roman tittle-tattle make up the interest of the world. But with a great Pope all these dregs will sink to the bottom again, and the great sources of life on which the Roman Church has drawn for so long will give her strength to carry on her mighty career.

The Roman Church is the great achievement of the Latin race. That is the only race that has conquered the world. The genius of Italy spent itself for hundreds of years in conquest; then after a long rest it gave birth to the modern world. For two thousand years it has maintained the dominant religion of the West. The old capacities for organization and for law may return with renewed vigor to reassert the power of the Latin race, and construct anew the great edifice of the Latin world, but help from others is sorely needed.

In all questions that affect civilization, and most of all in the matter of religion, one nation, or one race, by itself cannot achieve the best for mankind. The mingling of different bloods is needed, the union of minds of different construction. One race is unequal to the task of preparing the religious beliefs of the future. From among the Jews came the human ideal, from the Greeks the mysterious philosophy, and from the Romans the organization which together have made Christianity. The Teutonic people for centuries contributed nothing to Christianity; at last they offered personal independence, and the Teutonic church broke into a hundred sects. But the experiment must be made again. The clerical labor of the future will be to combine unity and independence. As the Roman Empire united many peoples under one rule and respected their laws and their gods, and did not attempt to impose an Italian government on all, but received Emperors from the farthest provinces, so the Church of Rome must make provision for ideas from the sea,

the plain, the mountain, from avenue and alley, from American, Teuton, and Slav, and make the Holy Apostolic See and her college of cardinals not Italian only, but representative of the various parts of her empire, so that she shall gather together all men of religious mind who can be brought into a religious organization. The first great step toward a "Parliament of nations and federation of the world," is a universal church, and that church must appeal to a large majority of all who are susceptible to the influence of religious organization.

III.

Most Americans are inclined to think that a struggle with Rome will be a small contest for them. Fresh from the physical conflict with Spain, they conclude that the Latin blood is exhausted and cannot set up its will against their own. But the meeting of the great American democracy and the Roman Church will not be a hostile meeting. There will be little jealousy, no rivalry. We have no national creed to oppose to the Catholic beliefs; Rome has no commercial ambition to clash with ours. She will come quietly as into a sick room.

Twenty years ago Protestants and Agnostics would have banded together against the Roman Church. They would have felt that they must struggle side by side against gross ignorance and grosser superstition. But Protestant prejudices against the Roman Church are falling off. Calvin and Knox are losing worship. Jonathan Edwards has become a signboard of obsolete notions. Our old jealousies of the Roman Church were part of our inheritance from England. That inheritance has lost its relative consequence, and in the changing character of the United States those jealousies are disappearing. Old feuds between Protestant and Catholic have ceased to be as important as their united battles against moral decay. Churches of all kinds draw closer together as they

feel that their fight is to be against cynicism, gross pleasures, the cruelty of greed. More and more churches separate religion from their own individual tenets and associate it with what all hold dear, the dignity of labor, the sanctity of self-sacrifice, the holiness of marriage, the preservation of noble purposes. They begin to regard religion as a bulwark to guard the spirit from the wastes of shame. There is a feeling everywhere that rich and poor, educated and ignorant, should band together to safeguard the riches of civilization; and that the common refuge for defense and starting point for conquest must be a united church. Even the strong Protestant sects of the Methodists and Baptists are growing less antagonistic to the Church of Rome. The Presbyterians show signs of conciliation towards the Episcopalians; they build churches in the likeness of Magdalene Tower; they put stained glass in their windows; they are less rigorous to heresy.

The Episcopal Church, nearer to Rome by far than the other Protestant sects, is constantly gaining ground. Her prelates, her hierarchy, her liturgy are continually, little by little, making the more recalcitrant Protestant sects more and more accustomed to the structure and to the rites of Rome. In the Episcopal Church itself attempt has been made to bring all Christian churches into union; with the idea that the middle path of the Anglican creed and practice would be the means of reconciliation and the meeting place for the dissenting churches and the mother church. But every idea of union prepares the road to Rome. The great original church may open her arms to receive; but she will never turn aside her feet to tread the *via media*. How shall we ask the church that claims its authority from the Apostle Peter to humble itself before the church which derives its independence from Henry VIII.?

The Agnostics also have changed their

attitude very much. They have spent their passionate youth; they have outlived their joyous period of elation in intellectual liberty and intellectual disdain. They no longer seek for proselytes. They put their hands in their pockets; others may do as they please, they care not. Some of them perhaps have gone further. They are not conscious that they want a creed for themselves, but they admit that they should like to see a creed which other men can enjoy. Here is an example of familiar altruism. Who is this other man that stalks wrapped around in that unselfish imagining

“Que me ressemblait comme un frère?”

So it will be in America; and in Rome the great prelates who guide the church, when they turn their chief attention to the American question, will no doubt at first think political thoughts. The inevitable effect of belonging to a great organization to which they owe their early ideas, their accomplished ambitions, their daily bread, is to create the feeling that this organization, their mother, must be saved and exalted. Italian priests are men without wives, without children, without a country, and they cherish their church the more dearly. Her power is their pride, her magnification their desire. They will seek to use the swelling fortunes of the United States. The Papacy has always been friendly to the great powers of the world, unless they showed themselves its enemies and forced it to oppose them. Other motives will prick them too. The Papacy will have duties toward the Catholics here; it must not leave them in the condition of a disregarded church, out of the path of the vital forces of the nation. The Papacy cannot but hearken to the voice of ambition blended with that of duty, urging it to attempt the greatest feat of political skill to which it has yet put shoulder.

In time, the Papacy may be wise enough to avoid politics and listen to the

great voice of religious need. The loss of temporal power will help the great awakening; it will be like the brazen serpent in the wilderness, an ever present sign set up to save. The Papacy, free to turn to the things of the spirit as never before since the Christians were a despised and persecuted sect, will hear the mourning, and see the sorrows of the poor. It can use all its great power to increase the nobleness of life. The church will not seek to benefit American Catholics at the obvious expense of American Protestants. It will seek to win the confidence of the nation.

The old Roman talents for religion in organization will have full play. It must be the capacity for obtaining from individuals public acknowledgment as well as private belief, and the ability to put emotions to use in organized and carefully adjusted ways, to which Cicero alludes: The Gauls may surpass us in strength, the Spaniards in numbers, the Carthaginians in craft, the Greeks in art, but we Romans excel in matters of Religion, and in public recognition of the divine guidance of the Gods.

These religious capacities, which the Latin race has infused into the Catholic Church, now spend themselves among the humbler classes. The laws and methods of the church are adapted to those classes, and as human limitations forbid clear comprehension of the ways of one class by another, the well-to-do classes mistake the ways of the church among the ignorant for her natural and only ways; but when the well-to-do of the next generation shall find the sons of the poor of to-day among them, they will see the laws and methods of the church more in harmony with their own notions and habits; the alien character of the church will disappear, the priests will be more educated, the bishops more American, the churches decorated to meet a more exacting taste. And if there shall be a class of Americans interested in the metaphysics of religion, or in the part which re-

ligious authority may play in social matters, a Newman and a Manning will come forward. The pride of the church has always been to give unto men according to their needs.

IV.

It is sometimes said that the spirit of American independence will be an insuperable obstacle to the encroachment of the Roman Church. But that spirit is of somewhat ghostly substance. The notions of liberty, fraternity, and equality were the emotional sentiments of our great grandfathers. Though they enjoyed great fashion and strength for a time, ideas of equality and fraternity have not succeeded. They have been handed by the most educated in the community to the least educated. The idea of independence has become liturgical, an idea to be mentioned with respect, but to which no obedience is due. The great economical movements of the time are against independence. More and more individuals give up their endeavors to manage their own business and to control their own actions; they readily accept positions wherein they execute the will of others. The class of independent traders is waning rapidly. Great corporations, and unions of wealth, have become the masters of servants once independent.

It may be doubted whether the mass of men ever cared for independence. The prod of oppression, the discomforts of unjust servitude at times have driven people to independence. But the burden of responsibility and that eternal vigilance which is the high price of liberty have few attractions for most men. They prefer the careless life of the servant to the honor of freedom. The emotional stimulus of the idea has now died away. Camille Desmoulins and Patrick Henry to-day would have another burden for their harangues. Men seek physical pleasures; abstract sentiments have become an ineffectual recreation.

Consider how petty shopkeepers become clerks in the great shops, how small farmers milk cows for some cream and butter corporation; how little factories seek the protection of a great union which has some capable man at its head; how politicians follow at the heels of their leader; how voters obey the lifted finger of their chief. The barrier to be offered by American independence is not strong.

But there is the shield of knowledge. How, it is said, can the great teachings of history, science, and literature, all of which are fatal to the dogmas of the Roman Church, fail of preserving our people from vulgar superstition? Passing over the assumption that knowledge is inconsistent with the Catholic religion, the truth remains that the persons whose actions and beliefs are governed by the teachings of science, history, and literature are a small fraction of all the people. The multitudes are ignorant, and there is no present prospect of an appreciable increase in their enlightenment. The ignorant are almost always under the moral and intellectual control of the more intelligent and educated; and in times past, in Protestant countries, when the mass of the people have abandoned Catholicism they have done so under the influence of the leading classes. But in the twentieth century the educated classes in the United States will cease to be Protestant, they will no longer direct or care to direct the courses of the multitude on religious matters; rather they will wish the multitude to be subject to some strong restraint which will hinder them from any attempt to upset the established order of society. Thus the great ignorant mass will be left unguarded to the importunity of the Roman priesthood, the one educated body which shall seek to influence them.

The very superstitions of the Catholic belief will help their cause. Men have always needed definite physical conception of moral ideas. Idol worship, the

deification of ancestors, the apotheosis of emperors, the canonization of saints, the idealization of famous men, have been created by the great need of ignorant multitudes. No organization has ever made use of this need so effectively as the Roman Church. That need has not passed away even from America. Supernatural conceptions are required by the natural appetites of the imagination, and the Roman Church best can furnish them.

The democracy of American institutions will be no hindrance to the Church of Rome, for that church has been the greatest democratic power in the western world. With a few exceptions, the Popes have always been elected; and the Papacy has always been open to every Catholic, regardless of his birth. Popes have been chosen from all ranks of society. In the most vigorous period of the feudal system, the great councils of the church were great representative assemblies; their members came together from all Christendom. The church has always taught the spiritual equality of rich and poor, or has given precedence to the poor. The great monastic orders practiced equality. The Order of Jesus has always set the degree according to talents.

It may still be objected that the Roman Church is not modern, and is not adapted to the nation which more than any other lives in the present; it is said that age and youth cannot live together; that young America will find the aged church lame and slow; that if any church shall have influence it will be one untrammelled by tradition. The contrary may have a greater share of truth. This ancient institution has acquired a tough fibre and deep roots which give it enduring strength. Generations have grown up in its shine or shadow. It encumbers the horizon, and every man has adjusted his course by it, every younger organ has been affected by it, every nation has framed its government and laws

in fondness or fear of it. Antique custom has a thousand crutches. One may level the Alps or flood the Desert of Sahara, but the very people who shall benefit must first be overcome. Men will not suffer you to destroy their deities or their devils. In its long life the church has learned means to supply the needs of all, — of the pious, the wayward, the ambitious and the meek, the libertine and the anchorite, the skeptic and the believer, the active and those that do nothing. Those old hands have a strength, and their softness a touch beside which the young are rude and incapable. History pronounces that no man can safely say that the church is unequal to the requirements of latter-day success. A generation ago, after Victor Emmanuel's army had marched into Rome, general belief among Protestants was confident that the Papacy had fallen; but during the pontificate of Leo XIII. it has been stronger than it had been for a hundred years. So it has been through history. Anti-popes and Babylonish captivity, rebellion and reformation have shaken the great edifice, but have left its foundations seemingly as strong as ever.

V.

The difficulties which lie in the path of the Roman Catholic dogmas are easily exaggerated. A dogma is merely a statement of fact ennobled by sentiment. If the human mind accepts facts on the testimony of eye, ear, smell, taste, and touch, if it entertains no doubt upon a material world, so shaped, so related, so colored, ambient in the open of space and time, there seems no good reason for reining in belief at any particular boundary. The human mind has no native dislike to dogma; on the contrary it has an appetite for beliefs. Only those minds which have got away from the ordinary course of human life, and have subjected themselves to rigorous training, have acquired intellectual squeamishness. The human mind is of

nature as lazy as the human body. Unless urged on by unpleasant necessity, it will believe much sooner than it will examine and consider. The understanding is sympathetic to all sentimental feelings. A belief inherited from a father, given by a mother, bestowed by a lover, or one which struts in with insignia of possessions and authority, has a great advantage in making its way. It is only when a dogma meets an opposing sentiment, patriotism, custom, fashion, or some hostile interest, that it needs to struggle.

To an outsider the separate dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church are no more difficult of acceptance than the dogmas which she shares with Protestant sects. The fall, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, are larger and more exacting beliefs than the authority of the fathers, the immaculate conception of Mary, the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals. To the outsider the dogmatic Protestant seems to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Most beliefs in ordinary matters of life are fashioned out of the experience and knowledge of the few; then they are imposed upon, or taken up by, the many. Matters of chemistry, astronomy, physics; the benefits of medicine; the merits of Shakespeare, of Wagner, of Raphael, are all incorporated into portable hypotheses and pass current. Individual experience has very little weight as against convenience. One may be bored with Hamlet or go to sleep in Tristan, but belief is not shaken; pills and draughts may be followed by weakness, pain, and death, but patients persevere. Prayers for rain may not be answered, but they remain in the liturgy.

The enemies of the Roman Catholic dogma were the vanishing inheritances from Protestantism, from England, from Jonathan Edwards, from nurse and grandmother. Now that dogma has little to fear from its enemies, its success must depend upon its friends. The par-

ticular dogmas of Catholicism have no hindrances greater than those which stand in the way of any hitherto unaccepted dogma. The doctrine of papal infallibility is commonly presented by Protestants in the gross form that a man by virtue of an elective office shall be able to ascertain absolute truth. The true foundation of the doctrine is this: In the life of many a man comes a moment when he sees a vision; the grossness of his members falls from him; he hears a voice. At that moment his nature stands a-tiptoe; he has come nearer to something larger than himself than ever before. He will not let the memory of it die, but embodies it in some belief, so that his enthusiasm may not be lost. In like manner, when Catholic Christendom feels a sentiment of larger life than is its wont, and recognizes the presence of its Creator, it will not suffer that moment to pass, its spirit to fade away, but through the Pope, who by his position is sensible to all the movements of Christendom, the church embodies the noble sensation in a form which, in spite of the inadequacy of human symbols, is most able to preserve it. A new truth is proclaimed in order to help all Catholics remember their best selves.

The doctrine of indulgences is only blameworthy in corrupt practice. In its honesty who shall say it is devoid of truth? It declares that the good deeds and good thoughts of good men fill an invisible treasury, out of which the needy may receive alms. Who will gainsay that good deeds and great thoughts help many who are unable to help themselves? There must be some agency to convey the benefit from the benefactor to the beggar. Is not the church the custodian of the great religious traditions; is it not she who has kept the memory of spiritual longings fresh, who holds annual festivals in honor and memory of the good, who promulgates ennobling thoughts which otherwise would have been forgotten? It is the church which on every

Sunday morning summons men to reflect upon the thoughts of men long dead. Has not the spirit of the noble dead lived on through the church; is it not memories of them which make the place holy? These memories make a great storehouse filled with the abundant life of happy men, to which the needy may come every day; and the church is the great factor which distributes the alms.

The dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin is the assumption of a woman into a spiritual idea. It tends to remove the anthropological part of a spiritual thought. It helps to bridge the space between the world of flesh and the world of spirit.

Taken one by one, the dogmas of the Roman Church present no great difficulty; and taken together they persuade men by one great virtue in them, the attribute of growth. The body of Roman Catholic dogma is not complete and fixed. New dogmas are added as new truths appear. The church acknowledges her own imperfect knowledge; she admits that she sees as through a glass darkly. This admission implies the capacity for indefinite enlargement. There is nothing to limit the immensity of new truths still to be discovered. The church stands on a foundation which seems fixed and immovable, but infinity lies before it; and the church bows before its own incompleteness. Hers is no petrified foundation, but a living rock on which she stands.

Here seems to be the peculiar power of this great organization to serve men. It combines the sense of certainty and fixedness, necessary to most men, and the capacity for growth, necessary to the few. To compare the old and the religious to the young and the secular, the church bears a significant likeness to the American Constitution.

VI.

Religious dogmas do not depend upon themselves for their success, but upon the

ideas with which they associate themselves. There is the element of a parasite in every successful dogma. In the long past Catholic dogmas have allied themselves to hopes of heaven and fears of hell; but now, when conceptions of a future state are less vivid, dogmas seek to ally themselves with one social idea or another. Some may attach themselves to the ideas of order, some to those of revolution. One great task of the church is to watch over religious ideas, mark what company they keep, and prevent a misalliance, not only for the sake of success, but also for the sake of purity.

The doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, for example, left to itself might or might not commend itself to the mind; but when it is linked to a number of beliefs, of the sacrament of marriage, of regarding the body as the temple of the soul, of strengthening the family, it both gains and gives strength; it fits into a creed, it props social order and prospers.

Religious dogmas sometimes unite with ideas of other kinds from the mere fact of a fortuitous meeting in the same mind. Like lodgers at an inn, they establish mutual ties. Sometimes such unions seem very incongruous, as the joining of a belief in the Trinity to that of payment of debts. But this is an advantage both to the ideal and to the practical.

In the United States it may well be that the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church will depend for their prosperity upon their affinity with certain social ideas. Of these one of greatest importance is improvement of the condition of the laboring classes. The increase of wages, accomplished by unions of workmen, is a patent fact; and as wealth is creating in greater abundance all the time, the working classes will insist upon a larger share. Unions of workmen will not only spread all over the United States, but will include Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans. The great causes of dissension among men will no

longer coincide with national divisions ; there will be no fellow countrymen of all the disputants ; cosmopolitan quarrels must be made up by cosmopolitan counsels. Then the mediation of the great organization to which specially belongs the task of mediation will be of great value to mankind, and most to the workingmen who suffer most from disagreement with capitalists. Ministers of the Church of England will not be acceptable mediators in matters which concern Frenchmen, the clergy of the Greek Church will not be welcome to the Germans ; but the priests of a cosmopolitan church, free from temporal sovereignty and national bias, will be fit to intervene and give counsel in cosmopolitan disputes. The creed of the Catholic Church naturally blends with mediation and peacemaking, in labor troubles as in others ; witness Manning in England, Lavigerie in France, Ireland in America, and in Italy the Pope himself. Let the Church of Rome once join in the public mind her creed, and an active mediation to secure justice and peace, and she shall carry a thousand dogmas on her back.

The poor are the most ignorant. Dogma presents no difficulties to them. Help the poor, and they will believe that the sun revolves about the earth. The church has always deemed the poor her little children. Poverty in her eyes is freedom from temptation. As the poor always will be among us, that church, without regard to dogma, which shall open her arms the most generously toward them will have a multitude at her heels. A ministering church will receive unexpected friends. Many men now spend themselves in little attempts at social improvement here and there ; they fritter away their high purposes in scattered efforts. At present they will not work with a church, partly on account of sectarian differences, partly because they have been misled by the vast increase of wealth into thinking that a

fair division of wealth is the greatest present need. With their eyes fixed on physical ills, their ears hear only cries of physical distress. They regard religion as superstition and deception. But when the great church of the poor, bent though she be with ancient creeds, shall support the cause of the poor, social reformers will not only forget their former disbeliefs, but will associate with every word of her creed their own measures of reform, and murmur Amen. Limited now to the knowledge that increase of wages is good, they will learn through the church that not the goods which diminish, but those which multiply by sharing, make the happiness of mankind.

Every idea of practical good round which she can entwine her dogma will establish the power of Rome.

There is also the religious need of men. That need is friendly to any church. The desire to prostrate themselves, the thirst for sentiment, the longing to worship, the craving for more life, the fear of death, all demand comfort and succor. These needs break dogmas as Samson burst the green withes. What are dogmas to love ? The lover has infinite capacities for belief. The Roman Church has many attributes which reach out friendly hands to the needy, immemorial tradition, ancient authority, ritual, mysticism, freedom from the world.

If the Roman Church shall succeed in establishing herself as the counselor of the laborer, the helper of the poor, the comforter of those in need of religion, her dogmas will be encumbrances no heavier than shadows.

Yet before Rome shall help the United States, they must help Rome. They must wake up her priests who sleep in the past ; they must remind her that she is a church universal, and the oldest fabric of democracy ; that she must recognize that all nations form her commonwealth ; that her college of cardinals must represent them all ; that new thoughts are as good as old thoughts ;

that saints may be born to-day as noble as those of old ; that the world is as near to heaven as ever it was in the past ; that the church must forsake the old order and conform to the new. The church must receive so that she may give, and enable her to play the great part which a church may still play in the civilization of mankind.

VII.

Indications of these religious or political movements have already appeared both in the United States and in England.

The struggle in the Roman Catholic Church over what has been called Americanism is but the forerunner of the agitations of the twentieth century. Naturally the first stirring is within the church ; it is the inevitable discomfort which takes place in an ancient body politic adapting to new uses. Conservatism limbers out with creaks and groans. Father Hecker's name has become a kind of shibboleth. Father Hecker, as is well known, was a member of the Brook Farm community. Afterward he was converted to Catholicism, and joined the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. He was expelled from that order in consequence of an act of disobedience in a regulation, by going to Rome. He then founded the body known as the Paulist Fathers. He died in 1888. In 1891 Father Elliott wrote his life, to which Archbishop Ireland wrote an introduction. Subsequently this life, but with various changes, was translated into French, together with the preface by Archbishop Ireland, and a new introduction was added by M. l'Abbé Klein, a French priest. This book has been answered by M. l'Abbé Maignen. In this way has been brought before the secular public the controversy which had already been carried on with vigor within the church. Father Hecker represented a union between the ideas of personal independence and of personal responsibility and the beliefs of the Catholic

Church. He believed that sole control of the church should pass from Latin hands ; that the Teutonic races, with their appreciation of the value of self-reliance and of personal freedom, must take, for a time at least, the government of the church, in ideas, if not in politics. He believed in the direct action of the Holy Spirit upon the human soul. That belief carried the corollary, that if a man did not need the mediation of priest, of church, of saints, he could appeal to the Holy Spirit of God, and would be heard.

Archbishop Ireland says, "Each century calls for its type of Christian perfection." The value of the passive virtues — of contemplation, of resignation, of asceticism — has in a measure passed. The spirit of action is now the holier power. Hecker writes : "The church, says Schelling in substance, was first Petrine, then Pauline, and must be love-embracing, John-like. Peter, Catholicism ; Paul, Protestantism ; John, what is to be. What we want, and are tending to, is what shall unite them both as John's spirit does — and that in each individual. We want neither the authority of history, nor of the individual, neither infallibility, nor reason by itself, but both combined in life. Neither precedent nor opinion, but being — neither a written nor a preached Gospel, but a living one."

These ideas are all allied to the notions that religion is for the strong as well as for the weak, for those who succeed in this world as well as for those who fail ; that the self-sufficient, resolute man needs the uplifting influences of religion as much as the downtrodden ; and imply that the Roman Church has been misled by a too fixed attention on the misgoverned countries of Italy and Spain, and not understanding the needs of successful peoples, has left to the Protestant churches attempts that should have been hers.

Such and similar ideas have had great success among the more vigorous of the

Catholic clergy here. Archbishop Ireland and Monsignor Keane are the most distinguished advocates thereof. These men stand for separation of church and state. Archbishop Ireland has said: "The Church recognizes as her own sphere faith and morals; she possesses and claims no mission in civil and political matters. If the Church encroaches upon the sphere of the State we should bid her away."

Their views have been resented by conservative members of the church in Europe. There has been a little jealousy lest the self-sufficient Americans foist new ideas upon them. The disagreement has reached the Holy See, and has been treated with much discretion. The great prelates in Rome recognize the necessities of the church, but they take their steps very warily. The common interpretation is, that the Pope's letters touching the question bear strongly in favor of the conservatives; nevertheless, our war with Spain has not passed unnoticed. The Holy See is not likely to uphold M. l'Abbé Maignen when he rejoices in the fact that "in Spain, the country of all Europe where the clergy seems to retain the purest theological sense and the most virile apostolic energy, the episcopate recently protested against the opening of an evangelical temple in Madrid." The doctrine that God is on the side of the big battalions is not confined to soldiers.

In England the manifestation of a recognition that the Roman Church, in one way or another, of God or of men, does satisfy human need, has shown itself in the established church. The extreme high churchmen have adopted auricular confession; they instruct the young to believe in the Eucharist; they have taken up great part of the ceremonies and ritual of the Roman Church. The bishops, as a body, are inclined to support them. The low churchmen and the non-conformists have taken alarm. The cry of "no Popery" — that open

sesame to the ordinary English heart — has been taken up. Appeals to Parliament have been made; church discipline bills have been introduced; speeches and editorials declare that the fruits of the glorious Reformation, the personal independence of the free-born Briton, must not be lost. Sir William Vernon Harcourt waves his *panache*. Talk of disestablishment is everywhere. Probably the Protestant inheritances of England are too strong to permit the Roman Church to make large gain; but the significance of the affair for us is that, in an English-speaking country, where Protestantism is far stronger than in the United States, there are a large number of persons who are persuaded that they can attain a fuller life through the ministry of the Roman Church, and that these same persons see their duty in the cause of the poor, and lay their hands to social reform, with far greater zeal and energy than their adversaries.

Of greater moment than the movements of the disciples of Father Hecker in America, and of the high churchmen in England, is the conduct of the Holy Apostolic See during the pontificate of Leo XIII. It is interesting to read a chapter or two from Dean Milman, upon some great Pope, such as Innocent III., and see how he narrates successively the papal relations with Germany, France, England, Spain and Italy, ending, perhaps, with a brief account of papal dealings with other countries; and then to take up some book upon Leo XIII., and read the headings of the chapters, Germany — the Kulturkampf, France, the Republic, England, Ireland, Spain, Italy, The United States, and so on. Permanence is there, but during Leo's pontificate the permanence has not been of petrification, but of life. In Germany the church successfully maintained a hard struggle, during which archbishops, bishops, and hundreds of priests were sent to jail. Bismarck had determined that the state should supersede the Papacy as the

head of the church in Germany ; but the hostile legislation enacted after the close of the French war, in the floodtide of German national feeling, has been greatly modified, and the former powers of the church have been practically restored. In Ireland, the Pope declared for law and order against the violence of the land league. In France, he has advised all Catholics loyally to accept the Republican government.

In the United States, Cardinal Gibbons has upheld the Knights of Labor. In England, Cardinal Manning, in the time of the great dock strike, showed the interest of the church in the workingman. In Africa, Cardinal Lavigerie struggled against the slave trade. The famous encyclical of the Pope on the condition of labor has been spread all over the world.

All these matters are signs which show that the Roman Church is conscious that the world is changing; that she recognizes that new modes of life alter men's habits, opinions, and beliefs ; that the church must change too. She must not fight against science, she must recognize that truth is of God. She must not coddle the weak, but cheer forward the strong. Who is so bold as to predict the future of the Catholic Church in America ? At present she is the church of the ignorant, but her ambition seeks to extend her influence over the whole nation. There are but three classes of citizens, which, as classes, we are sure will not come under her sway. Men of scientific knowledge ; men of independent character who are resolute to manage their own

affairs, a class which is on the wane ; and third, the negroes, with whom the Catholic Church has not been successful, but who, as a class, will never have a share in guiding our national life. Set these classes aside, and divide the remainder into thirds. One third, composed of the educated, will be divided among disagreeing Protestant sects ; but the remaining two thirds will be a great flock, now scattered and wandering, ready for a wise church to guide. The danger to the world from priestly intolerance and greed is practically past ; the danger to the world from oligarchs, free from religious influences, is far greater. The church may well have the sympathy of the unbiased.

There is one great source from which the church will be able to draw strength. The tide of reaction against the materialistic beliefs of the passing generation is rising fast, and there is a vast army of persons now calling themselves by strange names, Healers, Faith Curers, Christian Scientists, who have a mighty power of enthusiasm. The church must open her arms to these hundreds of thousands of persons who are seeking to come nearer to God, and are spelling out new words for old supernatural cravings and old supernatural beliefs. In times past the church would have been their refuge, and they would have strengthened the church. Even now, the next Pope, like him who saw in his dream St. Francis propping the falling walls of St. John Lateran, may see that among those enthusiasts is the power to establish the church.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

QUATRAIN.

In a dumb world, we mortals, deaf and blind,
Grope through the mystery in hope to find
An immortality, and, scorning life,
Waste it to leave an empty name behind.

Albert Phelps.

LANGUAGE AS INTERPRETER OF LIFE.

BLOOD is thicker than water, but language is more than blood. Let any one debate with a modern Greek the question of old Greek pronunciation, and undertake to show him by the coolest of scientific demonstration that it differed in essential points from the modern, and he will find he has trespassed upon holy ground. Phonetic law is for these Greeks a pollution of the sacred temple grounds of patriotism. Belief in the essential identity of the modern language with the old stands as a fundamental article of the national faith. A Greek who would deny it is a high traitor. What wonder? It is the birthright of its tongue which gives his people its first claim, if not its only claim, to recognition as a nation.

When, on the evening of October 20, 1827, in the harbor of Navarino, the boom of the last cannon echoing back from the cliffs of old Sphacteria proclaimed the end of Turkish domination in the land of old time swayed by the Hellenes, there stood sponsorless and nameless before the nations of the world a population, — not yet a people, but sundry scattered and ill-ordered groups of peoples whose habitations chanced to plant foundations on the sacred soil. It was the same old crumpled, sea-gnawed, sun-bathed Greece; but council house and temple, palæstra and theatre, colonnade and college garden, were gone, — all was gone that gave the ancient life of the dwellers in the land its outward form and semblance of a settled order, and made it a nation's life. Vague memories, half caricatured upon the traditions of a glorious past, floated in the air that hung over ruin and site; but where was the people to enter in to the inheritance, or who might claim "to know the manner of the god of the land"?

Neither the leading of goats to pas-

ture over the slopes of Hymettus, the tilling of the battlefield of Mantinea, nor the sailing of fisher-boats through the blue waters of Salamis gave to men a claim on the traditions and name of the past, or provided a bond of union by virtue of which shepherds, peasants, traders, and sailors could be named a people and a nation. The population was of various blood, — Greek, Albanian, Slavic, Frankish, Wallachian. But with all their diversity of blood, these men had been for once united in the sharing of a common risk and the performance of one common task, — the expulsion of the Turk. The fact of this union in risking and achieving gave the impulse and the occasion to the formation of nationality; the conditions under which the union was inspired gave the bond its insignia and its form. From the hearths of the monasteries and from the lamps and altars of the chapels, the enthusiasm of revolt had gathered its sacred fire. The old Byzantine Christian Church was the one institution surviving in that wasted land not only to remind men of a life higher than that of "bread alone," but to maintain, by even the slenderest thread, connection with a past that had meaning and body and purpose such as vindicate the existence of nationality.

The language of the Church, kept alive in the ritual of the chapels and in the decadent learning of the monasteries, was in substance the language in which Demosthenes spoke and Paul wrote. Feeble as it might seem in comparison with the old standards, it still kept its connection with the old, and was capable of receiving limitless refreshment from the sources of the old. The various Greek patois of the peasants and villagers, on the other hand, had long since passed beyond the bounds of literary or national expression. They were now mere van-

ishing, enfeebled remnants of greatness, suited to the chatterings of goatherds and children and the haggings of petty traders, or the chantings mayhap of the folk, but incapable of giving an expression to the wants and aspirations of a nation or of a people that had part in the doings of the great outer world. The same was true of the Albanian patois spoken by large masses of the population, and especially by most of the sailor folk whose prowess on the sea had carried no small part of the burden of war. So it fell out that the new national consciousness arising from the ashes of the Revolution clothed itself in the language of the Church which erstwhile had been the nation. The Greek patois were lifted through this higher type of the language into the channels of connection with the old Greek speech that once had been the vehicle of a world civilization, and a modern Greek, in outward form at least, half ancient, half recent, arose as the standard language of the new nation, and became at once its educator, its voice, and its emblem. In form, in manner, in materials, it stands a living monument to the methods and the spirit in which the Greek nationality of the nineteenth century was requickened and reestablished from the scanty remnants of the old. Even when it drapes the classical *himation* over the vulgate trousers and waistcoat of to-day in what seems fantastic masquerading, it pays thereby its tribute to the weirdly sentimental spirit of Philhellenism that has helped to make and maintain the state.

The lesson taught here in the small has, like so many of the products of this little land, its larger lesson in terms of greater things. Every standard language, as distinguished from local folk speech and dialect, has been in the history of the world the exponent of some special movement in intercourse and civilization, the garb of some special type of human culture, the voice of some

special form of instituted order among men, — commercial, political, religious, or cultural. The very genius of a standard makes it something extended beyond its natural habitat to serve the conveniences of a wider intercourse. The standard divisions of time which deal in multiples like 12, 60, 360, hark back to the old Chaldean astronomers, from whom came too the “60 minas make a talent,” as well as the gross and the quire. Wherever 60 seconds make a minute the ancient empire of Mesopotamia has not utterly ceased to be. The conflict of the metre and the foot is still in substance a contest between the innovating Frenchman and the sturdy conservatism of English influence.

Latin, once the speech of a petty district by the Tiber, became the standard medium of intercourse for a mighty empire, absorbed into itself the spirit of the institution, became its outward embodiment, and survives to-day as a monument to the essential character of that institution better and truer than Colosseum or Forum. Its present place in education, in literature, in law, is determined by the place that Rome still holds in the organized life of Europe and in all organized life whose sources are in European civilization. A visible emblem is the place it still holds as the language of the Roman Church; for the Roman Church is in all reality the Roman Empire expressed in terms of the things of the soul. The schoolboy learns from his Latin, if he learns it well, more than words, rules, paradigms, maxims, bits of history, or scraps of mythology; he drinks in the life of old Rome and the spirit of its institutions, — law, order, organization, authority. There is nothing left us, now that the Romans are gone, so Roman as Latin.

What Latin is to the Roman Church Sanskrit is to the Brahmin. Two thousand years and more ago it parted company with the vernacular, and ever since has been maintained as a more or less

artificial standard, serving to express and embody the culture which made the classical age and literature of India. What the Romanic languages are to Latin, the various Prakrits of India are to Sanskrit; and one of these in particular, the Pali, as the language of the earliest Buddhistic writings, has become a standard, lifted above time and habitat, and is the distinctive idiom of Buddhism.

When, with the emergence of a national spirit in the form of the Protestant Revolution, German speech in the sixteenth century pushed its way through the crust of Latin that had hitherto overspread the entire literary expression of the land, there *was* no German language; there was only a tangle of local dialects, none of which had been deemed worthy of conveying a message to Germany at large, few of aught else than the quick-vanishing message of the lips, and that in the common homely matters of everyday village life. In the fire and zeal of a great national uprising, of a struggle that was a battle of language standards as well as of creeds, the German language sprang into existence. It came in response to a need, but it was men, and the message of men to men struggling for expression, that made it. The idiom which carried the burden of the great controversy melted with the heat of conviction, and moulded itself into the form of a language that could voice the thought of a whole people.

The conquest of Italy made Latin, the crystallization of the Brahmin caste made Sanskrit, the preaching of Buddha made Pali, the dominance of Attic standard Greek over all the dialects of Greece is a reflection of Athens's fourth-century dominance in the sphere of thought and art, the modern Greek is daughter of the Revolution, German as a nation's speech is an outgrowth of Luther's Reformation. Most great standard languages will be found to have taken their rise in some movement of human in-

terest that stirred the lives and thought of men toward a larger sympathy and a larger intercourse than the things of village, clan, or cult demanded. It is the same class of movements which have begotten nationalities, at least the nationalities of the modern type.

The ancient state was founded upon religion, and the bond of religion was in its genesis a bond of blood. The modern state tends to obscure the bonds and boundaries of blood, and to substitute for them the ties of common interest and common conditions. Trade, intercourse, like customs, like forms of life, like forms of belief, like forms of thought, count more than blood. And so it comes about that more and more, as the world grows riper, the paths of nationality and of language unite. What levels the way for the one gives life and being to the other. The oldest state is the tribe, and its watchword is blood; the modern state is the nation, and the emblem which the course of history is choosing for it unmistakably is language. The toils and trials of a quasi-nation like Austria-Hungary, with its plurality of tongues, only prove the rule. What we have here is a refuge, not a nation.

But a national language is more than an emblem; more than a flag or a coat of arms; more than a monument to a great historic nation-making act, which may serve as a rallying point for patriotism and the sentiment of nationality. It is all that, but it is thousandfold more. A written creed or constitution which cannot be amended or reinterpreted may stand as a landmark and a sacred relic, and appeal to the reverence and even the affection of men; but a very different thing it is from a body of usage and precedent fashioned in historic testings, such as is the English constitution. That bears within itself at any given time a record of past experience in composite. A man's character at any given time is said to be the resultant of all the conscious choices of his life. Mistakes have

left their scars, self-denials have toughened the fibre of the will, lies have left behind them perverted vision of the truth, deeds of mercy have made their deposit of mercifulness.

Language is of like sort with character. Every speaker in all the generations, in every word he has uttered, has helped to build it. Light-winged words, they sped through the barriers of the lips, but could not be lost. They either tended to strengthen the standing norm, — and that either in hearer, speaker, or both, — or they played their part in starting divergence and change or in loosening the foundations of the norm.

The crude methods of the new-born science of language are as yet but playing with the pebbles on the shore of a mighty deep. We read of etymologies, but they only tear away with cumbrous hand the silken warp from the cocoons of words, and miss the pattern and the motive of the weaving, and ignore the life within. Words are not words without context, motive, and life. Synonyms galore printed in Italics cannot compass a description of their life values. The clumsy devices of letters cannot yield a vision of even their bodily form. To know them really one must know them warm, — warm with the life blood of actual living speech; one must have met them under every variety of life conditions; one must have “summered and wintered” with them.

We arrange them in paradigms, and think we have compassed and measured them; but these paradigm pigeonholes only betray the limitations of our own petty logic. We try to cram words into compartments under our so-called rules of syntax, and the splendid failure which results offers the finest demonstration of the narrow range of reason as compared with the great background of soul life, the vast reaches of the divine indefinite.

Grammar is to the average healthy human being the driest and deathliest of all the disciplines. Except as it serves

a temporary practical purpose of offering a first approach to the acquisition of a language, or of presenting to maturer study a convenient tentative and artificial classification of certain facts, it brings spiritual atrophy and death to him who gives and him who takes. Treated as an end unto itself, it desiccates teacher and pupil alike. The fact requires neither demonstration nor illustration. The reason for it, too, is not far to seek. Grammar represents the application of a method that is lifeless to a subject-matter that is life, and the discrepancy between the method and the matter determines the spiritual revulsion against the former. It is a case of inevitable and eternal misfit. Grammar as we practice it is derived from the Sophists and the Stoics, and is still, however much we try to disguise the fact, based upon a confidence in logic, or something in the ordering faculties of the intellect close akin thereto. But language, which is the property of life and personality in the whole, will not yield its secret to the meagre analyses of reason and intellect, which are by their nature partial, which see as in a glass darkly, and not face to face. Language cannot be unlocked by logic; it can be unlocked only by sympathy.

It would not be my purpose to deny for a moment the possibility of a science of language or to question its utility; far from it. As little would I undertake to deny the possibility of a science of theology, merely because it fails, as it notably does, to cover and represent the facts of living faith. But what we must recognize, what we must in honesty confess, though it gives us pain to do it, is that the finest endeavors of the finest scientific grammar, like all other processes which apply the purely objective tests to the products of life, and pre-eminently of soul life, can only serve at the best as correctives and stimulants of vision in detail; they cannot induct any human being into real understanding

and appreciation of the life of the whole. Learn and know Meyer's Grammar and the Kühner-Blass from title-page to index, and what a pitiful travesty that by itself would yield upon a real sympathy with the magnificent idiom in which — not merely *through* which by its content of idea, but *in which* itself — Sophocles conveys the touch of the Hellenic fervors and unfolds the Hellenic attitude toward the universe of being: love, awe, joy, hope, regret, simplicity, harmony, beauty, temperance.

If language were a mass of conventional cipher, like a Volapük or the price marks of a secretive hardware shop; if the ordering faculties that haunt the superficies of mind had dominated it entire and formed it, as they have the price marks, then would there be some hope for grammar. A grammar of Volapük is an eminently satisfactory thing. A code telegram can be translated by purely mechanical processes. The translation, however, of a literary masterpiece, in which language is at the highest flush of vitality, is one of the severest and most evasive tasks to which human endeavor can address itself. You can transfer patches of flesh and skin, and even infuse blood, but you cannot transfer life from one body to another. Words do not live in dictionaries any more than plants in herbariums. They live in the usage of living men. Every word, every phrase, has its subtle, unanalyzable coloring, derived from myriad associations in myriad sentences, as impossible of summary and final description as a personality.

A word has a personal character, and wherever it goes it carries like a human being its character with it; so that in every use of it there is implicit the power and the possibility of standing for vastly more than the special emergency seemed at first to demand. Jest and poetry depend for much of their flavor, as did old-fashioned town meetings, upon this habit of taking along the entirety of in-

dividual character. Put language under the same severe restraints which depress personality and turn the town meeting into a battalion of soldiers, and you have the prose of the law code and the auctioneer's catalogue. But poetry, which always antedates prose, as the Vedic hymns antedate the Brahmanas, and Homer and the dramatic poets the orators, is far more in accord with the inner spirit and purpose of speech than is prose. Language is indeed, as Emerson said, only "fossil poetry."

Language is through and through a social product. Schleicher, the fine old botanist-philologist of Jena, tried his best in vain to apply to it the analogies of his flower beds and kitchen garden. Stammbaums and branches have gone the way of roots and stems. The laws of sound-change, instead of being like the laws of nature governing the growth of plants and the revolving of planets, prove to be founded on the tendency to social compromise, in the necessity which men are under of getting along together and understanding one another, and resemble, therefore, the laws which govern dress coats, dinner calls, the holding of forks, and the wording of wedding cards.

Even in the outward characteristics of their structure, languages represent in the grand style of summary the dominant social conditions in the history of those peoples who speak them. Thus, at one end of the line stand the so-called agglutinative languages, at the other the monosyllabic. The agglutinative languages, of which the Bantu tongues of Africa and the Mongolian of Central Asia afford illustration, represent the experience of widely scattered populations which maintain over a vast extent of territory a desultory communication with one another. Corresponding to the necessities of the case which demand that every idea and phase of idea be explicitly indicated, these languages are perfectly transparent; that is, perfectly "regular" in structure. Like modifi-

cations of idea are always expressed by like inflexional elements. Little or nothing is left to be inferred. Every division and subdivision of the thought is duly tagged and labeled.

The Chinese goes to the other extreme. Here almost everything is implicit. Far more is left to be inferred from context, word order, and intonation than is really presented in bodily form. The monosyllabic dabs in which the Chinaman speaks are mere running hints, — a shorthand of speech condensed to the uttermost. They are the natural products of a stable, long-established, densely-compacted civilization, in which unwritten precedent outweighs written statutes; in which multifold social compromise has finally made life artificial in place of natural, and its acts symbolic rather than presentive. The monosyllabic languages have been produced under tremendous social pressure. They represent, from the artistic as well as the historical point of view, the most finished type of human speech. The maximum of idea is *implicit* in their structure. They contain the minimum of mechanism for the maximum of expression.

We might multiply illustrations of the way in which language, sensitive as milk to its environment, takes upon it the impress of social conditions as they develop and pass. The modern rapid development of intercourse is, for instance, making itself slowly but irresistibly felt in dulling the colors which mark the linguistic areas on the map of the civilized world. Not only interchange of loan-words, but in far subtler form the acceptance of common syntactical moulds, is gradually lifting the great European culture languages toward the levels of a common medium of communication. While the question whether English, French, Russian, is to become the universal language is awaiting the slow unfolding of political and commercial history, this deep and subtle drift

into unity is steadily advancing toward a distant goal. It means no more than that the languages, in their chameleon habit, are taking on the colorings of internationalism.

Man is first and foremost a social being. Language is the social bond, and therefore man's badge of membership in the body social; but more than that, it is the embodiment of the nature and spirit of that social fabric to which the individual owns allegiance, and through which he becomes a man. If that social spirit is the *logos*, then language is the *logos* made flesh. Man as a member of society is assigned to his place and is made by the language he commands. More or less unconsciously we even locate men by the language they use. So fine and exacting are our tests, for instance, that one who is to command a hearing as representative of a type of the higher civilization of a nation must, on platform or in pulpit, speak in the recognized standard of that civilization. The dialectal colorings of province and district, much as they may delight us in other ways and for other purposes, carry insensibly with them the impression of limitation and provincialism. Through the language a man speaks, or the form of it he uses at any given time, he betrays the scheme of human culture and the order of human society with which at the moment he is in sympathy.

These considerations concerning the place and meaning of language in human society determine what we believe is its place and meaning in the education of mankind. Through language nations in the modern sense are made and held together. Through language the individual is lifted into membership in the nation. The child comes into the world and finds a language awaiting him. The acquiring of that language constitutes his first education. Compared with this all other education is of entirely secondary importance. Observation of the processes by which a child

acquires its mother tongue teaches that it is not the language which is drilled into the child's mind, but it is the child's mind which is fitted into and expanded into the language. Words and expressions come to the child, not as full and finished globules of thought, but as empty shells which he must fill with idea, as spools on which he must wind the warp of thought. Words are not defined for the child. If they were, he could not understand. He must learn their various uses from single experiences, and by slow and gradual processes arrange the concepts, which by associations, metaphors, and metonymies cling together in the mind and usage of the language community, into their compact place within the shell or about the spool. In doing this he is coming into possession of the folk wisdom of the folk; he is coming into accord with the mind of the historic-social body of which he is to be a member; he is learning to estimate and quote the values of the world in terms of the standard coinage of his place and time; he is making himself standing ground in human society; he is forming and building a *pou sto* for the exercise and development of his free personality. Without school or schoolmaster, textbook or pedagogue, the child and then the man are brought before the seat of the greatest and wisest teacher their lives are ever in all their scope to have, and this teacher is their mother tongue. It is a teacher whose learning they are never to exhaust, and whose stimulating influence toward mental growth is not likely soon to fail. Happy are they who are born into the inheritance of a speech developed and enriched by highest literary use and by long traditions of noble expression; for then it will be a teacher to age as well as to youth. Happy are they who, through the formal education of the schools, are brought into touch with the life attitude of other peoples as embodied in their languages, and especially of those peo-

ples whose spiritual life has blended into the early currents of our own.

It is particularly, however, for the years of earlier mental development that language plays its chief involuntary part as educator. That which it does now without conscious direction provides the basis and guidance for use in formal and systematic education. It points the way to what is the prime consideration in education, even if it does not swallow up and include all others.

We educate a human being to the end that his personality may most nearly fulfill its inherent possibilities within the human society of which it is to be a part. We do not seek primarily, if we are wise, to fill the mind with various knowledge; for we know that the mind is not so much a reservoir as a mill wheel, not so much a storehouse as a laboratory, not so much a receptacle as an instrument. We do not, if we are wise, rear the child in isolation from life or in untamed individualism; for we know that man is born to live in society, and that society is historically conditioned, and that the life man lives is part of a succession, — a historical life.

What we really do first of all, if we are wise, is to take the budding bit of individuality in hand, and induce it, constrain it, persuade it, cajole it, overawe it, and, if need be, spank it, into recognition of the existing order. The first thing a child has to learn is to do as it is told to do. To become a historical being is its mission, and as soon as possible it must recognize the authority of the historically constituted order. The acceptance of the authority of society is the gate through which one passes into freedom. The stern law it is, like the rough hand of the *paidagogos*, that leads us unto Christ; it is through obedience and conformity to the spirit that dominates the world that we come to a realization of ourselves, and to our birthright of freedom as sons of God. In the isolation of selfhood we sit without the pale

and yearn for the husks the swine eat, but once we have set our faces toward home and order there is enough and to spare. This is what is meant, alike in the statutes of society, in the constitution of the state, and in the oracles of God, by the "consent of the governed."

It is the mission of language and literature in education to bring young individual life into accord with the moulds of historical life. Through word and phrase and sentence, through tale and myth and verse, mind is quickened to enter in and occupy these nests and shells that have sheltered other human thought. Mind is expanded in the moulds of mind; not in the lifeless geometric cells of logic and reasoning, but in the life cells shapen to contain the products of the soul, — the whole, the living soul.

The practically logical mind is a healthy, well-nourished mind, — nothing more nor less. Such mind is produced by feeding it during the years of development upon healthy normal food, not upon the embalmed food of the logicians or the chemists. The Chinese mandarins, trained upon language and innocent of pure logic, are said to be the keenest practical logicians of the world. The forms of reasoning, indeed, to which a child is stimulated in catching the meanings of sentences of the mother speech, or which a boy uses in making out the meaning of a sentence in his *Cæsar* from the imperfect data of words and syntax, are the forms of contingent reasoning, the ones which are almost exclusively employed in the decisions and judgments of actual life. Men who pretend to regulate their lives according to well-constructed syllogisms — and it must be pretense or self-deception, for there are no such syllogisms in *life* — are generally regarded as impossible men. They are what are politely known as cranks.

The methods of thought which are based upon objective tests, and which, whether applied in the field of the hu-

manities or of nature studies, we call scientific, have their place in education as well as those we have discussed; but in elementary education they are to be introduced gradually, and as correctives rather than as staples. Nature study need not be scientific any more than language study. We are not concerned here with any conflict between the study of nature and the study of the humanities, nor are we making protest against the scientific method of studying either; we are insisting merely upon the educational value that inheres in the *direct* study of language and of language as literature.

Literary training can never be disjoined from language study. There never was a suggestion more perverse than that which recommends the substitution of translations for originals, on the theory that all the great and choice ideas can thus be exploited as well as through the toil of learning the language. What, pray, are these ideas? Why not pick them out, arrange them alphabetically by initial words, and print them in double columns like market lists? The reason straight and simple is that they are inseparable from the language. Language is no mere vehicle. It is itself in large part its own content.

The main educative purposes of literary study and of language study are, in the end, one and the same. They approach the mysteries of the folk mind directly. They deal face to face with the soul and its expression. Contact and sympathy are their instruments; not the lens, the scalpel, and the syllogism. They throw wide open the window and look straight out into life and the day.

So long as intimations of the larger life, the life social and the life spiritual, have power to call man out of himself and his cell, these studies have their place in the schooling of mankind; for the reach of the soul is higher than the clutch of the hand.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.¹

XIX.

IN WHICH WE HAVE UNEXPECTED
COMPANY.

THE wind, which had heretofore come in fierce blasts, was now steadying to a gale. What with the flying of the heaped clouds, the slanting, groaning pines, and the rushing of the river, the whole earth seemed a fugitive, fleeing breathless to the sea. From across the neck of land came the long-drawn howl of wolves, and in the wood beyond the church a catamount screamed and screamed. The town before us lay as dark and as still as the grave; from the garden where we were we could not see the Governor's house.

"I will carry madam's bundle," said a voice behind us.

It was the minister who had spoken, and he now stood beside us. There was a moment's silence, then I said, with a laugh: "We are not going upon a summer jaunt, friend Sparrow. There is a warm fire in the great room, to which your reverence had best betake yourself out of this windy night."

As he made no movement to depart, but instead possessed himself of Mistress Percy's bundle, I spoke again, with some impatience: "We are no longer of your fold, reverend sir, but are bound for another parish. We give you hearty thanks for your hospitality, and wish you a very good night."

As I spoke I would have taken the bundle from him, but he tucked it under his arm, and, passing us, opened the garden gate. "Did I forget to tell you," he said, "that worthy Master Bucke is well of the fever, and returns to his own to-morrow? His house and church are

no longer mine. I have no charge anywhere. I am free and footloose. May I not go with you, madam? There may be dragons to slay, and two can guard a distressed princess better than one. Will you take me for your squire, Captain Percy?"

He held out his great hand, and after a moment I put my own in it.

We left the garden and struck into a lane. "The river, then, instead of the forest?" he asked in a low voice.

"Ay," I answered. "Of the two evils it seems the lesser."

"How about a boat?"

"My own is fastened to the piles of the old deserted wharf."

"You have with you neither food nor water."

"Both are in the boat. I have kept her victualled for a week or more."

He laughed in the darkness, and I heard my wife beside me utter a stifled exclamation.

The lane that we were now in ran parallel to the street to within fifty yards of the guest house, when it bent sharply down to the river. We moved silently and with caution, for some night bird might accost us or the watch come upon us. In the guest house all was darkness save one room,—the upper room,—from which came a very pale light. When we had turned with the lane there were no houses to pass; only gaunt pines and copses of sumach. Behind us lay the square, and presently in a lull of the wind there came to us the sound of footsteps and suppressed voices. The marshal and his men would soon knock at the door of the minister's house. I took my wife by the hand and hurried her on. A hundred yards before us ran the river, dark and turbulent, and be-

¹ Copyright, 1899, by MARY JOHNSTON.

tween us and it rose an old, unsafe, and abandoned landing. Sparrow laid his hand upon my arm. "Footsteps behind us," he whispered.

Without slackening pace I turned my head and looked. The clouds, high around the horizon, were thinning overhead, and the moon, herself invisible, yet lightened the darkness below. The sandy lane stretched behind us like a ribbon of twilight, — nothing to be seen but it and the ebony mass of bush and tree lining it on either side. We hastened on. A minute later and we heard behind us a sound like the winding of a small horn, clear, shrill, and sweet. Sparrow and I wheeled — and saw nothing. The trees ran down to the very edge of the wharf, upon whose rotten, loosened, and noisy boards we now trod. Suddenly the clouds above us broke, and the moon shone forth, whitening the mountainous clouds, the ridged and angry river, and the low, tree-fringed shore. Below us, fastened to the piles and rocking with the waves, was the open boat in which we were to embark. A few broken steps led from the boards above to the water below. Descending these I sprang into the boat and held out my arms for Mistress Percy. Sparrow gave her to me, and I lifted her down beside me; then turned to give what aid I might to the minister, who was halfway down the steps — and faced my Lord Carnal.

What devil had led him forth on such a night; why he, whom with my own eyes, three hours ago, I had seen drunken, should have chosen, after his carouse, cold air and his own company rather than sleep; when and where he first spied us, how long he had followed us, I have never known. Perhaps he could not sleep for triumph, had heard of my impending arrest, had come forth to add to the bitterness of my cup by his presence, and so had happened upon us. He could only have guessed at those he followed, until he reached the

edge of the wharf and looked down upon us in the moonlight. For a moment he stood without moving; then he raised his hand to his lips, and the shrill call that had before startled us rang out again. At the far end of the lane lights appeared. Men were coming down the lane at a run; whether they were the marshal's men, the watch, or my lord's own rogues we tarried not to see. There was not time to loosen the rope from the piles, so I drew my knife to cut it. My lord saw the movement, and sprang down the steps, at the same time shouting to the men behind to hasten. Sparrow, grappling with him, locked him in a giant's embrace, lifted him bodily from the steps and flung him into the boat. His head struck against a thwart, and he lay, huddled beneath it, quiet enough. The minister sprang after him, and I cut the rope. By now the wharf shook with running feet, and the backward-streaming flame of the torches reddened its boards and the black water beneath; but each instant the water widened between us and our pursuers. Wind and current swept us out, and at that wharf there were no boats to follow us.

Those whom my lord's whistle had brought were now upon the very edge of the wharf. The marshal's voice called upon us in the name of the King to return. Finding that we vouchsafed no answer, he pulled out a pistol and fired, the ball going through my hat; then whipped out its fellow and fired again. Mistress Percy, whose behavior had been that of an angel, stirred in her seat. I did not know until the day broke that the ball had grazed her arm, drenching her sleeve with blood.

"It is time we were away," I said, with a laugh. "If your reverence will keep your hand upon the tiller and your eye upon the gentleman whom you have made our traveling companion, I'll put up the sail."

I was on my way to the foremast, when the boom lying prone before me

rose. Slowly and majestically the sail ascended, tapering upward, silvered by the moon, — the great white pinion which should bear us we knew not whither. I stopped short in my tracks, Mistress Percy drew a sobbing breath, and the minister gasped with admiration. We all three stared as though the white cloth had veritably been a monster wing endowed with life.

“Sails don’t rise of themselves!” I exclaimed, and was at the mast before the words were out of my lips. Crouched behind it was a man. I should have known him even without the aid of the moon. Often enough, God knows, I had seen him crouched like this beside me, ourselves in ambush awaiting some unwary foe, brute or human; or ourselves in hiding, holding our breath lest it should betray us. The minister who had been a player, the rival who would have poisoned me, the servant who would have stabbed me, the wife who was wife in name only, — mine were strange shipmates.

He rose to his feet and stood there against the mast, in the old half-submissive, half-defiant attitude, with his head thrown back in the old way.

“If you order me, sir, I will swim ashore,” he said, half sullenly, half — I know not how.

“You would never reach the shore,” I replied. “And you know that I will never order you again. Stay here if you please, or come aft if you please.”

I went back and took the tiller from Sparrow. We were now in mid-river, and the swollen stream and the strong wind bore us on with them like a leaf before the gale. We left behind the lights and the clamor, the dark town and the silent fort, the weary Due Return and the shipping about the lower wharf. Before us loomed the Santa Teresa; we passed so close beneath her huge black sides that we heard the wind whistling through her rigging. When she, too, was gone, the river lay bare before us; silver when

the moon shone, of an inky blackness when it was obscured by one of the many flying clouds.

My wife wrapped her mantle closer about her, and, leaning back in her seat in the stern beside me, raised her face to the wild and solemn heavens. Diccon sat apart in the bow and held his tongue. The minister bent over, and, lifting the man that lay in the bottom of the boat, laid him at full length upon the thwart before us. The moonlight streamed down upon the prostrate figure. I think it could never have shone upon a more handsome or a more wicked man. He lay there in his splendid dress and dark beauty, Endymion-like, beneath the moon. The King’s ward turned her eyes upon him, kept them there a minute or two, then glanced away, and looked at him no more.

“There’s a parlous lump upon his forehead where it struck the thwart,” said the minister, “but the life’s yet in him. He’ll shame honest men for many a day to come. Your Platonists, who from a goodly outside argue as fair a soul, could never have been acquainted with this gentleman.”

The subject of his discourse moaned and stirred. The minister raised one of the hanging hands and felt for the pulse. “Faint enough,” he went on. “A little more and the King might have waited for his minion forever and a day. It would have been the better for us, who have now, indeed, a strange fish upon our hands, but I am glad I killed him not.”

I tossed him a flask. “It’s good aqua vitæ, and the flask is honest. Give him to drink of it.”

He forced the liquor between my lord’s teeth, then dashed water in his face. Another minute and the King’s favorite sat up and looked around him. Dazed as yet, he stared, with no comprehension in his eyes, at the clouds, the sail, the rushing water, the dark figures about him. “Nicolò!” he cried sharply.

"He 's not here, my lord," I said.

At the sound of my voice he sprang to his feet.

"I should advise your lordship to sit still," I said. "The wind is very boisterous, and we are not under bare poles. If you exert yourself, you may capsize the boat."

He sat down mechanically, and put his hand to his forehead. I watched him curiously. It was the strangest trick that fortune had played him.

His hand dropped at last, and he straightened himself, with a long breath. "Who threw me into the boat?" he demanded.

"The honor was mine," declared the minister.

The King's minion lacked not the courage of the body, nor, when passionate action had brought him naught, a certain reserve force of philosophy. He now did the best thing he could have done, — burst into a roar of laughter. "Zooks!" he cried. "It's as good a comedy as ever I saw! How's the play to end, captain? Are we to go off laughing, or is the end to be bloody after all? For instance, is there murder to be done?" He looked at me boldly, one hand on his hip, the other twirling his mustaches.

"We are not all murderers, my lord," I told him. "For the present you are in no danger other than that which is common to us all."

He looked at the clouds piling behind us, thicker and thicker, higher and higher, at the bending mast, at the black water swirling now and again over the gunwales. "It's enough," he muttered.

I beckoned to Diccon, and putting the tiller into his hands went forward to reef the sail. When it was done and I was back in my place, my lord spoke again.

"Where are we going, captain?"

"I don't know."

"If you leave that sail up much longer, you will land us at the bottom of the river."

"There are worse places," I replied.

He left his seat, and moved, though with caution, to one nearer Mistress Percy. "Are cold and storm and peril sweeter to you, lady, than warmth and safety, and a love that would guard you from, not run you into, danger?" he said in a whisper. "Do you not wish this boat the Santa Teresa, these rude boards the velvet cushions of her state cabin, this darkness her many lights, this cold her warmth, with the night shut out and love shut in?"

His audacity, if it angered me, yet made me laugh. Not so with the King's ward. She shrank from him until she pressed against the tiller. Our flight, the pursuing feet, the struggle at the wharf, her wounded arm of which she had not told, the terror of the white sail rising as if by magic, the vision of the man she hated lying as one dead before her in the moonlight, the cold, the hurry of the night, — small wonder if her spirit failed her for a time. I felt her hand touch mine where it rested upon the tiller. "Captain Percy," she murmured, with a little sobbing breath.

I leaned across the tiller and addressed the favorite. "My lord," I said, "courtship to prisoners is one thing, and freedom from restraint and license of tongue is another. Here at the stern the boat is somewhat heavily freighted. Your lordship will oblige me if you will go forward where there is room enough and to spare."

His black brows drew together. "And what if I refuse, sir?" he demanded haughtily.

"I have rope here," I answered, "and to aid me the gentleman who once before to-night, and in despite of your struggles, lifted you in his arms like an infant. We will tie you hand and foot, and lay you in the bottom of the boat. If you make too much trouble, there is always the river. My lord, you are not now at Whitehall. You are with desperate men, outlaws who have no king, and so

fear no king's minions. Will you go free, or will you go bound? Go you shall, one way or the other."

He looked at me with rage and hatred in his face. Then, with a laugh that was not good to hear and a shrug of the shoulders, he went forward to bear Diccon company in the bow.

XX.

IN WHICH WE ARE IN DESPERATE CASE.

"God walketh upon the sea as he walketh upon the land," said the minister. "The sea is his and we are his. He will do what it liketh him with his own." As he spoke he looked with a steadfast soul into the black hollow of the wave that combed above us, threatening destruction.

The wave broke, and the boat still lived. Borne high upon the shoulder of the next rolling hill, we looked north, south, east, and west, and saw only a waste of livid, ever forming, ever breaking waves, a gray sky streaked with darker gray shifting vapor, and a horizon impenetrably veiled. Where we were in the great bay, in what direction we were being driven, how near we might be to the open sea or to some fatal shore, we knew not. What we did know was that both masts were gone, that we must bail the boat without ceasing if we would keep it from swamping, that the wind was doing an apparently impossible thing and rising higher and higher, and that the waves which buffeted us from one to the other were hourly swelling to a more monstrous bulk.

We had come into the wider waters at dawn, and still under canvas. An hour later, off Point Comfort, a bare mast contented us; we had hardly gotten the sail in when mast and all went overboard. That had been hours ago.

A common peril is a mighty leveler of barriers. Scant time was there in

that boat to make distinction between friend and foe. As one man we fought the element which would devour us. Each took his turn at the bailing, each watched for the next great wave before which we must cower, clinging with numbed hands to gunwale and thwart. We fared alike, toiled alike, and suffered alike, only that the minister and I cared for Mistress Percy, asking no help from the others.

The King's ward endured all without a murmur. She was cold, she was worn with watching and terror, she was wounded; each moment Death raised his arm to strike, but she sat there dauntless, and looked him in the face with a smile upon her own. If, wearied out, we had given up the fight, her look would have spurred us on to wrestle with our fate to the last gasp. She sat between Sparrow and me, and as best we might we shielded her from the drenching seas and the icy wind. Morning had shown me the blood upon her sleeve, and I had cut away the cloth from the white arm, and had washed the wound with wine and bound it up. If, for my fee, I should have liked to press my lips upon the blue-veined marble, still I did it not.

When, a week before, I had stored the boat with food and drink and had brought it to that lonely wharf, I had thought that if at the last my wife willed to flee I would attempt to reach the bay, and passing out between the capes would go to the north. Given an open boat and the tempestuous seas of November, there might be one chance out of a hundred of our reaching Manhattan and the Dutch, who might or might not give us refuge. She had willed to flee, and we were upon our journey, and the one chance had vanished. That wan, monotonous, cold and clinging mist had shrouded us for our burial, and our grave yawned beneath us.

The day passed and the night came, and still we fought the sea, and still the wind drove us whither it would. The

night passed and the second morning came, and found us yet alive. My wife lay now at my feet, her head pillowed upon the bundle she had brought from the minister's house. Too weak for speech, waiting in pain and cold and terror for death to bring her warmth and life, the knightly spirit yet lived in her eyes, and she smiled when I bent over her with wine to moisten her lips. At length she began to wander in her mind, and to speak of summer days and flowers. A hand held my heart in a slowly tightening grip of iron, and the tears ran down the minister's cheeks. The man who had darkened her young life, bringing her to this, looked at her with an ashen face.

As the day wore on, the gray of the sky paled to a dead man's hue and the wind lessened, but the waves were still mountain high. One moment we poised, like the gulls that now screamed about us, upon some giddy summit, the sky alone above and around us; the next we sank into dark green and glassy caverns. Suddenly the wind fell away, veered, and rose again like a giant refreshed.

Diccon started, put his hand to his ear, then sprang to his feet. "Breakers!" he cried hoarsely.

We listened with straining ears. He was right. The low, ominous murmur changed to a distant roar, grew louder yet, and yet louder, and was no longer distant.

"It will be the sand islets off Cape Charles, sir," he said. I nodded. He and I knew there was no need of words.

The sky grew paler and paler, and soon upon the woof of the clouds a splash of dull yellow showed where the sun would be. The fog rose, laying bare the desolate ocean. Before us were two very small islands, mere handfuls of sand, lying side by side, and encompassed half by the open sea, half by stiller waters diked in by marshes and sand bars. A coarse, scanty grass and a few stunted

trees with branches bending away from the sea lived upon them, but nothing else. Over them and over the marshes and the sand banks circled myriads of great white gulls. Their harsh, unearthly voices came to us faintly, and increased the desolation of earth and sky and sea.

To the shell-strewn beach of the outer of the two islets raced long lines of surf, and between us and it lurked a sand bar, against which the great rollers dashed with a bull-like roar. The wind drove us straight upon this bar. A moment of deadly peril and it had us fast, holding us for the waves to beat our life out. The boat listed, then rested, quivering through all its length. The waves pounded against its side each watery battering-ram dissolving in foam and spray but to give place to another, and yet it held together and yet we lived. How long it would hold we could not tell; we only knew it could not be for long. The inclination of the boat was not so great but that, with caution, we might move about. There were on board rope and an axe. With the latter I cut away the thwarts and the decking in the bow, and Diccon and I made a small raft. When it was finished, I lifted my wife in my arms and laid her upon it and lashed her to it with the rope. She smiled like a child, then closed her eyes. "I have gathered primroses until I am tired," she said. "I will sleep here a little in the sunshine, and when I awake I will make you a cowslip ball."

Time passed, and the groaning, trembling timbers still held together. The wind fell, the sky became blue, and the sun shone. Another while, and the waves were less mountainous and beat less furiously against the boat. Hope brightened before us. To strong swimmers the distance to the islet was trifling; if the boat would but last until the sea subsided, we might gain the beach. What we would do upon that barren spot, where was neither man nor brute, food nor water, was a thing that we had not

the time to consider. It was land that we craved.

Another hour, and the sea still fell. Another, and a wave struck the boat with force. "The sea is coming in!" cried the minister.

"Ay," I answered. "She will go to pieces now."

The minister rose to his feet. "I am no mariner," he said, "but once in the water I can swim you like any fish. There have been times when I have reproached the Lord for that he cased a poor silly humble preacher like me with the strength and seeming of some mighty man of old, and there have been times when I have thanked him for that strength. I thank him now. Captain Percy, if you will trust the lady to me, I will take her safely to that shore."

I raised my head from the figure over which I was bending, and looked first at the still tumultuous sea, and then at the gigantic frame of the minister. When we had made that frail raft no swimmer could have lived in that shock of waves; now there was a chance for all, and for the minister, with his great strength, the greatest I have ever seen in any man, a double chance. I took her from the raft and gave her into his arms. A minute later the boat went to pieces.

Side by side Sparrow and I buffeted the sea. He held the King's ward in one arm, and he bore her safely over the huge swells and through the onslaught of the breaking waves. I could thank God for his strength, and trust her to it. For the other three of us, we were all strong swimmers, and though bruised and beat about we held our own. Each wave, overcome, left us nearer the islet, — a little while and our feet touched bottom. A short struggle with the tremendous surf and we were out of the maw of the sea, but out upon a desolate islet, a mere hand's breadth of sand and shell in a lonely ocean, some three leagues from the mainland of Accomac, and upon it neither food nor water. We had the

clothes upon our backs, and my lord and I had kept our swords. I had a knife, and Diccon too was probably armed. The flint and steel and tinder box within my pouch made up our store.

The minister laid the woman whom he carried upon the pebbles, fell upon his knees and lifted his rugged face to heaven. I too knelt, and with my hand upon her heart said my own prayer in my own way. My lord stood with unbent head, his eyes upon that still white face, but Diccon turned abruptly and strode off to a low ridge of sand, from the top of which one might survey the entire island.

In two minutes he was back again. "There's plenty of driftwood further up the beach," he announced, "and a mort of dried seaweed. At least we need n't freeze."

The great bonfire that we made roared and crackled, sending out a most cheerful heat and light. Under that genial breath the color came slowly back to madam's cheek and lip, and her heart beat more strongly. Presently she turned under my hand, and with a sigh pillowed her head upon her arm and went to sleep in that blessed warmth like a little child.

We who had no mind for sleep sat there beside the fire and watched the sun sink behind the low black line of the mainland, now plainly visible in the cleared air. It dyed the waves blood red, and shot out one long ray to crimson a single floating cloud, no larger than a man's hand, high in the blue. Sea birds, a countless multitude, went to and fro with harsh cries from island to marsh, and marsh to island. The marshes were still green; they lay, a half moon of fantastic shapes, each parted from the other by pink water. Beyond them was the inlet dividing us from the mainland, and that inlet was some eight miles wide. We turned and looked seaward. Naught but leaping waves white-capped to the horizon.

"We touched here the time we went against the French at Port Royal and St. Croix," I said. "We had heard a rumor that the Bermuda pirates had hidden gold here. Argall and I went over every foot of it."

"And found no water?" questioned the minister.

"And found no water."

The light died from the west and from the sea beneath, and the night fell. When with the darkness the sea fowl ceased their clamor, a dreadful silence suddenly enfolded us. The rush of the surf made no difference; the ear heard it, but to the mind there was no sound. The sky was thick with stars; every moment one shot, and the trail of white fire it left behind melted into the night silently like snowflakes. There was no wind. The moon rose out of the sea, and lent the sandy isle her own pallor. Here and there, back amongst the dunes, the branches of a low and leafless tree writhed upward like dark fingers thrust from out the spectral earth. The ocean, quiet now, dreamed beneath the moon and cared not for the five lives it had cast upon that span of sand.

We piled driftwood and tangles of seaweed upon our fire, and it flamed and roared and broke the silence. Diccon, going to the landward side of the islet, found some oysters, which we roasted and ate; but we had nor wine nor water with which to wash them down.

"At least there are here no foes to fear," quoth my lord. "We may all sleep to-night; and zooks! we shall need it!" He spoke frankly with an open face.

"I will take one watch, if you will take the other," I said to the minister.

He nodded. "I will watch until midnight."

It was long past that time when he roused me from where I lay at Mistress Percy's feet.

"I should have relieved you long ago," I told him.

He smiled. The moon, now high in the heavens, shone upon and softened his rugged features. I thought I had never seen a face so filled with tenderness and hope and a sort of patient power. "I have been with God," he said simply. "The starry skies and the great ocean and the little shells beneath my hand,—how wonderful are thy works, O Lord! What is man that thou art mindful of him? And yet not a sparrow falleth"—

I rose and sat by the fire, and he laid himself down upon the sand beside me.

"Master Sparrow," I asked, "have you ever suffered thirst?"

"No," he answered. We spoke in low tones, lest we should wake her. Diccon and my lord, upon the other side of the fire, were sleeping heavily.

"I have," I said. "Once I lay upon a field of battle for a day and a night, sore wounded and with my dead horse across my body. I shall forget the horror of that lost field and the torment of that weight before I forget the thirst."

"You think there is no hope?"

"What hope should there be?"

He was silent. Presently he turned and looked at the King's ward where she lay in the rosy light; then his eyes came back to mine.

"If it comes to the worst I shall put her out of her torment," I said.

He bowed his head and put his great hand before his eyes.

"I love her," I said. "God help me!"

He took his hand away and raised his face to the stars. "And I love her," he echoed. "God forgive me!"

We sat in silence, our gaze upon the ground between us, listening to the low thunder of the surf and the crackling of the fire. "I beg your pardon," he said at last.

I held out my hand, and he took it. "While I watched to-night I prayed," he said. "I prayed to God to bring you out of all your troubles, and to lead you all your lives through green pastures and

by still waters. I prayed that she should grow to love you who are her husband; that you might walk together, hand and heart, all the days of your lives. To my own prayer, now and forever, I can say 'Amen;' upon mine honor, sir!"

He rose to his feet and bowed to me. I stood likewise and returned the salute. "I have no inclination to doubt your word, sir," I said. "I have much to thank you for, and I can find in my heart for you to-night naught but pity, esteem, and some reverence. I have not known one whom I would rather call friend."

He put his finger to his lips. Mistress Percy had stirred and opened her eyes. I knelt beside her, and asked her how she did and if she wanted aught.

"It is warm," she said wonderingly.

"You are no longer in the boat," I told her. "You are safe upon the land. You have been sleeping here by the fire that we kindled."

An exquisite smile just lit her face, and her eyelids drooped again. "I am so tired," she said drowsily, "that I will sleep a little longer. Will you bring me some water, Captain Percy? I am very thirsty."

After a moment I said gently, "I will go get it, madam." She made no answer; she was already asleep. Nor did Sparrow and I speak again. He laid himself down with his face to the ocean, and I sat with my head in my hands, and thought and thought, to no purpose.

XXI.

IN WHICH A GRAVE IS DIGGED.

When the stars had gone out and the moon begun to pale, I raised my face from my hands. Only a few glowing embers remained of the fire, and the driftwood that we had collected was exhausted. I thought that I would gather more, and build up the fire against the time when the others should awake. The

driftwood lay in greatest quantity some distance up the beach, against a low ridge of sand dunes. Beyond these the islet tapered off to a long gray point of sand and shell. Walking toward this point in the first pale light of dawn, I chanced to raise my eyes, and beheld riding at anchor beyond the spit of sand a ship.

I stopped short and rubbed my eyes. She lay there on the sleeping ocean like a dream ship, her masts and rigging black against the pallid sky, the mist that rested upon the sea enfolding half her hull. She might have been of some three hundred tons burthen; she was black and two-decked, and very high at poop and forecastle, and she was heavily armed. My eyes traveled from the ship to the shore, and there dragged up on the point, the oars within it, was a boat.

At the head of the beach, beyond the line of shell and weed, the sand lay piled in heaps. With these friendly hillocks between me and the sea, I crept on as silently as I might, until I reached a point just above the boat. Here I first heard voices. I went a little further, then knelt, and, parting the long coarse grass that filled the hollow between two hillocks, looked out upon two men who were digging a grave.

They dug in a furious hurry, throwing the sand to left and right, and cursing as they dug. They were powerful men, of a most villainous cast of countenance, and dressed very oddly. One with a shirt of coarsest dowlas, and a filthy rag tying up a broken head, yet wore velvet breeches, and wiped the sweat from his face with a wrought handkerchief; the other topped a suit of shreds and patches with a fine bushy ruff, and swung from one ragged shoulder a cloak of grogram lined with taffeta. On the ground, to one side of them, lay something long and wrapped in white.

As they dug and cursed, the light strengthened. The east changed from gray to pale rose, from rose to a splendid crimson shot with gold. The mist rose.

and the sea burned red. Two boats were lowered from the ship, and came swiftly toward the point.

"Here they are at last," growled the gravedigger with the broken head and velvet breeches.

"They've taken their time," snarled his companion, "and us two here on this d——d island with a dead man the whole ghost's hour. Boarding a ship's nothing, but to dig a grave on the land before cockerow, with the man you're to put in it looking at you! Why could n't he be buried at sea, decent and respectable, like other folk?"

"It was his will, — that's all I know," said the first; "just as it was his will, when he found he was a dying man, to come booming away from the gold seas up here to a land where there is n't no gold, and never will be. Belike he thought he'd find waiting for him at the bottom of the sea, all along from the Lucayas to Panama, the many he sent there afore he died. And Captain Paradise, he says, says he: 'It's ill crossing a dead man. We'll obey him this once more' —"

"Captain Paradise!" cried he of the ruff. "Who made him captain? — curse him!"

His fellow threw down the cutlass with which he had been digging, and straightened himself with a jerk. "Who made him captain? The ship will make him captain. Who else should be captain?"

"Red Gil!"

"Red Gil!" exclaimed the other. "He's got no eddication!"

"He can take a ship, rummage her, and send her to the bottom, eddication or no eddication!"

"Can't Paradise do that? Has n't he done it? Off Cartagena" —

"I know all about that galleon. Red Gil never gives no quarter."

"While I stand by, no man shall say that Paradise ever gives it!"

"I don't say that he does. But my voice goes for Red Gil."

"Mine don't. I've always sailed under a gentleman. I'd rather have the Spaniard."

"The Spaniard would do well enough, if the rest of us were n't English. If hating every other Spaniard would do it, he'd be English fast enough."

The scoundrel with the broken head burst into a loud laugh. "D'y'e remember the bark we took off Porto Bello, with the priests aboard? Oho! Oho!"

The rogue with the ruff grinned. "I reckon the padres remember it, and find hell easy lying. This hole's deep enough, I'm thinking."

They both clambered out, and one squatted at the head of the grave and mopped his face with his delicate handkerchief, while the other swung his fine cloak with an air and dug his bare toes in the sand.

The two boats now grated upon the beach, and several of their occupants, springing out, dragged them up on the sand.

"We'll never get another like him that's gone," said the worthy at the head of the grave, gloomily regarding the something wrapped in white.

"That's gospel truth," assented the other, with a prodigious sigh. "He was a man what was a man. He never stuck at nothing. Don or priest, man or woman, good red gold or dirty silver, — it was all one to him. 'Kill and take,' — that was his motto, and he lived up to it. But he's dead and gone!"

"Now, if we had a captain like Kirby," suggested the first.

"Kirby keeps to the Summer Isles," said the second. "T is n't often now that he swoops down as far as the Indies."

The man with the broken head laughed. "When he does, there's a noise in that part of the world."

"And that's gospel truth, too," swore the other, with an oath of admiration.

By this the score or more who had come in the two boats were halfway up

the beach. In front, side by side, as each conceding no inch of leadership, walked three men: a large man, with a villainous face much scarred, and a huge, bushy, dark red beard; a tall dark man, with a thin fierce face and bloodshot eyes, the Spaniard by his looks; and a slight man, with the face and bearing of an English gentleman. A strange company they were to be walking on the beach of that desert isle. From Red Gil's powerful chest depended gold chains, seven in number, gold hoops were in his ears, and a most marvelous sword belt girt him around the middle; but the velvet of his doublet was soiled and frayed, and he wore one Spanish and one French boot. The tall dark man wore a breastplate, morion, and gauntlets of damascened steel, and the slight man was dressed point-device, and with a finical nicety, in black and silver. The men behind them differed no whit from the two gravediggers, being as scoundrelly of face, as great of strength, and as curiously attired. They came straight to the open grave, and the dead man beside it. The three who seemed of most importance disposed themselves, still side by side, at the head of the grave, and their following took the foot.

"It's a dirty piece of work," said Red Gil in a voice like a raven's, "and the sooner it's done with, and we are aboard again and booming back to the Indies, the better I'll like it. Over with him, brave boys!"

"Is it yours to give the word?" asked the man in black and silver. His voice was low and clear, and of a somewhat melancholy cadence, going well with the pensiveness of fine, deeply fringed eyes.

"Why should n't I give the word?" growled the personage addressed, adding with an oath, "I've as good a right to give it as any man, — maybe a better right!"

"That would be scanned," said he of the pensive eyes. "Gentlemen, we have here the pick of the ship. For the cap-

tain that these choose, those on board will throw up their caps. Let us bury the dead, and then let choice be made of one of us three, each of whom has claims that might be put forward" —

"I've helped sink a hundred ships!" roared Red Gil.

"I wear armor until I have slain Spaniards a thousand and one!" shouted the worthy of the steel breastplate.

"Every link on this chain was a ring torn from a woman's finger!" pursued Red Gil.

"The Church has its Holy Office which gives to be burnt wives of nobles of Spain!" cried the Spaniard, with a wild laugh. "I am a higher Holy Office sitting in judgment on the nation which hugs the first to its bosom. Witness the two galleons in the bay of Venezuela, the bark off Cuba, the man-of-war of St. Catherine's! Witness the priests who would go from Porto Bello to Cartagena!"

The man in black and silver put forward no claims. Instead, he picked up a delicate shell, and began to study its pearly spirals with a tender, thoughtful, half-pleased, half-melancholy countenance.

The gravedigger with the wrought handkerchief looked from him to the rascal crew massed at the foot of the grave, and, seeing his own sentiments mirrored in the countenances of not a few, snatched the bloody clout from his head, waved it, and cried out, "Paradise!" Whereupon arose a great confusion. Some bawled for Paradise, some for Red Gil, a few for the Spaniard. The two gravediggers locked horns, and a brawny devil with a woman's mantle swathed about his naked shoulders drew a knife, and made for a partisan of the Spaniard, who in his turn skillfully interposed between himself and the attack the body of a bawling wellwisher to Red Gil.

The man in black and silver tossed aside the shell, rose and entered the lists. With one hand he seized the gravedig-

ger of the ruff, and hurled him apart from him of the velvet breeches ; with the other he presented a dagger with a jeweled haft at the breast of the ruffian with the woman's mantle, while in tones that would have befitted Astrophel plain- ing of his love to rocks, woods, and streams, he poured forth a flood of wild, singular, and filthy oaths, such as would have disgraced a camp follower. His interference was effectual. The combatants fell apart and the clamor was stilled, whereupon the gentleman of contrarieties at once resumed the gentle and indifferent melancholy of manner and address.

"Let us off with the old love before we are on with the new, gentlemen," he said. "We'll bury the dead first, and choose his successor afterward, — decently and in order, I trust, and with due submission to the majority."

"I'll fight for my rights," growled Red Gil.

"And I for mine," cried the Spaniard.

"And each of us'll back his own man," muttered in an aside the grave-digger with the broken head.

The one they called Paradise sighed. "It is a thousand pities that there is not amongst us some one of merit so preëminent that faction should hide its head before it. But to the work in hand, gentlemen."

They gathered closer around the yawning grave, and some began to lift the corpse. As for me, I withdrew as noiselessly as an Indian from my lair of grass, and, hidden by the heaped-up sand, made off across the point and down the beach to where a light curl of smoke showed that some one was mending the fire I had neglected. It was Sparrow, who alternately threw on driftwood and seaweed and spoke to madam, who sat at his feet in the blended warmth of fire and sunshine. Diccon was roasting the remainder of the oysters he had gathered the night before, and my lord stood and stared with a frowning face at the eight-

mile-distant mainland. All turned their eyes upon me as I came up to the fire.

"A little longer, Captain Percy, and we would have had out a search warrant," began the minister cheerfully. "Have you been building a bridge?"

"If I build one," I said, "it will be a perilous one enough. Have you looked seaward?"

"We waked but a minute ago," he answered. As he spoke, he straightened his great form and lifted his face from the fire to the blue sea. Diccon, still on his knees at his task, looked too ; and my lord, turning from his contemplation of the distant kingdom of Accomac ; and Mistress Percy, one hand shading her eyes, the slender fingers of the other still immeshed in her long dark hair which she had been braiding. They stared at the ship in silence until my lord laughed.

"Conjure us on board at once, captain," he cried. "We are thirsty."

I drew the minister aside. "I am going up the beach, beyond that point, again ; you will one and all stay here. If I do not come back, do the best you can, and sell her life as dearly as you can. If I come back, — you are quick of wit and have been a player ; look that you take the cue I give you !"

I returned to the fire, and he followed me, amazement in his face. "My Lord Carnal," I said, "I must ask you for your sword."

He started, and his black brows drew together. "Though the fortunes of war have made me in some sort your captive, sir," he said at last, and not without dignity, "I do not see, upon this isle to which we are all prisoners, the need of so strong testimony to the abjectness of my condition, nor deem it generous" —

"We will speak of generosity another day, my lord," I interrupted. "At present I am in a hurry. That you are my prisoner in verity is enough for me, but not for others. I must have you so in seeming as well as in truth. Moreover, Master Sparrow is weaponless, and I

must needs disarm an enemy to arm a friend. I beg that you will give what else we must take."

He looked at Diccon, but Diccon stood with his face to the sea. I thought we were to have a struggle, and I was sorry for it, but my lord could and did add discretion to a valor that I never doubted. He shrugged his shoulders, burst into a laugh, and turned to Mistress Percy.

"What can one do, lady, when one is doubly a prisoner, prisoner to numbers and to beauty? E'en laugh at fate, and make the best of a bad job. Here, sir! Some day it shall be the point!"

He drew his rapier from its sheath, and presented the hilt to me. I took it with a bow, and handed it to Sparrow.

The King's ward had risen, and now leant against the bank of sand, her long dark hair, half braided, drawn over either shoulder, her face marble white between the waves of darkness.

"I do not know that I shall ever come back," I said, stopping before her. "May I kiss your hand before I go?"

Her lips moved, but she did not speak. I knelt and kissed her clasped hands. They were cold to my lips. "Where are you going?" she whispered. "Into what danger are you going? I—I—take me with you!"

I rose, with a laugh at my own folly that could have rested brow and lips on those hands, and let the world wag. "Another time," I said. "Rest in the sunshine now, and think that all is well. All will be well, I trust."

A few minutes later saw me almost upon the party gathered about the grave. The grave had received that which it was to hold until the crack of doom, and was now being rapidly filled with sand. The crew of deep-dyed villains worked or stood or sat in silence, but all looked at the grave, and saw me not. As the last handful of sand made it level with the beach, I walked into their midst, and found myself face to face with the three candidates for the now vacant captaincy.

"Give you good-day, gentlemen," I cried. "Is it your captain that you bury or one of your crew, or is it only pezos and pieces of eight?"

XXII.

IN WHICH I CHANGE MY NAME AND OCCUPATION.

"The sun shining on so much bare steel hurts my eyes," I said. "Put up, gentlemen, put up! Cannot one Brother of the Coast attend the funeral of another without all this crowding and display of cutlery? If you will take the trouble to look around you, you will see that I have brought to the obsequies only myself."

One by one cutlass and sword were lowered, and those who had drawn them, falling somewhat back, spat and swore and laughed. The man in black and silver only smiled gently and sadly. "Did you drop from the blue?" he asked. "Or did you come up from the sea?"

"I came out of it," I said. "My ship went down in the storm yesterday. Your little cockboat yonder was more fortunate." I waved my hand toward that ship of three hundred tons, then twirled my mustaches and stood at gaze.

"Was your ship so large, then?" demanded Paradise in pensive tones, while a murmur of admiration, larded with oaths, ran around the circle.

"She was a very great galleon," I replied, with a sigh for the good ship that was gone.

A moment's silence, during which they all looked at me. "A galleon," then said Paradise softly.

"They that sailed her yesterday are to-day at the bottom of the sea," I continued. "Alackaday! so are one hundred thousand pezos of gold, three thousand bars of silver, ten frails of pearls, jewels uncounted, cloth of gold and cloth of silver. She was a very rich prize."

The circle sucked in their breath. "All at the bottom of the sea?" queried Red Gil, with gloating eyes fixed upon the smiling water. "Not one pezo left, not one little, little pearl?"

I shook my head and heaved a prodigious sigh. "The treasure is gone," I said, "and the men with whom I took it are gone. I am a captain with neither ship nor crew. I take you, my friends, for a ship and crew without a captain. The inference is obvious."

The ring gaped with wonder, then strange oaths arose. Red Gil broke into a bellow of angry laughter, while the Spaniard glared like a catamount about to spring. "So you would be our captain?" said Paradise, picking up another shell, and poising it upon a hand as fine and small as a woman's.

"Faith, you might go farther and fare worse," I answered, and began to hum a tune. When I had finished it, "I am Kirby," I said, and waited to see if that shot should go wide or through the hull.

For two minutes the dash of the surf and the cries of the wheeling sea fowl made the only sound in that part of the world; then from those half-clad rapscallions arose a shout of "Kirby!" — a shout in which the three leaders did not join. That one who looked a gentleman rose from the sand and made me a low bow. "Well met, noble captain," he cried in those his honey tones. "You will doubtless remember me who was with you that time at Maracaibo when you sunk the galleasses. Five years have passed since then, and yet I see you ten years younger and three inches taller."

"I touched once at the Lucayas, and found the spring de Leon sought," I said. "Sure the waters have a marvellous effect, and if they give not eternal youth at least renew that which we have lost."

"Truly a potent aqua vitæ," he remarked, still with thoughtful melancholy.

"I see that it hath changed your eyes from black to gray."

"It hath that peculiar virtue," I said, "that it can make black seem white."

The man with the woman's mantle drawn about him now thrust himself from the rear to the front rank. "That's not Kirby!" he bawled. "He's no more Kirby than I am Kirby! Did n't I sail with Kirby from the Summer Isles to Cartagena and back again? He's a cheat, and I am agoing to cut his heart out!" He was making at me with a long knife, when I whipped out my rapier.

"Am I not Kirby, you dog?" I cried, and ran him through the shoulder.

He dropped, and his fellows surged forward with a yell. "Yet a little patience, my masters!" said Paradise in a raised voice and with genuine amusement in his eyes. "It is true that that Kirby with whom I and our friend there on the ground sailed was somewhat short and as swart as a raven, besides having a cut across his face that had taken away a part of his lip and the top of his ear, and that this gentleman who announces himself as Kirby hath none of Kirby's marks. But we are fair and generous and open to conviction" —

"He'll have to convince my cutlass!" roared Red Gil.

I turned upon him where he stood, legs apart, his uncouth and powerful body swinging to and fro, his face scarlet with rage and amazement. "If I do convince it, what then?" I demanded. "If I convince your sword, Sir Knight of the Armor, and yours, Sir Black and Silver?"

The Spaniard stared. "I was the best sword in Lima," he said stiffly. "I and my Toledo will not change our minds."

"Nor I and my cutlass with which I sheared off twenty heads at St. Christopher!" vociferated Red Gil.

"Let him try to convince Paradise;

he's got no reputation as a swordsman!" cried out the gravedigger with the broken head.

A roar of laughter followed this suggestion, and I gathered from it and from the oaths and allusions to this or that time and place that Paradise was not without reputation.

I turned to him. "If I fight you three, one by one, and win, am I Kirby?"

He regarded the shell with which he was toying with a thoughtful smile, held it up that the light might strike through its rose and pearl, then crushed it to dust between his fingers.

"By skull and crossbones, yes!" he said.

I looked at the Spaniard, who smiled sourly, and being a man of few words only bowed with gravity.

Red Gil swore until he was weary, but ended with a burst of amazed laughter. "If you win against the best blade of Lima, the sword of Paradise, and the cutlass of Red Gil, you may call yourself the devil an you please!"

"And we will all subscribe to it," said Paradise, rising to his feet with melancholy grace.

I lifted my hand. "I shall have fair play? On the honor of the Brethren of the Coast!"

As one man that crew of desperate villains swore that the odds should be only three to one. By this the whole matter had presented itself to them as an entertainment more diverting than bullfight or bearbaiting. They that follow the sea, whether honest men or black-hearted knaves, have in their composition a certain childlikeness that makes them easily turned, easily led, and easily pleased. The wind of their passion shifts quickly from point to point, one moment blowing a hurricane, the next sinking to a happy-go-lucky summer breeze. I have seen a little thing convert a crew on the point of mutiny into a set of rollicking, good-natured

souls who — until the wind veered again — would not hurt a fly. So with these. They spread themselves into a circle, squatting or kneeling or standing upon the white sand in the bright sunshine, their sinewy hands that should have been ingrained red clasped over their knees, or, arms akimbo, resting upon their hips, on their scoundrel faces a broad smile, and in their eyes that had looked on nameless horrors a pleasurable expectation as of spectators in a playhouse awaiting the entrance of the players.

"There is really no good reason why we should gratify your whim," said Paradise, still amused. "But it is something to do, and we have killed no one for some days. We will fight you, one by one."

"And if I win?"

He laughed. "Then, on the honor of a gentleman, you are Kirby and our captain. If you lose, we will leave you where you stand for the gulls to bury."

"A bargain," I said, and drew my sword.

"I first!" roared Red Gil. "God's wounds! there will need no second!"

As he spoke he swung his cutlass and made an arc of blue flame. The weapon became in his hands a flail, terrible to look upon, making lightnings and whistling in the air, but in reality not so deadly as it seemed. The fury of his onslaught would have beaten down the guard of any mere swordsman, but that I was not. A man, knowing his weakness and insufficiency in many and many a thing, may yet know his strength in one or two and his modesty take no hurt. I was ever master of my sword, and it did the thing I would have it do. Moreover, as I fought I saw her as I had last seen her, standing against the bank of sand, her dark hair, half braided, drawn over her bosom and hanging to her knees. Her eyes haunted me, and my lips yet felt the touch of her hand. I fought well, — how well the lapsing of

oaths and laughter into breathless silence bore witness.

The ruffian against whom I was pitted began to draw his breath in gasps. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded. He answered with a dreadful oath and a more furious hail of blows which touched me not. He was a scoundrel not fit to die, less fit to live, unworthy of a gentleman's steel. I presently ran him through with as little compunction and as great a desire to be quit of a dirty job as if he had been a mad dog. He fell, and a little later, while I was engaged with the Spaniard, his soul went to that hell which had long gaped for it. To those his companions his death was as slight a thing as would theirs have been to him. In the eyes of the two remaining would-be leaders he was a stumbling block removed, and to the squatting, open-mouthed commonalty his taking off weighed not a feather against the solid entertainment I was affording them. I was now a better man than Red Gil, — that was all.

The Spaniard was a more formidable antagonist. The best blade of Lima was by no means to be despised; but Lima is a small place, and its blades can be numbered. The sword that for three years had been counted the best in all the Low Countries was its better. But I fought fasting and for the second time that morning, so maybe the odds were not so great. I wounded him slightly, and presently succeeded in disarming him. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded, with my point at his breast.

What answer his Spanish pride would have dictated I do not know, but he was a man deeply wronged, in his own estimation, perhaps, more sinned against than sinning, and while he could feed fat his vengeance he desired his life.

"There are yet priests to slay," he cried. "Little matters in the world beside the priests. You are Kirby, of course, señor."

"And your captain?" I suggested.

"And our captain," he agreed. "So

that you give me, as he whom we bury gave me, all the men of the Church that we take, I am content."

I lowered my point and we bowed to each other, after which he sat down upon the sand and applied himself to stanching the bleeding from his wound. The pirate ring gave him no attention, but stared at me instead. I was now a better man than the Spaniard.

The man in black and silver rose and removed his doublet, folding it very carefully, inside out, that the sand might not injure the velvet, then drew his rapier, looked at it lovingly, made it bend until point and hilt well-nigh met, and faced me with a bow.

"You have fought twice, and must be weary," he said gently. "Will you not take breath before we engage, or will your long rest afterward suffice you?"

"I will rest aboard my ship," I made reply. "And as I am in a hurry to be gone we won't delay."

Our blades had no sooner crossed than I knew that in this last encounter I should need every whit of my skill, all my wit, audacity, and strength. I had met my equal, and he came to it fresh and I jaded. I clenched my teeth and prayed with all my heart; I set her face before me, and thought if I should fail her to what ghastly fate she might come, and I fought as I had never fought before. The sound of the surf became a roar in my ears, the sunshine an intolerable blaze of light; the blue above and around seemed suddenly beneath my feet as well. We were fighting high in the air, and had fought thus for ages. I knew that he made no thrust I did not parry, no feint I could not interpret. I knew that my eye was more quick to see, my brain to conceive, and my hand to execute than ever before; but it was as though I held that knowledge of some ether, and I myself was far away, at Weyanoke, in the minister's garden, in the haunted wood, anywhere save on that barren islet. So far we had been fol-

lowers of the Italian school. Now he changed like a flash to the Spanish, — I bent as quickly; he threw his sword from his right hand to his left — I was ready for that sharp surprise. I heard him swear under his breath, and in the face I had set before me the eyes brightened. As if she had loved me I fought for her with all my powers of body and mind. He swore again, and my heart laughed within me. The sea now roared less loudly, and I felt the good earth beneath my feet. Slowly but surely I wore him out. In his art he was a master craftsman, but for that hour I was that art itself. His breath came short, the sweat stood upon his forehead, and still I deferred my attack. He made the thrust of a boy of fifteen, and I smiled as I put it by.

"Why don't you end it?" he breathed. "Finish and be d——d to you!"

For answer I sent his sword flying over the nearest hillock of sand. "Am I Kirby?" I said. He fell back against the heaped-up sand and leaned there, panting, with his hand to his side. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded again, and in a moment when he could get his breath he answered, "Yes."

I turned to the now highly excited rabble. "Shove the boats off, half a dozen of you!" I ordered. "Some of you others take up that carrion there and throw it into the sea. The gold upon it is for your pains. You there with the wounded shoulder! you have no great hurt. I'll salve it with ten pieces of eight from the captain's own share, the next prize we take."

A shout of acclamation arose that scared the sea fowl. They who so short a time before had been ready to tear me limb from limb now with the greatest apparent delight hailed me as captain. How soon they might revert to their former mood was a question that I found not worth while to propound to myself.

By this the man in black and silver

had recovered his breath and his equanimity, and was again the thoughtful young gentleman of a while before.

"Have you no commission with which to honor me, noble captain?" he asked in gently reproachful tones. "Have you forgot how often you were wont to employ me in those sweet days when your eyes were black?"

"By no means, Master Paradise," I said courteously. "I desire your company and that of the gentleman from Lima. You will go with me to bring up the rest of my party. The three gentlemen of the broken head, the bushy ruff, which I protest is vastly becoming, and the wounded shoulder will escort us."

"The rest of your party?" said Paradise softly.

"Ay," I answered nonchalantly. "They are down the beach and around the point warming themselves by a fire which this piled-up sand hides from you. Despite the sunshine it is a biting air. Let us be going! This island wearies me, and I am anxious to be on board ship and away."

"So small an escort scarce befits so great a captain," he said. "We will all attend you." One and all started forward.

I called to mind and gave utterance to all the oaths I had heard in the wars. "I entertain you for my subordinate whom I command, and not who commands me!" I cried, when my memory failed me. "As for you, you dogs, who would question your captain and his doings, stay where you are, if you would not be taught a thing or two! I am Kirby!"

Sheer audacity is at times the surest steed a man can bestride. Now at least it did me good service. With oaths and grunts of admiration the pirates stayed where they were, and went about their business of launching the boats and stripping the body of Red Gil, while the man in black and silver, the gentleman

from Lima, the two gravediggers, the knave with the wounded shoulder, and myself walked briskly up the beach.

With these five at my heels I strode up to the dying fire and to those who had sprung to their feet at our approach. "Sparrow," I said easily, "luck being with us as usual, I have fallen in with a party of Brethren of the Coast. I have told them who I am, — that Kirby, to wit, whom an injurious world calls the blackest pirate unchanged, — and have recounted to them how the great galleon which I took some months ago went down yesterday with all on board, you and I with these others being the sole survivors. By dint of a little persuasion they have elected me their captain, and we will go on board directly and set sail for the Indies, a hunting ground which we never should have left. You need not look so blank; you shall be my mate and right hand still." I turned to the five who in company called themselves buccaneers and Brethren of the Coast. "This, gentlemen, is my mate, Jeremy Sparrow by name, who hath a taste for divinity that in no wise interferes with his taste for a galleon or a guarda costa. This man, Diccon Demon by name, was of my crew. The gentleman without a sword is my prisoner, taken by me from the last ship I sunk.

How he, an Englishman, came to be upon a Spanish bark I have not found leisure to inquire. The lady is my prisoner, also."

"Sure by rights she should be gaoler and hold all men's hearts in ward," said Paradise, with a low bow to my unfortunate captive.

While he spoke a most remarkable transformation was going on. The minister's grave, rugged, and deeply lined face smoothed itself and shed ten years at least; in the eyes that I had seen wet with noble tears a laughing devil now lurked, while his strong mouth became a loose-lipped, devil-may-care one. His head with its aureole of bushy, grizzled hair set itself jauntily upon one side, and from it and from his face and his whole great frame breathed a wicked jollity quite indescribable.

"Odsbodikins, captain!" he cried. "Kirby's luck! — 't will pass into a saw! Adzooks! and so you're captain once more, and I'm mate once more, and we've a ship once more, and we're off once more

To sail the Spanish Main,
And give the Spaniard pain,
Heave ho, bully boy, heave ho!

By'r lakin! I'm too dry to sing. It will take all the wine of Xeres in the next galleon to unparch my tongue!"

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

WHEN a novelist's works come to us in a new edition, revised and complete, it is time to consider him seriously as one whose task is accomplished, and to ask what place he holds in the history of fiction; and such a consideration may seem in an especial manner timely in the case of an author like George Mere-

dith,¹ whose novels have elicited such extravagant praise and such sweeping condemnation from different readers. Indeed, I know of nothing much more discouraging than to read in succession the various reviews of Mr. Meredith's works.

¹ The Works of George Meredith. 16 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

There appears to be no middle ground between the homage of R. L. Stevenson, to whom Rhoda Fleming was "the strongest thing in English letters since Shakespeare died," and the equally excessive detraction of William Watson, who has put on record his impression of *The Egoist* as being "the most entirely wearisome book purporting to be a novel that" he had "ever toiled through in" his "life." And withal few or none of these critics have deemed it necessary to give a rational explanation of their opinions. One asks in amazement whether the judgment is utterly and forever to be excluded from criticism by this kind of irresponsible impressionism.

Probably the first characteristic of these novels to attract the attention of even the most heedless reader is the peculiar language, employed, one might almost say, with malice prepense. "Our language is not rich in subtleties for prose. A writer who is not servile, and has insight, must coin from his own mint." So Mr. Meredith states his case, and it must be admitted he has coined with a liberal hand, not so much in the formation of new words, though he is apt to prefer a strange word to a common one, as in his distortion of language in order to surcharge it with thought and sensation. It is perhaps this peculiarity of style that led an eminent critic to declare his chief fault was inability to tell a story, — rather a grave charge against a story-teller, if it could be substantiated. The construction of a plot like that of *Evan Harrington* may be sufficient answer to such a charge, but it may not be so easy to contradict the censure of over-cleverness to which his pointed style lays him open.

Mr. Meredith alludes more than once to his own philosophic intentions, and speaks with some irritation of the necessity of disguising his deeper meaning for fear of seeming obscure. We fancy, however, that it is not profundity of reflection on human life which causes

obscurity so much as the refraction of this into innumerable burning points. And herein lies much of the difference between real depth and mere cleverness. In any true sense of the word there is as much depth of reflection in *Henry Esmond* as in *The Egoist*; but the earlier novel is less obscure, because the thought is presented in broad masses, so to speak, which rest the mind while stimulating it, whereas *The Egoist* confuses with its endless clashing epigrams. Mr. Meredith, like his own Mrs. Mountstuart, is "mad for cleverness," and does not stop often enough to remember his judgment on Sir Austin Feverel: "A maker of proverbs — what is he but a narrow mind, the mouthpiece of a narrower?" and, "A proverb is a halfway house to an idea, I conceive." Now, although the highest culture must always demand more repose of mind than an epigrammatist can offer, yet the flippant public is readily caught by a superficial sparkling cleverness, as recent popular novels sufficiently attest, and Mr. Meredith might be expected to attract such an audience, were it not for one grave defect. His cleverness is sparkling, but it is by no means superficial, and such cleverness does not make easy reading. Mr. McCarthy, one of his admirers, has said of the novels that "a man or woman must be really in earnest to care much about them at all." Really, our author seems to be caught between the devil and the deep sea. Yet criticise his style as you will, there is after all a note of sincerity in it, something so naturally artificial, if the paradox may be pardoned, that we are prone to overlook its extravagances, and can even appreciate its fascination for certain minds. It may be pretty well characterized in his own words as "the puffing of a giant; a strong wind rather than speech."

To Stevenson Meredith's is the only conversation since Shakespeare. It is a little hard to understand Stevenson's unreasoning enthusiasm for an author who

is in every respect a direct contrast to him, — a contrast nowhere more apparent than in the dialogue of these novels. Mr. Meredith's characters all talk Meredith; they are all epigrammatic, and all his fools are wits. This might perhaps be pardoned, if our author had only learned from Shakespeare the further art of making his fools witty and natural at the same time; but it must be confessed that Mr. Meredith too often employs language so artificial as entirely to destroy the illusion. In one respect, however, he has been led by his oblique method of thought into a false kind of realism which a deeper sense of art would have corrected. He says of one of his characters that "she had not uttered words, she had shed meanings;" and this is an admirable description of much of his conversation. To be sure, in real life we are apt to leave our thoughts half expressed, or even to say one thing while another thought is in our mind; but the artist should remember that in actual conversation there are, besides words, a hundred ways of conveying our meaning which the printed page cannot employ. To produce the same impression, the novelist's language must necessarily be fuller and more explicit than is needed in life, and true realism should recognize this difference. Generally Mr. Meredith leaves his readers to gather this undercurrent of thought as best they may, but in one place he has been kind enough to add a comment to the dialogue, which sets in so clear a light this troublesome source of obscurity that I am tempted to quote the passage in full, though it has already been used for the same purpose. This conversation, then, between Rhoda Fleming and Robert proceeds as follows: —

"'I've always thought you were born to be a lady!' (You had that ambition, madam.)

"She answered: 'That's what I don't understand.' (Your saying it, O my friend!)

"'You will soon take to your new duties.' (You have small objection to them even now.)

"'Yes, or my life won't be worth much.' (Know that you are driving me to it.)

"'And I wish you happiness, Rhoda.' (You are madly imperiling the prospect thereof.)

"To each of them the second meaning stood shadowy behind the utterances. And further: —

"'Thank you, Robert.' (I shall have to thank you for the issue.)

"'Now it's time to part.' (Do you not see that there is a danger for me in remaining?)

"'Good-night.' (Behold I am submissive.)

"'Good-night, Rhoda.' (You were the first to give the signal of parting.)

"'Good-night.' (I am simply submissive.)

"'Why not my name? Are you hurt with me?'

"Rhoda choked. The indirectness of speech had been a shelter to her, permitting her to hint at more than she dared clothe in words.

"Again the delicious dusky rose glowed beneath her eyes.

"But he had put his hand out to her, and she had not taken it.

"'What have I done to offend you? I really don't know, Rhoda.'

"'Nothing.' The flower had closed."

Here as so often Mr. Meredith has himself furnished the means of criticising him. Indeed, it would be quite practicable to compose a full review of his works by forming a cento of phrases from his own pen. The conversation just quoted has been commended for its high realism, and the praise is not undeserved; but unfortunately the volumes are packed with dialogue of this oblique character, where there is no comment added to guide the bewildered reader. The intellectual labor required for such writing is prodigious; the pity of it is

that simpler language would be a higher form of realism, because truer to life as life must be expressed through the novelist's artistic medium. It is in the larger sense an error of style, the same error which has led him to break up his thought into points, and leave the labor of the intellect everywhere disagreeably manifest. I have called it the substitution of cleverness for true wisdom; and if Mr. Meredith stands far above the ordinary shrewd writer of the day, it is because he is indeed clever where others only strive to be so. In the end we are tempted once more to turn against him his own weapon of attack, and quote from *The Egoist*: "You see how easy it is to deceive one who is an artist in phrases. Avoid them, Miss Dale; they dazzle the penetration of the composer. That is why people of ability like Mrs. Mountstuart see so little; they are so bent on describing brilliantly."

One cannot help remarking, in this connection, how few of our English novel-writers are great as stylists. It is a noteworthy fact that any other class of authors — essayists, historians, divines, and even philosophers — can boast a greater number of avowed masters of language. Fielding has a strong virile style, but lacks charm and grace; Sterne is capricious; Jane Austen's language is as limpid as still water, and occasionally as biting as acid, but fails in compass; Hawthorne's style is perfect for romance, but scarcely flexible enough for an ordinary novelist's use. Perhaps Thackeray alone can be accounted a master in word-craft, and certainly Meredith is not the least peccant among the brotherhood. For one who desires to penetrate into the secrets of the art, I suppose no better course could be adopted than the careful study of two books, Henry Esmond and Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*; the former being the most perfect specimen among English novels of the science of writing as cunningly defined by the Italian. I was amazed, recently, to find

that not a single copy of Castiglione's famous work was discoverable in a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants; and indeed, Italian literature in general is so little read among us that it may not be amiss to transcribe a sentence or two from *Il Cortegiano*. This work, as the name indicates, is a discussion of the qualities necessary to form a perfect courtier, or, as we should say to-day, gentleman; and in the first book, after dwelling at some length on the need of grace in every action, the dialogue turns aside to touch on the use of language or style, and continues as follows: —

"Often I have considered in myself whence this grace arises, and, leaving aside those who have received it from the stars, I have discovered one universal rule which more than any other seems to me in this respect to prevail in all things that men do or say: and that is, so far as possible, and as if it were a sharp and perilous rock, to avoid affectation; and, if I may be pardoned the word, to adopt in everything a certain *sprezzatura* [I hardly know how to translate the word; it signifies an easy contempt for the means employed, a sort of gentlemanlike superiority to the results] — a certain *sprezzatura*, which hides the art, and shows that what we say or do is done without fatigue and as it were without taking thought. From this, as I think, springs the highest grace; for every one knows the difficulty of things rare and well done, and in such things a sense of ease produces the greatest wonder; whereas, the display of force and effort destroys the charm and detracts from the honor of things that may be great in themselves. . . .

"Now writing, in my opinion, is only a form of speech which abides after the man has spoken, being an image, or rather the life itself, of his words. Therefore, in spoken language, which is dispersed with the breath that formed it, a certain license is permitted beyond what is allowed in writing; for writing

preserves speech, submitting it to the judgment of him who reads and affording time for mature consideration. Hence it is reasonable to employ greater diligence in order that our written language may be pure and elegant, but not to such a degree that it should differ essentially from speech."

Castiglione was an avowed Platonist, and it is probable that his conception of style is based on a study of that philosopher who certainly, more than any other writer of the past or present, succeeded in combining the elements of *grazia* and *sprezzatura*. In reading Thackeray I have often been struck by a kind of similarity in his use of language to Plato's; there is the same easy conversational tone, which is always graceful, and never, even at its loosest, slipshod, and which on the proper occasion can express sentiments of true sublimity without the slightest apparent effort. It is the complete absence of this grace and this *sprezzatura* that renders so much of Meredith uncomfortable and at times even painful reading. And yet it must be confessed that now and again, without losing the peculiar flavor of his style, he is able to produce pages of a strange and haunting beauty that almost atone for chapters of dreary affectation. I have quoted Mr. Meredith in condemnation of himself; scant justice calls for quotation from that famous scene by the old weir in Richard Feverel, withal one of the most enchanting love scenes in our literature:—

"Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and chin in the sun, and, sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders, and behind, flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost

golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. They grew between the bank and the water. . . . The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue: from a dewy copse dark over her nodding hat the black-bird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note: the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers: a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude: a boat slipped toward her, containing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles, and beheld the sweet vision. Still and stiller grew nature, as at the meeting of two electric clouds. Her posture was so graceful that though he was making straight for the weir, he dared not dip a scull. Just then one enticing dewberry caught her eyes. He was floating by unheeded, and saw that her hand stretched low, and could not gather what it sought. A stroke from his right brought him beside her. The damsel glanced up dismayed, and her whole shape trembled over the brink. Richard sprang from his boat into the water. Pressing a hand beneath her foot, which she had thrust against the crumbling wet sides of the bank to save herself, he enabled her to recover her balance, and gain safe earth, whither he followed her.

"He had landed on an island of the still-vexed Bermoothes. The world lay wrecked behind him: Raynham hung in

mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sang overhead! What splendor in the heavens! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted brows! And, O you wonder! Fair Flame! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen. . . . Radiant Miranda! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet."

We have delayed at some length on this matter of language, because it seems to us of vital importance, — as vital, for instance, as color to a painter, — and because in Meredith particularly an appreciation of his style carries with it a pretty general understanding of his work as novelist. There is the same lack of graceful ease, the same labored ingenuity in his narration and character-drawing.

His characters do not stand forth smoothly or naturally, so that we comprehend them and live with them without effort. We seem to be with the author in his *phrontisterion*, or thinking-shop; there is continual evidence of the intellectual machinery by which his characters are created. To some this creaking of the wheels and pulleys is so offensive that they throw away the books in disgust, while others, themselves professional writers in large part, take an actual pleasure in seeing the whole process of construction laid bare before them. We have in Mr. Meredith's works the analytical novel *par excellence*, and it would be hard to exaggerate the contrast between these and the perceptive novel, or novel of manners, of which Thackeray is the great exemplar. There is undoubtedly a certain legitimate joy of the intellect in pure analysis; yet it should seem that in the novel, as in every other form of art, the true master imitates nature more unconsciously, more objectively, if you will. The actions and thoughts of his characters present themselves to his mind as a concrete reality, and so he reproduces them. It is rather the part

of the scientist to evoke a character from conscious analysis of motives. I have heard an eminent critic censure Thackeray as shallow, and extol Meredith for his profundity, without perhaps pausing to reflect that the same logic would condemn Shakespeare. Indeed, such a question would resolve itself into a debate over the respective profundity of art and science, — surely the idlest of all possible questions. More to the point is it to observe that the highest pleasure, such as comes with a sense of inner expansion, and which art aims above all things to bestow, is largely dependent on that *sprezzatura* whose lack is felt as much in Mr. Meredith's character study as in his style.

Despite the admirable narrative powers displayed in Rhoda Fleming and elsewhere, the same lack of ease is too often manifest in the construction and plot of Mr. Meredith's stories. So difficult is it, for example, to follow the events in the closing chapters of *The Egoist* that the pleasure of a first reading of that inimitable book is considerably diminished. But in the construction of these novels there lurks a deeper error than mere want of facility. We cannot but feel that the author has shown unusual genius in a wrong direction; and in fact, strange as it may seem, any sound criticism of Mr. Meredith must continually reprobate his methods, while at the same time admiring his powers. To this is partly due, no doubt, the extreme divergence of opinion in regard to his work. It is easy to retort, as Mr. McCarthy retorted long ago, that the great advantage of the novel lies in the very fact that it has not been subjected to literary canons, and remains free to follow any direction. Epic has been strangled by epic law; tragedy was for a long time suffocated by the three unities; and so it has been with other branches of literature; but in the novel there is no form admitted to be of itself right or wrong. There is

truth in this idea, and the nature of the novel has kept it free from many useless restrictions. Yet, however we may welcome every form of narration, and even rejoice that all novels are not all cast in one mould, still our judgment must distinguish, and must regard one form as higher than another in so far as it is capable of arousing greater and more satisfactory interest in the reader.

Apart from the story of pure adventure, which as a reaction has come into favor of late, but which can never touch the reader's deeper feelings, there have been from the beginning two classes of novels; and, although the terms may be slightly misleading, since the rules of prose and poetical narration can never be quite the same, I would distinguish these two classes as the epic and the dramatic. *Tom Jones* is epic in its aim; *Clarissa Harlowe* is dramatic. The two schools still persist side by side, and a clear understanding of their different aims is of prime importance in estimating the works under question.

It is rather a far cry from latter-day fiction to Homer and Sophocles; yet in distinguishing between the aims of epic and dramatic narration I am tempted to appeal to Greek rather than to modern poets, for the very reason that in Greece the various genres were more sharply defined in practice. The theme of the *Iliad* is ostensibly the wrath of Achilles, but in reality the effect of the poem is double. The central theme is heightened and diversified by the picture of its influence on a great series of events, while at the same time a wonderful panorama of war and life is unrolled before us, to whose varied scenes unity of effect is lent by the main subject. During a considerable portion of the poem Achilles is almost forgotten. No drama remains which deals directly with the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon, but from the other dramas of Sophocles it is not hard to conceive how the action would appear on the stage. The atten-

tion of the audience would be concentrated throughout on Achilles' passion; the language employed would enhance its intensity; and all the details of life not bearing directly upon it would be omitted. In a sense, the aim of the epic is breadth of view, the aim of tragedy is intensity; the one proposes to offer a large picture of life artistically disposed, the other to express a brief passion or conflict. The drama which should attempt to concentrate its passionate discourse upon such a series of events as those depicted in the epic would be intolerable. It would at once seem out of proportion, for existence is not normally narrowed down to one grand passion, and the throwing of such intense light on the little details of life would affect our emotional nature very much as close confinement would affect the body: we should gasp to be free. Besides keeping out of view the trivial features of life, the tragedy must further idealize by the generalizing influence of highly wrought metaphorical language. Compare, for instance, one of Ibsen's plays with *Macbeth*. Ibsen has violated the law of tragedy by descending to trivialities and by using prosaic language. The result is evident. He affects our emotional nature strongly, more poignantly than Shakespeare; but we lay down such a play as *Ghosts* with a sense of inner suffocation, whereas *Macbeth* gives a feeling of expansion, and so, as Aristotle would say, purges the passions. Ibsen is as false to life as he is to art. Deep emotion in reality tends to evoke general ideas, though in the dumbness of our heart we may need a poet to give them utterance. And all the while the daily trivial events of existence go on about us as it were in another sphere. We are conscious of a great gap between them and our inner experience; and when at intervals the two spheres touch, the shock is like a bitter awakening. Any artist who confounds these regions of experience is false to life and to his art.

And what has this to do with the novel? Everything. Despite its elasticity of form, the novel which would do more than offer the lightest and most transient amusement must in aim be either epic or tragic, — tragic not because of its disastrous dénouement necessarily, but in the way it treats the deeper passions. Now, whatever else fiction may be, its first purpose is to entertain; and its power of entertainment becomes of a higher and more lasting character in so far as it succeeds in enhancing our sense of life and in purging the emotions. *Tom Jones* and the works of that class down to the great novels of Thackeray offer a picture of the large currents of life; the passions and struggles of the hero are used, like the wrath of Achilles, to give unity to the narrative; and we rise from perusing such books with a feeling of expansion. *Clarissa Harlowe* and its successors, including modern problem novels, follow in part the laws of tragedy. Everything revolves about a single emotion; and the longer and more complicated the plot which the author is able to concentrate upon this one emotion, the more contracting and painful is the result. And this, we maintain, is not an arbitrary question of literary procedure, but a matter of psychology.

In the tragedy proper this sense of expansion is obtained by purging the passions, — by liberating them from the sphere of petty details, and so depersonalizing them, — and further by the use of lofty thought couched in language far removed above the speech of daily intercourse. Who ever wept over *Macbeth* or *Antigone*? Indeed, the story is well known that the Athenians actually fined a dramatist for putting on the stage a tragedy which appealed too strongly to their sympathies, and forbade the play ever to be presented again. But the novel which is denied the employment of these tragic means must proceed in another manner. Even more than the epos it must purge the passions

by enveloping them in the free current of life, which proceeds serenely on its way untroubled by the anguish and complaints of the individual, — and thus lighten the emotions of their personal poignancy.

Were space at our disposal, it would be possible to analyze in detail each of Mr. Meredith's novels, and show how they turn for their effect to the laws of the drama rather than the epos, and how, in consequence, they leave the reader with a sense of contraction. So, in brief, *Richard Feverel* holds the mind from first to last on a single problem (and that, by the way, a fairly disagreeable one), and every incident is made to bear upon its development. There seems to be but one aspect — the sexual relation — to human life; and this is presented without any of the alleviating circumstances of genuine tragedy. The point is made clear at once by comparison with *Tom Jones* or *Pendennis*, where the infinite variety of human activity is unrolled before us. So too in *The Egoist* a single problem, as the name implies, is studied with unflagging persistence. Not even a complete character, but one predominant trait is made the centre about which all the incidents of the book revolve. The novel is unquestionably a most astounding piece of analytical cleverness, yet is it true to nature? Hardly, we think. The final impression is one of mental and emotional contraction; and however useful such an impression may be in a sermon, it is not altogether amusing in a work of art. Compare the book with *Pride and Prejudice*, where again a single trait in hero and heroine is the central theme, but where this theme is used rather to lend interest to a picture of life, a picture in miniature yet complete in its way, and the difference is immediately apparent. The one contracts, the other expands. Nor should it be supposed that this difference depends to any large extent on the tragic or non-tragic ending of the

plot; although the formal law of the epic demands a peaceful conclusion, and the novel, to give the highest pleasure, would seem to follow the epic rather than the drama in this respect also.

So much may be said to explain why a writer of such extraordinary genius as Mr. Meredith fails to produce works of art that can be ranked with the greatest. And we would repeat that these artistic laws which he transgresses are not conventional rules imposed arbitrarily. They are inherent in the medium which the novelist must use; any infraction of them means that the author does not adopt the best and highest method of giving pleasure at his disposal, and his error is more likely to be condoned by the half-informed critic than by the unreflecting reader of native good taste.

In the case of Mr. Meredith the artistic fault is more or less intimately connected with a still deeper error, which concerns his mode of regarding human nature, and which associates him to a certain degree with the naturalists. The weakness of the naturalistic novel has been exposed more than once, but never, perhaps, so exhaustively and competently as by Juan Valera in his *Nuevos Estudios*. Naturalism is an outgrowth or degradation, he would have it, of romanticism. The romantic movement reflected an abnegation of the will as controlled by reason, and a substitution in its place of the emotions guided by the vagaries of fancy. From this untrammelled use of the fancy, naturalism, following in the wake of the materialistic advances of science, turned to the boasted study of reality, thus leaving room neither for the free will nor for the imagination. The novelist, according to Zola, "is one who studies man experimentally, mounting and dismounting piece by piece the human mechanism by which, under the influence of environment, he performs his functions." Here is no account of man as a free agent; his acts are the inevitable outcome of his inherited disposition and surrounding cir-

cumstances. As Paul Alexis forcibly expresses it in his book on Zola, "man is, fatally, the product of a particular hereditary temperament, which unfolds itself in a certain physical, intellectual, and moral environment."

It would be neither critical nor just to class Mr. Meredith unreservedly with the naturalists. In many respects he is widely removed from them. Naturalism can flourish only where the audience itself has become enfeebled in its will-power, and the Anglo-Saxon race is too healthy to permit one of its greatest writers to fall completely under this decadent influence. Nevertheless, it is true that such novels as *Richard Feverel* and *The Egoist* do belong in part to this category. So long as the free will is paramount, a novel tends to depict a full character, and to unfold a picture of life wherein the individual acts upon the world, and the world reacts upon him. So soon as the will is dethroned, the novel tends to become a treatise on the influence of environment upon character or an analytical study of particular inherited traits of character. Just this has happened in the case of Mr. Meredith. Like his own Captain Baskett, "the secret of his art would seem to be to show the automatic human creature at loggerheads with a necessity that winks at remarkable pretensions, while condemning it perpetually to doll-like actions." *Richard Feverel* is a long and patiently elaborated monograph on the development of character under peculiar circumstances. Given a lad of normal temper, how will he be affected by a certain systematic course of training? It will be noticed, however, that the modifying influence is here the active personality of his father; we are still a wide step from regarding man as a mere mechanism. Justice will further add that, despite the delicacy of its theme, the book remains perfectly decent throughout. In *The Egoist* a particular trait of character is analyzed and expatiated on with vast in-

genuity and, it must be confessed, rather tedious monotony. Indeed, the ordinary fault of naturalism is its lack of interest, so that we see the genuine naturalists constantly seeking to attract readers by all sorts of illegitimate allurements of the animal senses. Juan Valera curtly asks: "How can such novels interest, when they present a temperament, and not a character; a mere machine which moves in obedience to physiological laws?"

Mr. Meredith is again far from portraying man from the purely physiological point of view, although parts of Richard Feverel and others of his novels do approach perilously near this view, and always there is in him a tendency to confuse things of the body and of the spirit. This is seen in his treatment of love and women, and more generally in his analysis of the emotions. Now, apart from the bald statement that a character feels such and such an emotion, the novelist has at command two modes of description, — conversation and physical action. Readers of Plato will remember that philosopher's scathing denunciation of the poets, and of Homer in particular, because of their portrayal of passion by means of physical attributes. Their heroes weep, rend the hair, roll on the ground, and give way to other demonstrations which excite the critical Athenian's scorn. Plato in this is consistent, for his dismissal of the poets is but a part of his sweeping condemnation of art in general, in so far as art must depend on the body for its power of expression. There is undoubtedly in all art an insidious lurking danger, which, as Plato clearly sets forth, lies in its tendency to relax the moral fibre by translating things spiritual into corporeal symbols. If this be true, we ought to be the more jealous of any false encroachment of physical methods into its realm; for there is a right and a wrong method, and unfortunately Mr. Meredith has not always kept in the narrow path. Physical actions, which are under control of the will

and thus remain to a great extent voluntary, are legitimate; physical states, which do not depend on the free agency of the individual, must be used with a sparing hand, for frequent recurrence to such means of expression at once tends to confuse the spirit with the body, and to offer us the study of a temperament in place of true characterization. This pathological mode of description is distinctly a sin of modern times, culminating in the nauseous abuse of the naturalists. It would be easy to take all the great emotions of the heart, — fear, revenge, love, jealousy, hate, rage, despair, — and show how differently they are treated in this respect by Fielding or Thackeray and by writers of the modern school. Here again the translation of these passions into physical acts that depend on the energy of the will leaves us with a sense of expansion and mental relief, whereas the pathological method disturbs and contracts. I cannot emphasize this truth better than by quoting several brief passages from Meredith, and allowing them to speak for themselves. So he says of one of his characters: "His head throbbed with the hearing of a heavy laugh, as if a hammer had knocked it." Elsewhere: "His natural horror of a resolute man, more than fear, made him shiver and gave his tongue an acid taste." And again: "Emilia thought of Wilfrid in a way that made the vault of her brain seem to echo with jarred chords." It is not, of course, the occasional recourse to such means which is objectionable, but their perpetual use. Every one will admit with our novelist that "we are all in submission to mortal laws," but a stancher belief in the power of the will hesitates to accept his declaration that "our souls are hideously subject to the conditions of our animal nature!"

In one respect Mr. Meredith has carried this passive physical expression to a fantastic extremity, which I mention as much for its amusing absurdity as for

its real significance. Apparently he has found a new seat of all the emotions: this is no longer the heart, or the Biblical bowels, or the brain, but — the eyelids. Let me justify the statement by quotations: "Hurt vanity led Wilfrid to observe that the woman's eyes dwelt with a singular fullness and softness void of fire, a true ox-eyed gaze, but human in the fall of the eyelids." "She had reddened deliciously, and therewith hung a dewy rosy moisture on her underlids." "We are creatures of custom. I am, I confess, a poltroon in my affections; I dread changes. The shadow of the tenth of an inch in the customary elevation of an eyelid!" These are not isolated cases. After a while one begins to believe that hope, fear, humor, love, hate, anger, horror, friendship, cunning, timidity, modesty, — all the passions of human nature are bound up with the flutter of an eyelid. It is the very *ad absurdum* of passive physical description.

Mr. Meredith's psychological attitude may be further traced in his characterization of women. It is, in fact, noteworthy that the present race of novelists are wont to take more interest in, and succeed better with, their feminine than their male characters. But here we tread on perilous ground. After all that has been written by women on the failure of the masculine mind to grasp the subtleties of the female heart, what man is rash enough to step forward as a judge? Fortunately for me, a clever woman has settled the matter. Miss Adeline Sargent has left on record that "George Meredith is one of the few novelists of any age or time who see not but man but woman as she is." Strange that, after such an avowal, she should object so vehemently to Mr. Meredith's psychological analysis of woman! We may perhaps explain the discrepancy by supposing that he depicts women as they are, though not as they are to be. But let us hear Miss Sargent again. She quotes from Meredith as follows: "Women have

us back to the conditions of the primitive man, or they shoot us higher than the topmost star. But it is as we please. Let them tell us what we are to them: for us, they are the back and front of life: the poet's Lesbia, the poet's Beatrice, ours is the choice. They are to us what we hold of best or worst within." Miss Sargent's comment on this theory is naïve: "In these sentences there is an assumption of woman's want of consciousness or want of volition in the matter." So delicate is this subject that I may be pardoned for again taking refuge behind authorities, — this time a man, but a man of the most feminine genius. Mr. Le Gallienne is enthusiastic in his praise of our novelist, as will be seen: "In his delineation of them [women] his fearless adoption of the modern conception of the unity of body and spirit finds its poetry. No writer with whom I am acquainted has made us so realize 'the value and significance of flesh,' and spirit as the flower of it. In his women we seem to see the transmutation in process." It is in the last analysis just because Mr. Meredith discovers this "want of volition" in human nature, and adopts so fearlessly this "modern conception of the unity of body and spirit," that his feminine characters are complete; whereas his studies of men, though wonderfully keen and incisive, always leave something to be desired. Clara Middleton and Diana, with their feverish attempt at revolt, and their final succumbing in marriage with a character of placid but undeveloped strength, are perhaps his most perfect creations. But we hasten to take leave of this perilous subject, and with it of Mr. Meredith.

In the end, I see that my criticism, whatever its value may be, has been almost entirely destructive; yet I would not leave this as the final impression. In spite of the error of his methods, Mr. Meredith is a writer of extraordinary and, to me at least, fascinating genius. If he cannot stand with the three great

novelists who were almost his contemporaries, this is due rather to perversion than to feebleness of wit; and at the least he ranks far above the common herd. One might say of him, distorting Gray's familiar line, —

"Above the good how far — but far beneath the great."

There are many reasons, and alas that it should be so, for believing that the novel, like other literary forms in the past, has

reached its highest perfection and is already declining in excellence. Mr. Meredith, if compared with Thackeray and his peers, shows only too clearly a decadent tendency; yet what a treasure of enjoyment his wit and imagination have left to the world! And so refreshing at times is his obstinate originality that one is almost tempted, when reflecting on the tameness of lesser men, to extol his faults as added virtues.

Paul Elmer More.

LETTING IN THE LIGHT.

I HAD been out of town and my way had not fallen through the Mulberry Bend in weeks until that morning when I came suddenly upon the park that had been made there in my absence. Sod had been laid, and men were going over the lawn cutting the grass after the rain. The sun shone upon flowers and the tender leaves of young shrubs, and the smell of new-mown hay was in the air. Crowds of little Italian children shouted with delight over the "garden," while their elders sat around upon the benches with a look of contentment such as I had not seen before in that place. I stood and looked at it all, and a lump came in my throat as I thought of what it had been, and of all the weary years of battling for this. It had been such a hard fight, and now at last it was won. To me the whole battle with the slum had summed itself up in the struggle with this dark spot. The whirl of the lawn mower was as sweet a song in my ear as that which the skylark sang when I was a boy, in Danish fields, and which gray hairs do not make the man forget.

In my delight I walked upon the grass. It seemed as if I should never be satisfied till I had felt the sod under my feet, — sod in the Mulberry Bend! I did not see the gray-coated policeman

hastening my way, nor the wide-eyed youngsters awaiting with shuddering delight the catastrophe that was coming, until I felt his cane laid smartly across my back and heard his angry command: —

"Hey! Come off the grass! D'ye think it is made to walk on?"

So that was what I got for it. It is the way of the world. But it was all right. The park was there, that was the thing. And I had my revenge. I had just had a hand in marking five blocks of tenements for destruction to let in more light, and in driving the slum from two other strongholds. Where they were, parks are being made to-day in which the sign "Keep off the grass!" will never be seen. The children may walk in them from morning till night, and I too, if I want to, with no policeman to drive us off. I tried to tell the policeman something about it. But he was of the old dispensation. All the answer I got was a gruff: —

"G'wan now! I don't want none o' yer guff!"

It was all "guff" to the politicians, I suppose, from the day the trouble began about the Mulberry Bend, but toward the end they woke up nobly. When the park was finally dedicated to the people's use they took charge of the

celebration with immense unction, and invited themselves to sit in the high seats and glory in the achievement which they had done little but hamper and delay from the first. They had not reckoned with Colonel Waring, however. When they had had their say, the colonel arose and, curtly reminding them that they had really had no hand in the business, proposed three cheers for the citizen effort that had struck the slum this staggering blow. There was rather a feeble response on the platform, but rousing cheers from the crowd, with whom the colonel was a prime favorite, and no wonder. Two years later he laid down his life in the fight which he so valiantly and successfully waged. It is the simple truth that he was killed by politics. The services which he had rendered the city would have entitled him in any reputable business to be retained in the employment that was his life and his pride. Had he been so retained he would not have gone to Cuba, and would in all human probability be now alive. But Tammany is not "in politics for her health" and had no use for him, though no more grievous charge could be laid at his door, even in the heat of the campaign, than that he was a "foreigner," being from Rhode Island. Spoils politics never craved a heavier sacrifice of any community.

It was Colonel Waring's broom that first let light into the slum. That which had come to be considered an impossible task he did by the simple formula of "putting a man instead of a voter behind every broom." The words are his own. The man, from a political dummy who loathed his job and himself in it with cause, became a self-respecting citizen, and the streets that had been dirty were swept. The ash barrels which had befouled the sidewalks disappeared, almost without any one knowing it till they were gone. The trucks that obstructed the children's only playground, the street, went with the dirt despite the

opposition of the truckman who had traded off his vote to Tammany in the past for stall room at the curbstone. They did not go without a struggle. When appeal to the alderman proved useless, the truckman resorted to strategy. He took a wheel off, or kept a perishing nag, that could not walk, hitched to the truck over night to make it appear that it was there for business. But subterfuge availed as little as resistance. In the Mulberry Bend he made his last stand. The old houses had been torn down, leaving a three-acre lot full of dirt mounds and cellar holes. Into this the truckmen of the Sixth Ward hauled their carts, and defied the street cleaners. They were no longer in their way, and they were on the Park Department's domain, where no Colonel Waring was in control. But while their owners were triumphing, the children playing among the trucks set one of them rolling down into a cellar, and three or four of the little ones were crushed. That was the end. The trucks disappeared. Even Tammany has not ventured to put them back, so great was the relief of their going. They were not only a hindrance to the sweeper and the skulking places of all manner of mischief at night, but I have repeatedly seen the firemen baffled in their efforts to reach a burning house, where they stood four and six deep in the wide "slips" at the river.

Colonel Waring did more for the cause of labor than all the walking delegates of the town together, by investing a despised but highly important task with a dignity which won the hearty plaudits of a grateful city. When he uniformed his men and announced that he was going to parade with them so that we might all see what they were like, the town laughed and poked fun at the "white wings;" but no one went to see them who did not come away converted to an enthusiastic belief in the man and his work. Public sentiment, that had been half reluctantly suspend-

ing judgment, expecting every day to see the colonel "knuckle down to politics" like his predecessors, turned in an hour, and after that there was little trouble. The tenement house children organized street cleaning bands to help along the work, and Colonel Waring enlisted them as regular auxiliaries and made them useful.

They had no better friend. When the unhappy plight of the persecuted pushcart men, all immigrant Jews, who were blackmailed, robbed, and driven from pillar to post as a nuisance, though licensed to trade in the street, appealed vainly for a remedy, Colonel Waring found a way out in a great morning market in Hester Street that should be turned over to the children for a playground in the afternoon. Though he proved that it would pay interest on the investment in market fees, and many times in the children's happiness, it was never built. It would have been a most fitting monument to the man's memory. His broom saved more lives in the crowded tenements than a squad of doctors. It did more: it swept the cobwebs out of our civic brain and conscience, and set up a standard of a citizen's duty which, however we may for the moment forget, will be ours until we have dragged other things than our pavements out of the mud.

Even the colonel's broom would have been powerless to do that for "the Bend." That was hopeless and had to go. There was no question of children or playground involved. The worst of all the gangs, the Whyó's, had its headquarters in the darkest of its dark alleys; but it was left to the police. We had not begun to understand that the gangs meant something to us beyond murder and vengeance, in those days. No one suspected that they had any such roots in the soil that they could be killed by merely destroying the slum. The cholera was rapping on our door and, with the Bend there, we felt about it as

a man with stolen goods in his house must feel when the policeman comes up the street. Back in the seventies we began discussing what ought to be done. By 1884 the first Tenement House Commission had summoned up courage to propose that a street be cut through the bad block. In the following year a bill was brought in to destroy it bodily, and then began the long fight that resulted in the defeat of the slum a dozen years later.

It was a bitter fight, in which every position of the enemy had to be carried by assault. The enemy was the deadly official inertia that was the outcome of political corruption born of the slum plus the indifference of the mass of our citizens, who probably had never seen the Bend. If I made it my own concern to the exclusion of all else, it was only because I knew it. I had been part of it. Homeless and alone, I had sought its shelter, not for long, — that was not to be endured, — but long enough to taste of its poison, and I hated it. I knew that the blow must be struck there, to kill. Looking back now over those years, I can see that it was all as it should be. We were learning the alphabet of our lesson then. We could have learned it in no other way so thoroughly. Before we had been at it more than two or three years it was no longer a question of the Bend merely. The Small Parks law that gave us a million dollars a year to force light and air into the slum, to its destruction, grew out of it. The whole sentiment which in its day, groping blindly and angrily, had wiped out the disgrace of the Five Points, just around the corner, crystallized and took shape in its fight. It waited merely for the issue of that, to attack the slum in its other strongholds; and no sooner was the Bend gone than the rest surrendered, unconditionally.

But it was not so easy campaigning at the start. In 1888 plans were filed for the demolition of the block. It took

four years to get a report of what it would cost to tear it down. About once in two months during all that time the authorities had to be prodded into a spasm of activity, or we would probably have been yet where we were then. Once when I appealed to the Corporation Counsel to give a good reason for the delay I got the truth out of him without evasion.

"Well, I tell you," he said blandly, "no one here is taking any interest in that business. That is good enough reason for you, is n't it?"

It was. That Tammany reason became the slogan of an assault upon official incompetence and treachery that hurried things up considerably. The property was condemned at a total cost to the city of a million and a half, in round numbers, including the assessment of half a million for park benefit which the property owners were quick enough, with the aid of the politicians, to get saddled on the city at large. In 1894 the city took possession and became the landlord of the old barracks. For a whole year it complacently collected the rents and did nothing. When it was shamed out of that rut, too, and the tenements were at last torn down, the square lay as the wreckers had left it for another year, until it became such a plague spot that, as a last resort, with a citizen's privilege, I arraigned the municipality before the Board of Health for maintaining a nuisance upon its premises. I can see the shocked look of the official now, as he studied the complaint.

"But, my dear sir," he coughed diplomatically, "is n't it rather unusual? I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither did I," I replied, "but then there never was such a thing before."

That night, while they were debating the "unusual thing," happened the accident to the children of which I spoke, emphasizing the charge that the nuisance was "dangerous to life," and there was

an end. In the morning the Bend was taken in hand, and the following spring the Mulberry Bend Park was opened.

A million dollars a year had been lost while we were learning our lesson. The Small Parks Fund was not cumulative, and when it came to paying for the Bend a special bill had to be passed to authorize it, the award being "more than one million in one year." The wise financiers who framed and hung in the comptroller's office a check for three cents that had been under-paid on a school site, for the taxpayer to bow before in awe and admiration at such business methods, could find no way to make the appropriation for two years apply, though the new year was coming in in a week or two. But the Gilder Tenement House Commission had been sitting, the Committee of Seventy had been at work, and a law was on the statute books authorizing the expenditure of three million dollars for two open spaces in the parkless district on the East Side, where Jacob Beresheim was born. It had shown that while the proportion of park area inside the limits of the old city was equal to one thirteenth of all, below Fourteenth Street, where one third of the people lived, it was barely one fortieth. It took a citizen's committee appointed by the mayor just three weeks to seize the two sites which are now being laid out in playgrounds chiefly, and it took the Good Government clubs with their allies at Albany less than two months to get warrant of law for the tearing down of the houses ahead of final condemnation lest any mischance befall through delay or otherwise, — a precaution which subsequent events proved to be eminently wise. The slow legal proceedings are going on yet.

The playground part of it was a provision of the Gilder law that showed what apt scholars we had been. I was a member of that committee, and I fed fat my grudge against the slum tenement, knowing that I might not again

have such a chance. Bone Alley went. I shall not soon get the picture of it, as I saw it last, out of my mind. I had wandered to the top floor of one of the ramshackle tenements in the heart of the block, to a door that stood ajar, and pushed it open. On the floor lay three women ragpickers with their burdens, asleep, overcome by the heat and the beer, the stale stench of which filled the place. Swarms of flies covered them. The room — no! let it go. Thank God, we shall not again hear of Bone Alley. Where it stood workmen are to-day building a gymnasium with baths for the people, and a playground and park which may even be turned into a skating pond in winter if the architect keeps his promise. A skating pond for the children of the Eleventh Ward! No wonder the politician is in a hurry to take the credit for what is going forward over there. It is that or nothing with him now. It will be all up with Tammany, once the boys find out that these were the things she withheld from them all the years, for her own gain.

Half a dozen blocks away the city's first public bath house is at last going up, after many delays, and godliness will have a chance to move in with cleanliness. The two are neighbors everywhere, but in the slum the last must come first. Glasgow has half a dozen public baths. Rome, two thousand years ago, washed its people most sedulously, and in heathen Japan to-day, I am told, there are baths, as we have saloons, on every corner. Christian New York never had a bath house. In a tenement population of 255,033 the Gilder Committee found only 306 who had access to bath rooms in the houses where they lived. The Church Federation canvass of the fifteenth Assembly district counted three bath tubs to 1321 families. Nor was that because they so elected. The People's Baths took in 115,000 half dimes last year for as many baths, and forty per cent of their customers were Italians.

The free river baths admitted 5,096,876 customers during the summer. The "great unwashed" were not so from choice, it would appear.

Bone Alley brought thirty-seven dollars under the auctioneer's hammer. Thieves' Alley, in the other park down at Rutgers Square, where the police clubbed the Jewish cloakmakers a few years ago for the offense of gathering to assert their rights to "being men, live the life of men," as some one who knew summed up the labor movement, brought only seven dollars, and the old Helvetia House, where Boss Tweed and his gang met at night to plan their plundering raids on the city's treasury, was knocked down for five. Kerosene Row would not have brought enough to buy kindling wood with which to start one of the numerous fires that gave it its bad name. It was in Thieves' Alley that the owner in the days long gone by hung out the sign: "No Jews need apply." Last week I watched the opening of the first municipal playground upon the site of the old alley, and in the thousands that thronged street and tenements from curb to roof with thunder of applause, there were not twoscore who could have found lodging with the old Jew-baiter. He had to go with his alley before the better day could bring light and hope to the Tenth Ward.

In all this the question of rehousing the population, that had to be so carefully considered abroad in the destruction of slums, gave no trouble. The speculative builder had seen to that. In the five wards, the Seventh, Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, and Seventeenth, in which the unhoused ones would look for room, if they wanted to stay near their old home, there were, according to the tenement census at the time when the old houses were torn down, 4268 vacant apartments, with room for more than 18,000 persons at our average of four and a half to the family. Even including the Mulberry Bend, the whole

number of the dispossessed was not 10,000. On Manhattan Island there were at this time more than 37,000 vacant apartments, so that the question could not arise in any serious shape, much as it plagued the dreams of some well-meaning people. As a matter of fact the unhoused were scattered much more widely than had been anticipated, which was one of the very purposes sought to be attained. Many of them had remained in their old slum more from force of habit and association than because of necessity.

"Everything takes ten years," said Abram S. Hewitt when, exactly ten years after he had as mayor championed the Small Parks Act, he took his seat as chairman of the Advisory Committee on Small Parks. The ten years had wrought a great change. It was no longer the slum of to-day, but that of to-morrow that challenged attention. The committee took the point of view of the children from the first. It had a large map prepared showing where in the city there was room to play and where there was none. Then it called in the police and asked them to point out where there was trouble with the boys; and in every instance the policeman put his finger upon a treeless slum.

"They have no other playground than the street," was the explanation given in each case. "They smash lamps and break windows. The storekeepers kick and there is trouble. That is how it begins." "Many complaints are received daily of boys annoying pedestrians, storekeepers, and tenants by their continually playing baseball in some parts of almost every street. The damage is not slight. Arrests are frequent, much more frequent than when they had open lots to play in." This last was the report of an uptown captain. He remembered the days when there were open lots there. "But these lots are now built upon," he said, "and for every new house there are more boys and less chance for them to play."

The committee put a red daub on the map to indicate trouble. Then it asked those police captains who had not spoken to show them where their precincts were, and why they had no trouble. Every one of them put his finger on a green spot that marked a park. "My people are quiet and orderly," said the captain of the Tompkins Square precinct. The police took the square from a mob by storm twice in my recollection, and the commander of the precinct then was hit on the head with a hammer by "his people" and laid out for dead. "The Hook Gang is gone," said he of Corlears Hook. The professional pursuit of that gang was to rob and murder inoffensive citizens by night and throw them into the river, and it achieved a bad eminence at its calling. "The whole neighborhood has taken a change, and decidedly for the better," said the captain of Mulberry Street, and the committee rose and said that it had heard enough.

The map was hung on the wall, and in it were stuck pins to mark the site of present and projected schools as showing where the census had found the children crowding. The moment that was done the committee sent the map and a copy of chapter 338 of the laws of 1895 to the mayor and reported that its task was finished. This is the law and all there is of it:—

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:—

"Section 1. Hereafter no schoolhouse shall be constructed in the city of New York without an open-air playground attached to or used in connection with the same.

"Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately."

Where the map was daubed with red the school pins crowded one another. On the lower East Side, where child crime was growing fast, and no less than three storm centres were marked down by the police, nine new schools were going up

or planned, and in the uptown precinct whence came the wail about the ball players there were seven. The playground had proved its case. Where it was expedient it was to be a school playground. It seemed a happy combination, for the new law had been a stumbling block to the school commissioners, who were in a quandary over the needful size of an "open-air playground." The success of the roof-garden idea suggested a way out. But schools are closed at the time of the year when playgrounds are most needed for city children. To get the garden on the roof of the schoolhouse recognized as the public playground seemed a long step toward turning it into a general neighborhood evening resort that should be always open, and so toward bringing school and people, and especially the school and the boy, together in a bond of mutual sympathy highly desirable for both.

That was the burden of the committee's report. It made thirteen recommendations besides, as to the location of parks and detached playgrounds, only one of which has been adopted. But that is of less account — as also was the information imparted to me as secretary of the committee by our peppery Tammany mayor, that we had "as much authority as a committee of bootblacks in his office" — than the fact that the field has at last been studied and its needs have been made known. The rest will follow, with or without the politician's authority. The one recommendation that has been carried out was that of a riverside park in the region uptown on the West Side where the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers found "saloon social ideals minting themselves upon the minds of the people at the rate of seven saloon thoughts to one educational thought." There is an outdoor gymnasium to-day on the chosen site, — while the legal proceedings to take possession are unraveling their red tape, — and a recreation pier hard by. In the

evening the young men of the neighborhood may be seen trooping riverward with their girls to hear the music. The gang that "laid out" two policemen, to my knowledge, has gone out of business.

The best laid plans are sometimes upset by surprising snags. We had planned for two municipal playgrounds on the East Side where the need is greatest, and our plans were eagerly accepted by the city authorities. But they were never put into practice. A negligent attorney killed one, a lazy clerk the other. And both served under the reform government. The first of the two playgrounds was to have been in Rivington Street, adjoining the new public bath, where the boys, for want of something better to do, were fighting daily battles with rocks, to the great damage of windows and the worse aggravation of the householders. Four hundred children in that neighborhood petitioned the committee for a place of their own where there were no windows to break, and we found one. It was only after the proceedings had been started that we discovered that they had been taken under the wrong law and the money spent in advertising had been wasted. It was then too late. The daily assaults upon the windows were resumed. The other case was an attempt to establish a model school park in a block where more than four thousand children attended day and night school. The public school and the pro-cathedral, which divided the children between them, were to be allowed to stand, at opposite ends of the block. The surrounding tenements were to be torn down to make room for a park and playground which should embody the ideal of what such a place ought to be, in the opinion of the committee. The roof garden was not in the original plan except as an alternative of the street-level playground, where land came too high. The plentiful supply of light and air, the safety from fire to be obtained by putting the school in a park, beside the

fact that it could thus be "built beautiful," were considerations of weight. Plans were made, and there was great rejoicing in Essex Street, until it came out that this scheme had gone the way of the other. The clerk who should have filed the plans in the register's office left that duty to some one else, and it took just twenty-one days to make the journey, a distance of five hundred feet or less. The Greater New York had come then with Tammany, and the thing was not heard of again. When I traced the failure down to the clerk in question, and told him that he had killed the park, he yawned and said : —

"Yes, and I think it is just as well it is dead. We have n't any money for those things. It is very nice to have small parks, and very nice to have a horse and wagon, if you can afford it. But we can't. Why, there is n't money enough to run the city government."

So the labor of weary weeks and months in the children's behalf was all undone by a third-rate clerk in an executive office; but he saved the one thing he had in mind: the city government is "run" to date, and his pay is secure.

Neither stupidity, spite, nor the false cry that "reform extravagance" has wrecked the city's treasury will be able much longer, however, to cheat the child out of his rights. The playground is here to wrestle with the gang for the boy, and it will win. It came so quietly that we hardly knew of it till we heard the shouts. It took us seven years to make up our minds to build a play pier, — recreation pier is its municipal title, — and it took just about seven weeks to build it when we got so far; but then we learned more in one day than we had dreamed of in the seven years. Half the East Side swarmed over it with shrieks of delight, and carried the mayor and the city government, who had come to see the show, fairly off their feet. And now, "we are seven," or will be when the one in Brooklyn has been built, — great hand-

some structures, seven hundred feet long, some of them, with music every night for mother and the babies, and for papa, who can smoke his pipe there in peace. The moon shines upon the quiet river, and the steamers go by with their lights. The street is far away with its noise. The young people go sparking in all honor, as it is their right to do. The councilman who spoke the other day of "pernicious influences" lying in wait for them there made the mistake of his life, unless he has made up his mind to go out of politics. The play piers have taken a hold of the people which no crabbed old bachelor can loosen with trumped-up charges. Their civilizing influence upon the children is already felt in a reported demand for more soap in the neighborhood where they are, and even the grocer smiles approval.

The play pier is the kindergarten in the educational campaign against the gang. It gives the little ones a chance. Often enough it is a chance for life. The street as a playground is a heavy contributor to the undertaker's bank account. I kept the police slips of a single day in May two years ago when four little ones were killed and three crushed under the wheels of trucks in tenement streets. That was unusual, but no day has passed in my recollection that has not had its record of accidents which bring grief as deep and lasting to the humblest home as if it were the pet of some mansion on Fifth Avenue that was slain. The kindergarten teaching bore fruit. To-day there are half a dozen full-blown playgrounds downtown and uptown where the children swarm. Private initiative set the pace, but the idea has been engrafted upon the municipal plan. The city helped get at least one of them under way. The Outdoor Recreation League was organized last year by public-spirited citizens, including many amateur athletes and enthusiastic women, with the object of "obtaining recognition of the necessity for recreation and

physical exercise as fundamental to the moral and physical welfare of the people." Together with the Social Reform Club and the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers it maintained a playground on the uptown West Side last summer. The ball came into play there for the first time as a recognized factor in civic progress. The day might well be kept for all time among those that mark human emancipation, for it was social reform and Christian work in one, of the kind that tells.

Only the year before, the athletic clubs had vainly craved the privilege of establishing a gymnasium in the East River Park, where the children wistfully eyed the sacred grass, and cowered under the withering gaze of the policeman. A friend whose house stands opposite the park found them one day swarming over her stoop in such shoals that she could not enter, and asked them why they did not play tag under the trees instead. The instant shout came back: "'Cause the cop won't let us." Now a splendid gymnasium has been opened on the site of the people's park that is to come at Fifty-Third Street and Eleventh Avenue. It is called Hudsonbank. A board fence more than a thousand feet long surrounds it. The director pointed out to me with pride, last week, that not a board had been stolen from it in a year, while other fences within twenty feet of it were ripped to pieces. And he was right. The neighborhood is one that has been anything but distinguished for its respect for private property in the past, and where boards have a market value among the Irish settlers. Better testimony could not have been borne to the spirit in which the gift was accepted by the children.

Poverty Gap, that was fairly transformed by one brief season's experience with its "Holy Terror Park,"¹ a dreary sand lot upon the site of the old tene-

¹ The name was bestowed before the fact, not after.

ments in which the Alley Gang once murdered the one good boy of the block for the offense of supporting his aged parents by his work as a baker's apprentice, — Poverty Gap is to have its permanent playground, and Mulberry Bend and Corlears Hook are down on the League's books; which is equivalent to saying that they, too, will shortly know the climbing pole and the vaulting buck. For years the city's only playground that had any claim upon the name — and that was only a little asphalted strip behind a public school in First Street — was an old graveyard. We struggled vainly to get possession of another, long abandoned. The dead were of more account than the living. But now at last it is their turn. The other day I watched the children at their play in the new Hester Street gymnasium. The dusty square was jammed with a mighty multitude. It was not an ideal spot, for it had not rained in weeks, and powdered sand and cinders had taken wing and floated like a pall over the perspiring crowd. But it was heaven to them. A hundred men and boys stood in line, waiting their turn upon the bridge ladder and the traveling rings that hung full of struggling and squirming humanity, groping madly for the next grip. No failure, no rebuff discouraged them. Seven boys and girls rode with looks of deep concern — it is their way — upon each end of the see-saw, and two squeezed into each of the forty swings that had room for one, while a hundred counted time and saw that none had too much. It is an article of faith with these children that nothing that is "going" for their benefit is to be missed. Sometimes the result provokes a smile, as when a band of young Jews, starting up a club, called themselves the Christian Heroes. It was meant partly as a compliment, I suppose, to the ladies that gave them club room; but at the same time, if there was anything in a name, they were bound to have it. It is rather to cry

over than to laugh at, if one but understands it. The sight of these little ones swarming over a sand heap until scarcely an inch of it was in sight, and gazing in rapt admiration at the poor show of a dozen geraniums and English ivy plants in pots on the window sill of the overseer's cottage, was pathetic in the extreme. They stood for ten minutes at a time resting their eyes upon them. In the crowd were aged women and bearded men with the inevitable Sabbath silk hat, who it seemed could never get enough of it. They moved slowly, when crowded out, looking back many times at the enchanted spot, as long as it was in sight.

Perhaps there was in it, on the part of the children at least, just a little bit of the comforting sense of proprietorship. They had contributed of their scant pennies more than a hundred dollars toward the opening of the playground, and they felt that it was their very own. All the better. Two policemen watched the passing show, grinning. But their clubs hung idly from their belts. The words of a little woman whom I met last year in Chicago kept echoing in my ear. She was the "happiest woman alive," for she had striven long for a playground for her poor children, and had got it.

"The police like it," she said. "They say that it will do more good than all the Sunday-schools in Chicago. The mothers say, 'This is good business.' The carpenters that put up the swings and things worked with a will; everybody was glad. The police lieutenant has had a tree called after him. The boys that did that used to be terrors. Now they take care of the trees. They plead for a low limb that is in the way, that no one may cut it off."

The twilight deepens and the gates of the playground are closed. The crowds disperse slowly. In the roof garden on the Hebrew Institute across East Broadway lights are twinkling and the band is

tuning up. Little groups are settling down to a quiet game of checkers or love-making. Paterfamilias leans back against the parapet where palms wave luxuriously in the summer breeze. The newspaper drops from his hand; he closes his eyes and is in dreamland, where strikes come not. Mother knits contentedly in her seat, with a smile on her face that was not born of the Ludlow Street tenement. Over yonder a knot of black-browed men talk with serious mien. They might be met any night in the anarchist café, half a dozen doors away, holding forth against empires. Here wealth does not excite their wrath, nor power their plotting. In the roof garden anarchy is harmless, even though a policeman typifies its government. They laugh pleasantly to one another as he paces, and he gives them a match to light their cigars. It is Thursday and smoking is permitted. On Friday it is discouraged because it offends the orthodox, to whom the lighting of a fire, even the holding of a candle, is anathema on the Sabbath eve.

The band plays on. One after another, tired heads droop upon babes slumbering peacefully at the breast. Ludlow Street, the tenement, are forgotten; eleven o'clock is not yet. Down along the silver gleam of the river a mighty city slumbers. The great bridge has hung out its string of shining pearls from shore to shore. "Sweet land of liberty!" Overhead the dark sky, the stars that twinkled their message to the shepherds on Judæan hills, that lighted their sons through ages of slavery, and the flag of freedom borne upon the breeze, — down there the tenement, the — Ah, well! let us forget, as do these.

Now if you ask me: "And what of it all? What does it avail?" let me take you once more back to the Mulberry Bend, and to the policeman's verdict add the police reporter's story of what has taken place there. In fifteen years I never knew a week to pass without a

murder there, rarely a Sunday. It was the wickedest, as it was the foulest, spot in all the city. In the slum the two are interchangeable terms for reasons that are clear enough to me. But I shall not speculate about it, only state the facts. The old houses fairly reeked with outrage and violence. When they were torn down I counted seventeen deeds of blood in that place which I myself remembered, and those I had forgotten probably numbered seven times seventeen. The district attorney connected more than a score of murders of his own recollection with Bottle Alley, the Whyó gang's headquarters. Two years have passed since it was made into a park, and scarce a knife has been drawn, or a shot fired in all that neighborhood. Only twice have I been called as a police reporter to the spot. It is not that the murder has moved to another neighborhood, for there has been no increase of violence in Little Italy or wherever else the crowd went that moved out. It is that

the light has come in and made crime hideous. It is being let in wherever the slum has bred murder and robbery, bred the gang, in the past. Wait, now, another ten years, and let us see what a story there will be to tell.

Avail? Why, here is Tammany actually applauding Comptroller Coler's words in Plymouth Church last night: "Whenever the city builds a school-house upon the site of a dive and creates a park, a distinct and permanent mental, moral, and physical improvement has been made, and public opinion will sustain such a policy, even if a dive-keeper is driven out of business and somebody's ground rent is reduced." And Tammany's press agent sends forth this pæan: "In the light of such events how absurd it is for the enemies of the organization to contend that Tammany is not the greatest moral force in the community." Tammany a moral force! The park and the playground have availed, then, to bring back the day of miracles.

Jacob A. Riis.

HIS LETTER.

As Nature wasting for the rain of Spring,
She waited for his letter — over seas,
Long hills lay dusty for her traveling,
The Summer days but bloom-girt travesties!
She waited by the moon, with sightless eyes,
Unbearable her woman's industries,
She waited brave or pensive, woman wise,
For that uncoming voice across the seas.

Weary the while, she lent her ear to catch
The constant rhythm of a neighbor's tune,
That clung as bees about a rose-clad thatch,
Piped 'neath her window noon by noon.
Last night she oped the lattice of her heart
And took it in; — to-day, as if to shame
Inconstancy unto the rover's faith,
Across the silent seas his letter came!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

THROUGH OLD-ROSE GLASSES.

GABRIELLE felt the cool, earth-scented dawn against her face. The wondering starlight, the ghostly sand road leading off among the pines, the shadowy closed station, all bewildered her.

At dusk the evening before, she had left the crowded, lighted city, had gone to sleep and dreamed. Still in the dusk, she had been called up and left on the lonely station platform where she stood.

"Your trunk is already in the carriage," said the general, picking up her valise. "This way. Miss Cameron came, Peter."

A white-haired negro driver bowed and replied, "We suhtainly is glad to see you, miss," while the general helped her into the carriage.

Gabrielle did not know who the general was or why he was meeting her, until he said, "I am an old friend of your mother's, dear Miss Gabrielle. She was greatly admired in Virginia, and I one of her warmest admirers. Miss Sarah sent me to bring you safely to Sweet Hall. I am General Brandon."

"Tell me about Miss Sarah," Gabrielle begged. "You know I have never met her. This is my first visit in Virginia."

The general glanced up at the paling stars, and Gabrielle caught the outlines of his face for the first time. It was thin and hard and bony, evidently worn by years, and perhaps by other things. "Miss Sarah is an angel," he answered concisely. "A beautiful woman, a patient friend, a lady of the old school, gentle, refined, pure, — an angel."

Gabrielle smiled. There was an impulse of retort in her which even the starlight could not quite subdue. "But I never knew an angel," she said. "Tell me what she is like."

"I can't!" he exclaimed harshly. "You have to know her a lifetime to know what she is like, and then you can't

tell, more than you can tell of one of those stars. It's a point of light infinitely above you, — that's all."

The girl looked up where he pointed, wondering that he should permit himself so bitter a tone. The dusk had a faint pallor, as if the silver lining were showing itself through the night clouds. The stars themselves were silvery and faint, and they twinkled down at the moving blot of the carriage on the white road and at the even lances of the pines in rest on either side, as if they were signaling farewell. Slowly and gently one of them left its place and slipped across the sky. It would not have seemed strange if the others had followed it, leaving empty space for the day.

"That means that some one has died," Gabrielle murmured, — "when a star falls."

"I'm glad it's not I," the general answered. "I'm afraid of dying."

"Are you?" Gabrielle asked helplessly. This old man seemed rather an eerie companion with whom to be watching the mysterious death of night.

"Yes," he declared, "I'm afraid. Most bad men are afraid to die."

There was no comment possible on such a remark at such short acquaintance. It would have been idle for Gabrielle to assure him that he was not bad, when she did not know. Old Peter chirruped to the horse in a way that was almost a chuckle. The breeze stirred through the pines, and the horse's hoofs padded softly in and out of the sand.

"I suppose you wonder at my admitting myself to be bad," the general went on, "but this is a world in which evil succeeds. It makes its mark in more ways than one, though, and our faces show it in the end. A man might as well have it written across his forehead, — afraid to die."

"Perhaps you read more in faces than most people can," Gabrielle suggested.

"Perhaps," he admitted tersely. "A lawyer should, and I'm a lawyer. I'm a religious man, too," he went on presently; "that is, I'm a religious man just this far: I believe in a hell where the people who miss their punishment here will get it hereafter. That's why I am afraid of dying."

Gabrielle glanced sidewise at him to see if there was any suggestion of insanity in his face. She thought that either he or Miss Sarah, or perhaps both of them, must be insane, or a man who was capable of beginning an acquaintance in this way would never have been sent in the gray dawn to meet her at the station. The general did not look insane. An impartial light had stolen swiftly into the whole sky, putting out the stars, and it showed a man with a haggard face in which all the lines suggested wickedness, but it had intellectual strength which saved it from entire repulsiveness. Apparently he was talking for the relief of expressing himself frankly, as people are tempted to speak to strangers; but he must have forgotten that she was not to be a stranger long. When they reached Sweet Hall and Miss Sarah, he might remember and be sorry. A moment of silence had fallen between them, and she broke it in the thoughtful, gently combative voice of abstract discussion.

"Don't you think that most people are punished in this life?" she asked.

He laughed with a clatter of ridicule, but no mirth, and for the first time since they had left the station he looked at her. A glint of approbation shone out through the contemptuous expression on his face, and died away. "I am a lawyer," he repeated, "a successful lawyer, and I know whether people are punished as they deserve or not." His voice fell so that Peter could not hear. "If I were punished as I deserve, I should be hung myself, — hung for murder. Every

one knows it, but I am the only one who dares say so. I have sent more than one innocent man to the gallows to clear a guilty client. Nobody in the state can arrange evidence or plead against me, and whenever I see a chance of winning my services are to be had. I have held high offices, and defied the laws which I made other people obey. I have been above the law, a law unto myself, but I'm getting old, and I'm afraid to die. I have triumphed in this life, but there is a hell for such as me."

Gabrielle had withdrawn her glance from his face, and was watching the little flurries of white sand scatter to left and right as the horse trotted; but she could feel him watching her narrowly, and it occurred to her that he was deliberately studying the effect of his words. With the reassurance of daylight he seemed less uncanny and more to be disliked. She turned to him again with a smile.

"Let us think of the past instead of the future, General Brandon," she said. "Tell me of the old times, when my mother was a girl."

He acquiesced with a bow. "I was one of your mother's warmest admirers," he declared; "and now that the light is fuller, the years seem to glide away. You are your mother's image, dear Miss Gabrielle."

"That is what people always say to daughters who go back," the girl said, parrying his gallant tone.

"You will find that Miss Sarah will say so," he answered simply, "and Miss Sarah's statements are above and beyond all doubt."

Gabrielle wondered at the conviction of his tone. He might be old and wicked and afraid to die, but he had a child's faith in Miss Sarah. She tried to picture her mother's friend out of the reminiscences with which he passed the remainder of the six miles to Sweet Hall; but the image was elusive, for his praise was so absolute that it was colorless. Miss Sarah was an angel, that was all,

and the girl's mind grew alert with curiosity about her.

To an angel, six o'clock of a spring morning was evidently too early an hour for revelations. Peter opened the great hall door, and the girl passed into the loneliness of an unawakened house. An old negro woman came forward with a hushed manner, and, after greeting her, led the way upstairs. Gabrielle bade the general good-morning, and followed her. From the upper hall a soft voice spoke, flattening and twisting its vowels in a way which takes the place of a written lineage.

"Did Miss Gabrielle arrive, Lucy?"

"Yes, Miss Sarah."

"Come here, child."

The upper hall was dusky, its windows curtained. Gabrielle went toward the voice, and found herself at a door held slightly open by the white intimation of a hand.

"Has the general gone home?" questioned the voice behind the door.

"Yes, Miss Sarah."

The door opened further, and a white frill with the voice inside peeped out. A slender hand clasped the girl's warmly. "Dear Gabrielle," the voice said, "it was mighty sweet of you to come so far to visit me, and I certainly do appreciate it. Go right to your room, child, and go to sleep. We will breakfast late, for you must be tired."

The white frill brushed the girl's face, and she was kissed and sent away. She had not seen well enough to return the kiss very accurately, but she had an impression of soft cheeks, delicately curved but thin, an oval face, and a kindly manner exquisitely finished with a reserve like the mist of cold dew on a rose. Miss Sarah's door closed, and opened again.

"We shall breakfast at ten, my dear, so you will have time for a refreshing sleep."

Daylight was prying round the curtains in Gabrielle's room. The long drive, the excitement of arriving at a strange

place at a strange hour, her interest in Miss Sarah, her unpleasant impressions of the general, all combined to make her wakeful past all possibility of sleep. It seemed to her that she could not bear the slow passage of the hours till ten o'clock. She was impatient to explore Sweet Hall, to know Miss Sarah, to meet Miss Sarah's neighbors, and to find out what their life was like.

Her mother had said to her: "You cannot understand it till you see it, Gabrielle. You cannot imagine such endless empty days, such thin husks of life, such narrow views. You would go crazy there. I was brought up in it, and I escaped; now you want to marry Staige Gordon and go back into it without knowing what it is. I only ask you to visit Miss Sarah before you answer him." And Gabrielle had complied, without much fear, but with great curiosity. Her mother had told her so little of Virginia that she had never come into her birthright of interest in the old state until she met Staige Gordon. He was different from any other man she knew, — more vitally alive, more earnest. He was a minister; she had never cared much for ministers out of the pulpit, but Staige was different, — so young, so free from set phrase or any badge except his manliness to mark him as a special servant of the Lord. He had made the life she lived seem empty and purposeless, and she had only smiled to herself when her mother had said the same things of his life; and yet, for her mother's sake, she was willing to make this visit before she promised him. Her meeting with the general had dismayed her a little, giving her a sense of having entered an atmosphere more foreign than she could apprehend; but she laughed at the thought of letting the strange conversation of one bad old man oppress her like an omen of unhappiness for herself and Staige.

More and more brightness came through the window, until, in spite of the curtain, the room was white with day.

It was strangely bare, and affected the wide-eyed girl like a cell, a big graceless cell, from which she would not be freed till ten o'clock. She turned restlessly in her bed, and thought over the things which she had thought before. She felt her mother's good-by kiss, and heard the whispered last words, "Think every day what it would be if it went on for years."

There was not a book in the room. She turned again, and discovered herself to be frantically hungry; if that went on for years, she should grow very thin. It was as if she had been sent to bed supperless for punishment, and while the hours dragged along she wondered if hunger was an affliction unknown to angels, and ladies of the old school. At last Lucy came to the door to call her, and her heart began beating tumultuously with the thought that the first day of her odd investigation had begun.

At breakfast her question about Miss Sarah's appetite was answered; notwithstanding the late hour, Miss Sarah did little more than say grace over her plate. She recommended Gabrielle to help herself, again and again, to batter bread, beaten biscuit, and waffles; and when Gabrielle continually accepted, she looked pleased, but surprised.

"Traveling always makes me hungry," Gabrielle explained; "in fact, I'm usually hungry."

"A good appetite is a great blessing, my dear," Miss Sarah assured her. "Did you enjoy your journey down?"

"I slept," Gabrielle answered. "I always sleep well on the cars."

Miss Sarah's delicate face grew sympathetic. "Are you troubled with wakefulness at home?" she asked.

"No," said Gabrielle.

A smile which had once owned dimples in Miss Sarah's cheeks gave a hasty glance across her face to see if they were still there. "It is fortunate that you sleep well," she said. "To sleep well and to have a good appetite assure good

health. Did you find the drive tiresome from the station?"

"Oh, not at all," the girl answered. "It was just dawn, you know, and one meteor fell when the stars were so faint we could scarcely see it."

"And the general was entertaining? He insisted upon meeting you, though I feared it might embarrass you to be met by a stranger."

Gabrielle was aware that all her answers were the answers of a child, but she could find no other way to speak. It seemed appropriate, too, for the four walls of the room stared at her with grim prudery out of the eyes of yellowed engravings, giving her a persistent consciousness of youth. "I was n't embarrassed," she said half shyly, thinking of the queer statements of the general. "I found him interesting."

"The general is always interesting," Miss Sarah declared. "He is a very prominent man in Virginia. He is considered very fascinating."

Gabrielle marveled, but dared not show it. "I think it was kind of him to meet me," she said. "No, I really could n't take another waffle, thank you."

Miss Sarah dismissed Lucy and the waffles. "I suppose your mother has told you a great deal about General Brandon, my dear?" she suggested, folding her napkin with exactitude.

"No," Gabrielle acknowledged; "or at least I don't remember, if she has. Mamma is seldom reminiscent."

A thin flush spread over Miss Sarah's delicately chiseled face. "My dear," she said, with an unexpected quality of tone, which showed that, with all her sedateness, she was speaking from impulse and right out of her heart, — "my dear, it is a great gratification to me that your mother should have sent you to me. I have always half feared that she did not quite forgive me for something that happened in the past. But her letter showed all the old friendship. We had never quarreled, you

know; and although she is somewhat younger than I, we were always the most intimate of friends, yet I feared that in the depths of her heart there might be some feeling of injury or regret. But when her letter came, saying that she could not bear to have your girlhood all pass in ignorance of the old places and the life we lived, I knew that she had forgiven me. I think she must be very happy, or she could not have written so. She is very happy, is she not, Gabrielle?"

"Yes," the girl answered, with an odd little pain at thought of the double meaning of her mother's words. "I think, as the world goes, that mamma is very happy. I know few people as interested in their lives as she is in hers. She is sure that everything is worth while, — that is, in New York. I don't think she has any regrets, and I don't believe you ever injured any one, Miss Sarah."

Miss Sarah glanced down at one of her fragile hands, which rested, trembling slightly, on the table. The fine blue veins and the slender tendons showed in it, and an old-fashioned ring hung loosely on the third finger. "You would scarcely believe it from seeing me now," she began hurriedly, "but except for me, my dear, the general and your mother might have married. You might have been General Brandon's daughter."

"Oh no!" cried Gabrielle.

Miss Sarah misunderstood her little gasp of surprise and revulsion. "Indeed, my dear, his manner makes him seem young, but he is more than old enough to be your father," she declared. "He is always attentive to young ladies. Did he tell you that he was coming over to take you driving this morning?"

"No, he did n't mention it," said Gabrielle. She wondered if it was a necessary part of old-fashioned etiquette that she should have no voice in the matter.

Miss Sarah looked rather pleased at his omission, although she had evidently been pleased at his planning to be atten-

tive to her guest. "I presume he thought that, on such short acquaintance, it would be more appropriate for me to speak of it," she explained. "The general is very thoughtful, my dear, and he will not forget his appointment. He never forgets, — in fact, I think he is coming now."

She rose and went to the window. Gabrielle followed, and saw the general in a single-seated phaeton, driving a lively span of horses toward the door. Miss Sarah clasped the girl's arm. The color came up into her cheeks and her eyes shone. "Gabrielle, dear, don't think me impertinent," she begged, "but I must take care of you in your mother's place. Perhaps she did not think to tell you that the general is very fascinating to young girls. It is because he is so attentive and chivalrous, but — but if he says anything to you while you are out driving, you must not take him too seriously."

Gabrielle felt a shudder of alarm. It had been bad enough to drive with him when he talked of dying; his love-making would be more than she could bear. "Do I *have* to go with him, Miss Sarah?" she asked anxiously.

"Indeed, I don't mean to keep you from having a good time," Miss Sarah answered. "I hope you'll see a great deal of the general while you are here. Of course you'll go with him."

The general had little to say in the beginning of the drive, and his hard old countenance seemed more evil at midday than at dawn. Lines of suffering in it, which would have gained Gabrielle's sympathy at once if they had been in the face of a good man, only added to her sense of revulsion from him. Under his eyes there were swollen areas of purple outlined by deep black marks, and heavy downward creases debarred the narrow fold of his cheek on each side from his mouth. If his eyes had been more prominent, they would have added the last touch of repugnance to his fea-

tures; but they were deep-set, and might have suggested a soul, if they had not been too dull to express anything but illness and pain.

Gabrielle made the few remarks which seemed necessary, and then sat in silence, giving more thought to the man beside her and the woman she had left than to the lonely old homesteads which the general pointed out with brief mention as they passed. Her heart sank with a desolation which she did not understand, and she shivered and drew a little further toward her side of the seat, remembering Miss Sarah's almost proud assurance, "You might have been General Brandon's daughter."

"Do you drive?" the general asked suddenly.

"Yes," Gabrielle answered. "I like to."

"Good," he said, and held the reins across to her. "There is more pleasure in driving. Take them."

His hand was shaking, and a glance at his face showed all the signs of physical illness which she had ignored in it before. The veins on his forehead were swollen, and his color was congested and dark, as if he were on the point of some violent seizure.

"Thank you," she said, taking the reins. Her own hands were trembling, and at first she could not confront the situation. The road stretched down a long wild hillside, with no houses in sight. Behind was an empty bit of forest. The general leaned back with his eyes closed, and groaned. She bent toward him.

"You are suffering. What can I do for you?" she asked.

"At the bottom of the hill — a spring," he said. "Drive fast."

She nodded, and spoke to the horses. They were ready for speed, but tender-mouthed, and there was exhilaration in guiding them down the rough road, with constant swervings to avoid rocks and ruts. At the bottom of the road a strip

of dark mud across the track marked the overflow of the spring. The spring itself was half hidden by the rich growth which it watered. Gabrielle sprang out, hurried to the clump of green, and parted the leaves. Her own excited face looked up at her out of a shadowed hand breadth of water. An old brown gourd hung on a beheaded sapling at one side. She filled it, and turned to hurry back.

The general was hanging at the side of the carriage, one foot on the step, one hand grasping the dashboard, and the other clinging to the supports of the carriage cover. Before she could reach him or call out, he sank heavily to the ground between the wheels. She dropped the gourd, and, running behind the phaeton, lifted the back of it round so that the wheels could turn without passing over him; then she led the horses away, and tied them.

The general followed her motions with his eyes, and when she filled the gourd again and came back to him, he was able to say, "Vertigo — my head."

She poured water over his forehead and hair, and, taking him by the shoulders, drew him on to the grass at the roadside. After that she saturated the linen lap-robe at the spring, and wrapped it round his head. His hands were cold. She chafed them, searched through the carriage, found a heavier lap-robe, and covered him with it. Then she stood and looked down at him.

As long as there was anything she could do, she had worked with little thought except to take as good care of him as she knew how. His slight weight had seemed easy to handle, and she had moved him with no consciousness of his personality, just as she had swung the carriage to one side without being aware of its weight. But now he and his illness became gruesome to her. The fear of death which he had confessed was in his eyes, and a horror of his darkened face and struggling respiration crept over her and surrounded her, as if she had

suddenly begun to feel the pressure of the atmosphere, from which there is no escape. The sensation got into her throat, so that she could scarcely find her voice, but, commanding it, she stooped and asked if she should go for help.

"No, it is passing," he said. "Stay."

His eyes implored her with the last word, so that she took his hands again and rubbed them; but the tenderness of the action did not change her sense of being held against her will. His illness seemed like part of the moral degradation which she felt about him. She believed that she should have felt it if he had not declared it to her himself, and she wondered if Miss Sarah, with her exquisite refinement, could be as ignorant of it as she appeared.

Not a wayfarer came in sight of them. The white clouds drifted silently above, and somewhere in the distance a mourning dove cooed, with insistent repetition of its hopelessness. The horses strained back and forth to the limit of their tether, cramping the phaeton until the wheels scraped against the guards, and kept looking inquiringly toward the general. Once one of them whinnied.

The general's hand closed sharply on Gabrielle's. "I shall die like this some day," he whispered. "I shall die and go to hell. Don't you see why I'm afraid?"

The girl's nerves recoiled; he was aware of it, and he pulled her hand closer to him, though she had not tried to withdraw it. She had to lean a trifle nearer, while his eyes held hers by their revolting fear of being left alone. She could not speak to reassure him; she would scarcely have spoken if she could. The moments passed in an intense abhorrence which turned her white and haggard. A vision of herself as another person came to her, and a shudder of pity crossed her face.

The general saw it, and his grasp relaxed a little, though he still detained her hand. "You are sorry for me," he

said weakly, "sorry for a bad man fearing death. But I am much better now; soon we can go on. You have been very good to me, and very brave. You are your mother's image, dear Miss Gabrielle. She feared nothing."

The girl followed an unexpected impulse in her answer. "Miss Sarah tells me you were very fond of my mother once," she told him.

The old man smiled. "Your mother was charming. I was one of her warmest admirers," he declared in the set phrase which was part of his code of compliment. "I have been fond of many women at many times, but only of one woman at all times, dear Miss Gabrielle."

"Miss Sarah?" Gabrielle asked.

"She is an angel," the old man said softly, — "like a point of light infinitely above me, like a star" —

Gabrielle looked away. She had seen the tears gathering in his eyes. He was silent a moment, and then his hand tightened again on hers. "You will not tell her," he pleaded. "This is nothing, only a passing vertigo, but it might alarm her, and she could scarcely pardon me for giving you such an unpleasant experience, — such an unsuitable experience for a young girl. She had intrusted you to me for entertainment. I felt ill, but I had no thought of anything like this."

Gabrielle could see his haggard soul in his eyes, and she felt sure that something deeper than his fear of Miss Sarah's displeasure at the turn her entertainment had taken was pleading for secrecy. "Of course I shall say nothing about this," she assured him, "but I think you ought to tell her you are feeling ill. She is such an old friend."

"No, no!" he answered sharply, pushing the wet cloth back from his forehead, and rising to his elbow. "I am Miss Sarah's suitor. It would be taking advantage of her sympathy." His arm shook as it supported him, but his face was determined. "We will drive on. I am well enough now," he said. "This

will all pass. I have had a touch of it before, and I know. The air is what I need. We will take a long drive, and by dinner time I shall be myself. You are not afraid to take a ten-mile circuit with me, round by Lochinvar, to save Miss Sarah from alarm?"

"For Miss Sarah's sake," Gabrielle answered, with a smile, thinking of Miss Sarah's warning. The general had evidently passed the time when he could be relied on to make love to all young girls, but it was terrible to think of driving with him ten miles further. She helped him into the carriage, in spite of his protest that he should be helping her. The horses pawed eagerly as she untied them. The general leaned back against the cushions, weak and a trifle dizzy still, and did not talk. Gabrielle gave her attention to the horses, and tried to keep herself from consciously loathing him. She felt as if she had taken the skeleton out of somebody's closet, and were driving with it. And this was Miss Sarah's lover, and too chivalrous to tell her he was ill. She wondered upon what footing he and Miss Sarah stood.

Gradually her thought wandered from these strange old lovers to her own life, in which love wavered in the balance against the loneliness of which her mother had told her, and which she realized now as she rode beside the general through the silent country, meeting only negroes and curious-eyed, unkempt white people who could never be a part of her life. And yet it was unfair to judge of the queer old country without Staige. Staige, with his vitality and purpose, could bring any place to life, and the very loneliness which her reason counted against his cause had an opposite effect upon her heart. Here of all places she felt that she needed him. Thinking of him seemed to protect her from the general's presence, and all the way round Lochinvar she played with the fancy that he was sitting between her and the old man with the ghastly face.

The days passed slowly at Sweet Hall. To Gabrielle their unbroken aimlessness was not plausible. They were all like dreams in which the dreamer is conscious of unreality, although the knowledge of the general's concealed illness hung above each hour like a threat. Time and again he quitted Sweet Hall abruptly, with such a look as had preceded his attack, and, until his next visit, Gabrielle watched every figure that approached along the road with a certainty that it was a messenger bringing bad news.

Miss Sarah, all in ignorance, talked of the general's odd fascinating ways, and exerted herself to provide other social life, in order, Gabrielle felt, that her young friend might not become too much attached to him. Two maiden ladies and a broken-down college student drove across from Lochinvar, and asked Gabrielle over some afternoon to play croquet. The clergyman from a cross-roads chapel called, and two girls, third cousins of Miss Sarah's, came from their homes, twenty miles distant, and stayed three days. There was a ball in Sweet Briar, the little railway town, and although Gabrielle would not let the general and Miss Sarah take her, for fear it would tire them, the discussion of the question was an event in itself. Gabrielle wrote home about it. When excitements crowded very close in the daytime, the Sweet Hall ladies went early to bed; and when the general came in the evening, to play dummy whist, Miss Sarah and Gabrielle took a nap next day. Gabrielle was amazed at the facility with which she learned to take naps, when other entertainments failed. Something favorable to napping pervaded the air. The people she met all spoke of taking naps, and sometimes, when she looked out across the green, sun-warmed hills, she caught the whole landscape taking its beauty sleep under a half-visible spring haze.

One morning after Peter had been to Sweet Briar for the mail, Gabrielle came

dancing into Miss Sarah's room with an open letter in her hand. She was blushing with pleasure, excitement, and a certain shyness, and she looked at Miss Sarah half appealingly.

Miss Sarah folded the sheets of the county paper she was reading. "You have news, my dear?" she asked. She often said that Gabrielle wrote and received more letters than any one else she ever saw, — "certainly more than any other young lady," she would correct herself, thinking of the probable magnitude of the general's correspondence.

Gabrielle was transformed to childishness by her news. She gave a joyful swoop, and kissed Miss Sarah on both cheeks. "Oh, I'm so happy, — so happy!" she cried. "I have a letter from Staige Gordon, and he's coming. Only think of it, he'll be here this afternoon, and I suppose I ought to meet him at the train."

"Meet him at the train, — Staige Gordon?" Miss Sarah gasped out of a sea of bewilderment. "Not Staige Gordon of Gordonsville?" She got her head out of one wave only to have another break above it.

"Yes, Staige Gordon of Gordonsville!" Gabrielle cried. "Do you know him? He's coming this afternoon, and do you think it would be wrong if I asked the general to lend me his horses to drive to Sweet Briar and meet the train? Peter has been once, you know, and Job must be tired. The general is sure to be over before time to start."

"Sit down, sit down, my dear." Miss Sarah was smoothing out her dress, as if to have it in more correct folds would soothe her mind. "You speak so rapidly that I don't quite understand. Is Staige Gordon an acquaintance of yours?"

"An acquaintance!" the girl echoed frankly. "Why, I'm jumping up and down and clapping my hands at the thought of seeing him. He's a very dear friend."

Miss Sarah gasped again. "My dear," she protested, "if people were to hear you speak so unguardedly, they might think — why, I don't know what they would think."

"I suppose they would think I am very fond of him," the girl said, "and I am."

"But surely," Miss Sarah insisted, flushing a little, "you would not wish people to know — why, I reckon that even if I were engaged to a young man I should hesitate — I should fear people would consider me indiscreet or unmaidenly" —

Gabrielle saw the whole refined, reticent, repressed, insincere life of the old-fashioned maidenly maidens exemplified in Miss Sarah's shocked face. She had never realized before how far her own ideals varied from those of the women a generation older than she. It hurt her a little that she had shocked Miss Sarah, not so much because she disliked being misunderstood as because it was painful to Miss Sarah to misunderstand. Her manner lost the exuberance which the thought of Staige's coming into that lonely place had given her.

"Why, Miss Sarah," she said gently, "can it be unmaidenly to show that one likes a man who is worthy to be liked, particularly if he has sought one's friendship?"

"There are little ways of showing favor," Miss Sarah answered, "but to go about revealing one's liking openly is certainly indiscreet; and — and do you not shrink from the idea of it, my dear?"

"Not at all," said Gabrielle. "Women and men are both human; I don't see why a girl should shrink from liking a man unless there is something repulsive about him, — some coarseness or wickedness."

Miss Sarah drew back perceptibly from the mere words. "Don't, my dear," she protested. "A young girl like you knows nothing about the wickedness of the world. It is better for you not to think

of it. As long as a girl keeps her maidenly reserve she will never admit a man to too great intimacy, and if his intentions are serious, her parents can inquire into his habits. And as for your meeting a young man at the train, I could never permit that, my dear."

"But why not?" asked Gabrielle. "I meet so many of them every summer, when we are in the country, you know."

"And your mother permits it?" Miss Sarah's face was troubled.

"Why, of course she does. Sometimes they are to be guests at the house, and I take them home" —

"Your mother must have changed very much," Miss Sarah interrupted, "and perhaps in the North it is not misunderstood; but Staige Gordon is a Virginian, and if you were to meet him at the train he would consider it an unbecoming advance; and so, even if your mother permits it at home, I cannot permit it here."

"But, Miss Sarah" — Gabrielle wanted of all things to see Staige alone, and she felt as if she could not wait for the slow formalities. She dropped on one knee beside her friend, and looked up, half laughing, half pleading, into the frail old face which made her think of one of those exquisite miniatures in which all the lines glide imperceptibly beyond beauty into attenuated grace. "Staige will not misunderstand," she declared. "He knows our ways, and perhaps you will think differently when I tell you that he wants me to marry him."

"You are engaged?" Miss Sarah asked.

"No-o," said Gabrielle. "I'm thinking about it. I feel now as if he could help me think."

Miss Sarah smiled, and the smile turned wistful as she looked into the girl's face, seeing a little beyond its frankness into a sweet reserve just changing into confidence. "It is strange," she said more sadly than she

knew, "it seems natural for most women to look forward to marriage, but I could never bring myself to consider it."

Gabrielle understood, but she could not reach out impulsively, as she would if Miss Sarah had been less timid. They were silent a moment, the shy, repressed older woman unconsciously envying the girl who dared to take her womanhood in full, and yet was broadly human quite as much as womanly. Gabrielle was first to speak: —

"It's all right, then, for me to meet him, is n't it?"

Miss Sarah came out of her musing. "Why, my dear," she said in agitation, — "why, my dear, if he is your suitor and you have not accepted him, you certainly must not meet him at the train. It pains me to refuse you anything, but I should feel very remiss if I let you go. Peter can go again, or perhaps the general will go himself. Neither the general nor I have seen Staige since he was a little boy, but we shall both be pleased to meet him again. The Gordons are related to the Brandons, and of course the general will ask Staige to stop with him. It will be much pleasanter than at the hotel in Sweet Briar."

"And much closer, too," said Gabrielle. "I'm glad of that."

"My dear!" expostulated Miss Sarah.

The girl laughed. She could not be repressed when Staige was coming. Staige would make her sure again that life is for the living in all places. It had scarcely been fair of her mother to send her down to judge of modern conditions in a spot which chance had made the loneliest in the state, robbing it of its young people, and preserving it from contact with the world until all its old maids and bachelors and widows had fallen asleep.

The general had not fallen asleep, to be sure, but he was likely to at any time, and for long. He was looking very ill,

yet he entered at once into the project of meeting and entertaining Staige, when Miss Sarah decorously intimated it to him, and he showed an old man's alertness in regard to love affairs, with an old beau's affectation of jealousy. It was hard to convince him that Staige was more than nineteen; yet when he expressed a mournful resignation at the prospect of sharing the ladies of Sweet Hall with a younger rival, it was evident that the difference in their ages did not strike him as very great. He begged Miss Sarah and Gabrielle to save him one or two smiles a day, and when he set out for Sweet Briar he kissed their hands. Gabrielle had never seen him so gay, and she and Miss Sarah had never been so full of repartee. She wanted to cry and laugh at the same time. The observer in her saw it all as such a pathetic spectacle, and the starved youth in her was so happy.

The carriage returned at last, but Gabrielle found that even happiness could not quite overcome the embarrassment which she felt at meeting Staige, with Miss Sarah looking on, ready to be horrified at too much cordiality, and the general watching like a hawk for something to joke about. Miss Sarah was painstakingly careful to say nothing which would mark Staige as a lover, but the general was anxious that he should be branded past mistake. Gabrielle had never heard jests so alarmingly personal, so evidently intended to make self-conscious sweethearts blush and writhe.

Staige did not seem disconcerted, and once his eyes sought hers, full of laughter, and she realized that he understood the general's lightness better, and was more prepared for it, than she. He had probably been teased in this way about every girl in his congregation, and was used to it. The thought pained her. It took from his dignity.

When the mid-afternoon dinner was over, relief finally came in the form of a discussion between the general and

Miss Sarah in regard to a date which was quite out of Gabrielle's and Staige's memory; the sun, too, went down just then in a cloud of glory which required witnesses, and Miss Sarah thought there was excuse enough for sending the young people out into the garden, where they could talk alone.

"You will find it like the garden of Eden," the general said as they started out. "One thing grows there which you must not bring back to the house."

"What is that?" Staige asked. "What are we forbidden?"

The general laughed, but there was a curious undertone in his voice. "Bleeding hearts grow out there," he explained. "Don't bring them back."

Miss Sarah blushed faintly, though only Gabrielle was looking at her. "The dicentra is a flower that is very much admired," she said.

The general turned and lifted her hand to his lips. "It is so much admired that we pick it whether we would or no," he answered.

A silence which had loitered all through the brilliant sunlit day, waiting patiently for twilight in Miss Sarah's garden, came forward to meet the two young people as they went outdoors. They walked down a box-bordered path, and between blossoming lilacs, syringas, and calacanthus, standing in crowded groups, with their perfume around them like a special atmosphere; and, as they walked, they wondered what would be the first word they should say. Then they came to beds of lower-growing flowers, and in one of them was a great clump of bleeding hearts.

Gabrielle stooped and lifted a long stem which had curved over until the bright unbroken flowers at the tip were almost on the ground. Her own heart was torn by many thoughts. Doubts which she had believed Staige's coming would silence rose in her, unanswered. Even the sweetness of the garden would be hard to breathe, if it were to last for

years. Staige bent toward her, but she must not let him speak.

"Tell me," she said, — "everybody here knows everybody else, — tell me about the general and Miss Sarah."

Staige straightened himself, feeling as if he had let a moment which he needed slip out of his hands. "All Virginia knows their story," he answered. "The general has been courting Miss Sarah for thirty-five years. They say he proposes to her once a month, and she would miss it sadly if he stopped. There was a time when he held the love of half the girls in the state in his hands, and he threw it all away to reach for Miss Sarah's. He has never tired of reaching for it, because it is never within reach, — that's all."

"And yet she loves him," Gabrielle said, — "I know she loves him. But how can she, — how could all of them, — when he seems so horribly evil?"

She spoke with an earnestness which made Staige feel as if the question of the general and Miss Sarah had some bearing upon his own life. "You must remember," he said almost sadly, "things were very different in those days. They are very different down here still. You can scarcely understand. The old-fashioned idea was to bring girls up in a sort of shy ignorance. They did not know that wickedness meant cruelty and uncleanness and selfishness. If they heard that a man was bad, they were not repelled from him, because they did not know what badness really means in any form. It was all a mystery, and so it fascinated them."

"Yes," the girl interrupted, "that is Miss Sarah's expression. She says the general is 'considered very fascinating.' It has seemed to me the strangest word for him; and sometimes, when I see her eyes resting on him in such a shy, pathetic way, I feel like crying. It's so pitiful that any good woman should not know

some better fascination than that. And yet, when she can look at him so, why does n't she marry him?"

Staige shook his head. "I don't know, but perhaps it is like this," he suggested. "She may have an instinct which takes the place of knowledge, and keeps her above her own ideals. She is flattered by his devotion, and she loves him, and yet the pure soul in her unconsciously holds aloof; she thinks it is just 'maidenliness,' but perhaps she would never have felt so if the general had been a different man."

"But all those other girls," Gabrielle urged. "They were ready to marry him. Is it true that my mother was one of them?"

"Report says so," he told her. "It scarcely seems possible when one thinks of your father; but perhaps her memory of Virginia would be pleasanter except for that."

Gabrielle lifted a quivering face. "Perhaps so," she said; "but even without that, life would still be the same. People would still think that sleep was activity; ignorance, virtue; and insincerity, reserve. Miss Sarah is sure that a hundred things which make up my daily life are wicked, and yet she shuts her ears to all the wickedness the general boasts of, and her eyes to all that his face tells. I begin to understand why my mother said 'escaped.'"

He looked at her as she stood tremulous among the flowers, and the fear of what her words might be foretelling to him rose choking in his throat. He was too unprepared to plead with her, or to tell her what his life was as he saw it; he had told her long ago, and he had thought she understood, — that this trial was a mere form. He stepped closer; but when she saw his face the tears came up in her eyes, and she stooped again, groping for the bleeding hearts.

He caught at her arm. "Don't pick them," he begged hoarsely.

"Would n't it be better to pick them

now than afterward?" she whispered. "I — I don't think I can face it, Staige. I believed I could when I came, I believed it this morning when I heard from you; but now, somehow, the thought of the long, repressed years — you are so much better than I — you can do it for your work, for the hope of helping people, but I — I am afraid of all the people telling stories of the past. And to think it would n't be for a little while, but for all our lives; that is the awful part, — for all our lives."

He took his hand from her arm and stood silent, his pride pierced to the quick by realizing how much he had asked. She still searched blindly among the flowers, her breast rising and falling with quick, noiseless sobs, and he could not take her in his arms and comfort her, because she dared not face his life. The insistent sweetness of the garden swayed around them, and the sunlight left the tips of the tall pine trees behind the house. It was one of those torturing pauses which are too sad to put an end to, because after them follows the full, unending sadness of the years.

After a long time she faced him once more. She had expected that he would speak. "Can you forgive me?" she asked.

"I wanted you to sacrifice too much," he said. "I did not know. You must forgive me."

"Don't," she begged sharply. He seemed to have gone further from her than she thought he could with so few words, and she saw that he would not be like the general. He would never ask again.

He glanced toward the house. "Shall we go in so soon, or walk a little farther?" he questioned.

"I can't go in yet," she said, and so they walked on through the importuning of the twilight; the dew distilled around them, and out of the slowly fading glow in the west the evening star began to shine. At the foot of the garden they

turned to retrace their steps. It was startling to see how near they still were to the house, — they had gone so far.

"There is another thing," she said, wavering. "I — I can't go back to where I was before."

"Gabrielle?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know yet!" she cried. "I must take more time."

The house door was flung open, and Miss Sarah called in a voice as sharp and terrifying as a shot. Without a word they ran to answer her. She stood on the porch, bending a white face forward into the dusk. Her hands were locked together in front of her, to hold her quiet till they came.

"The general!" she cried, as Staige bounded up the steps. "The general!"

Staige and Gabrielle ran past her into the parlor. Shadows filled it, but a sound of heavy breathing guided them to the general, lying on the floor. Staige struck a match, and its flicker showed them the limp figure, the darkened face, and the fixed, unconscious eyes. Gabrielle hurried away for lights and cold water. Peter and Lucy and the cook were huddled together in the dining room, drawn by Miss Sarah's scream, but too much frightened to come farther. She gave them directions and hurried back.

Miss Sarah had come in, and stood near the general. "We were talking, and he grew — agitated" — she said, "and suddenly he fell here at my feet." She wrung her hands, and then buried her face in them, giving way to loud sobs. "I — I felt — as if I had struck him down," she gasped pitifully, for her calamity had shattered the reserve which was as much a part of her as the old-fashioned primness of her dress.

"Staige will take the general's horses, and go with Peter for the doctor," Gabrielle said, and drew her to a seat. "Peter does n't dare drive them, and Job is too slow. I know what to do until the doctor comes. You must not be frightened. He may be better very

soon." She turned back to Staige. "You must go," she told him in a lower voice. "I have seen the general almost like this before, only Miss Sarah does n't know. There is n't much to be done except to get the doctor, and you will drive faster than Peter. He has gone to get the carriage."

"All right," Staige said. He gave a questioning, hopeless glance at Miss Sarah, and left the room.

Lucy and the cook came in with a mattress, and laid the general on it. Gabrielle bound his head in wet cloths, and raised it with pillows; she had the women bring warm irons for his feet and chafe his hands. He continued to breathe with a heavy labor which made his unconsciousness seem brutish and horrible. His face photographed itself on the girl's mind, and she knew that it would haunt her in moments of morbid weariness, appearing out of the dark when she longed for sleep; Miss Sarah's sobbing completed her sense of chaotic disorder and desolation.

She went to Miss Sarah and put a hand on her shoulder. "You *must* stop crying," she said. "What if the general were to come to, and hear you? It would make him worse again."

Miss Sarah controlled herself a moment, and looked up through the dimness of her tears. "Will he get better?" she asked.

"I don't know," Gabrielle answered. "We can only wait."

The older woman slipped to her knees, and bowed her head on her clasped hands. She was trembling violently and sobbing harder than before, and in broken, half-coherent words she began begging God for the general's life. Gabrielle stood by her side, hurt by the necessity which made her hear, inexpressibly pained and sympathetic, yet tingling with the consciousness of the torture which would burn Miss Sarah's cheeks some time when she remembered. Through the broken apology and peti-

tion, she learned that the general had taken the time when she and Staige were in the garden to press his suit again, and Miss Sarah had again refused. There seemed to be no reason except the intangible one that she preferred his friendship to any closer relation, and she explained to God that the general had often said that it would kill him if she kept on refusing, but she had thought that it was only a part of his chivalry. This time he had cried out sharply, "You are leaving me to die alone," and had fallen at her feet. She huddled herself close to the chair, gasping and spent, while Gabrielle found the tears running down her own face, it was so terrible a thing to have happened to Miss Sarah. The colored women working over the general began to sob, and one of them prayed softly, begging the Lord to listen, and not leave her little mistress with a broken heart. Miss Sarah found articulate speech again, and in sharp moans, wrung by mental anguish out of physical exhaustion and suffering, she promised to marry the general if God would let him live. Gabrielle left her and stood by the general, finding his oblivion less hard to bear than Miss Sarah's convulsive pleading.

"What a strange thing it is," the girl thought, "that she is willing to grant to him dying what she would never grant while he lived!"

She knew of nothing more to be done for the general, and she could only wait, — wait with an awed feeling that she was in the anteroom of the great chamber of decrees. Within it God sat in silence, pondering his answer to Miss Sarah's prayer. The beautiful dim night which breathed through the windows was his council room, and this small lighted space, crowded and audible with suffering, was no greater, compared to his domain, than the time of a single life is to eternity. But it was very terrible. Her thoughts went back to the city, — another, larger waiting room, with lights and hurrying figures, laughter, anguish,

cries, timid innocence and faithful wickedness, — it was all the same as here, with the great thoughtful silence on the other side the door ; she could not straighten out the puzzle of it, but she saw that the small activities of her existence in the city would be no better a refuge from the solemnity of life than Miss Sarah's wakeful napping in the middle of the day. She had told Staige that she could not face his outlook, but perhaps it was all life that she shrank from, having had time in the quiet weeks to look deeper than ever before into its mystery.

The general's breathing grew easier. Lucy touched Gabrielle, calling her attention, and she knelt beside him. His eyes were conscious, and haunted by the knowledge that he had been near to death.

"Miss Sarah will come to you," she said softly. "She will never leave you."

Miss Sarah hurried across the room, but paused, swaying, as she met the general's eyes. For a moment their imploring only made her remember that she would rather be his friend.

"You promised," Gabrielle whispered tensely, — "you promised God."

Miss Sarah drew her breath with a final sob, and pressed one frail hand tight against her heart. "I — promised," she murmured, and, dropping on her knees, she passed her arm under his head. Her soft wet cheek pressed his. She glanced up, wondering if the room and her old self could see, then bent again and kissed him. Death would part them soon, but in the sweetness of the moment lost peace came back to the general's face,

and lost youth to hers. Gabrielle's heart seemed breaking as she left the room.

The white driveway led from the house, and she followed it. At the gate she paused, and held her head between her hands. Tears coursed down her cheeks, but she could not tell why she was crying. It was so strange and sad and holy just to live that every nerve quivered, and flashes of understanding kept the pulse in her temples struggling like a bird beating its wings. She tried to brush the tears from her eyes and look up at the big kind stars, so full of perfect knowledge and of calm ; but the stars blurred, and she bowed her head. A pause of weariness came to her, and through the hush of thought she heard a far-off rhythm of hoofbeats muffled in the sand. She did not stir, but her thought timed itself to the distant measure, and a cool air dried the tears upon her cheeks.

The sound grew closer and closer. She could not break the suspense by looking to see how close, but stood with her head bowed, waiting by the open gate. Wheels creaked through the sand. She heard Staige's voice, and looked up. The foam-flecked horses reared beside her, checked suddenly. Staige jumped from the carriage, and Peter drove on.

"The doctor was gone ; he 'll come as soon as he gets home," Staige said. "I hurried back to help" — There was dread and question on his face.

Gabrielle took a step toward him. "The general is better, Staige," she began tremulously, "but — oh, Staige, I have been waiting so long."

Mary Tracy Earle.

THE ROAD TO ENGLAND.

"The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England." — BOSWELL'S *Johnson* (A. D. 1763).

It has often been a question in my mind whether I was personally helped or hindered by the fact of never having set foot on the shores of England until forty-eight years old. The very juvenile age at which young people now go there, and the fact that we generally regard this arrangement as a thing in itself desirable, are curiously in contrast with the time when early foreign travel was comparatively rare. In my own case, the postponement never, on the whole, seemed to be a distinct injury, since I cannot but think that the strictly American fibre was likely to be knit more strongly, at least in those days, for persons bred in their own country. The interval certainly gave time for measuring men and thoughts at home, for testing one's self by different forms of action, and for accumulating knowledge which made the new experience more valuable. Undoubtedly, during such years of waiting, the eagerness of every American to see the home of his fathers grew stronger and stronger; and he was apt to share the feeling of Johnson's imaginary Scotchman, though perhaps from a higher motive, that the noblest prospect he could see would be the highroad leading to England. The circumstance that, in this instance, his path was to be "o'er the mountain waves," in Campbell's phrase, only increased the attraction.

Yet as a matter of fact the American began to walk on the road to England from the time when he first encountered English literature and Englishmen, even as transplanted to this continent. Of course, the knowledge of English literature traveled to us easily, and this all the more because the responsible literary authorities, even of American imprint, were

then almost wholly English; the leader among them, in my boyhood, being the weekly *Albion*, then published in New York. It is to be remembered, however, that the actual contact with such English authors, statesmen, or men of high social rank as visited this country was much easier in Boston and Cambridge than elsewhere, because the early Cunard steamers made Boston, not New York, their terminus. In the society of that city, and still more in the academical society of Cambridge, it was more common than now, very probably, to meet distinguished Englishmen. It was rare indeed to see the Harvard Commencement events pass by without visitors of this description. Englishwomen of rank, however, rarely came to America, nor do they abound even now. I think that the first titled Englishwoman whom I ever met was that very original and attractive young representative of this class, Lady Amberley, who visited this country about 1868, — daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and wife of the young Lord Amberley, son and heir of Earl Russell. I had found it quite easy to overcome the vague American deference for the supposed authority of a title in case of the Englishmen of rank who had passed before my eyes, for I could not convince myself that their manners or bearing were superior to those of various gentlemen — Bostonians, Philadelphians, and Virginians — whom I had met. I may add that no later experience has ever removed this impression, while undoubtedly the Latin blood often exhibits to us, even in lower social grades, finer examples of courtesy than can easily be paralleled in the Germanic races.

Thus much for Englishmen of rank; and as for women of the corresponding class, it is certain that Miss Burney's and Miss Edgeworth's novels had formed

for us a very imperfect anticipation of such a type as Lady Amberley, a girlish wife of nineteen, as frank and simple as any American girl, and with much more active interest in real things than was to be found in most of the Newport dowagers who shook their heads over her heretical opinions. I had once the pleasure of driving her in a pony phaeton to White Hall, a former residence of the English bishop, Berkeley, and the place where he wrote his *Minute Philosopher*. All the memories of Berkeley, I observed, did not absorb the boyish husband and wife so eagerly as the old-fashioned well-sweep that crowned the well; and they were never weary of pulling down the buckets. I took her, on the way, to call on La Farge and see his then recent designs from Browning; being dismayed, however, to learn from her that although Browning was a great favorite socially at her father's house in London, yet neither she nor her friends cared anything about his poetry. She talked with the greatest frankness about everything, being particularly interested in Vassar College, then the only example of its class; and she persistently asked all the young girls why they did not go there, until she was bluntly met at last by a young married woman as frank in speech as herself, though less enlightened, who assured her that no society girl would think of going to college, and that nobody went there except the daughters of "mechanics and ministers."

I remember that she in turn gave me some admirable suggestions from her own point of view; as, for instance, when I asked her whether the highest London society was not made more tame by the fact that all guests were necessarily determined by rank rather than by preference, and she answered that it was not so at all, pointing out the simple fact that the recognized aristocracy was on quite too large a scale to be included in any private drawing room, so that there had to be a selection, and this made it very

easy to drop out the unavailable patri-cians, and bring in plebeians who were personally attractive. Young girls, for example, she said, who were staying as guests in great houses, and who had strong points in the way of beauty or music or conversation, might have an immensely successful social career, however unknown or humble their origin, while whole families of magnates would come from the more distant counties for the London season and entirely fail of actual success. "I know lots of dukes' daughters," she said casually, "who get no attention whatever." There was really something quite delicious, to my republican ears, in thus sweeping, as it were, a *débris* of dukes' daughters into this dustpan of indifference.

Perhaps the young speaker was herself not so much a type as a bit of eccentricity, yet she was an interesting and high-minded one, and reinforced her equally independent but personally insignificant husband with potent strength. There was a story in Cambridge that when he had rashly trusted himself, one day, in a circle of bright people without her, and had suffered some repression, she drove out the next day alone to fight the battle over again with the accomplished host. "Mr. —," she said impetuously, "Amberley has been telling me what you were saying to him yesterday. Now you know that's all bosh." This story gave some pleasure, I fear, to those previously disposed to take sides against her entertainer, and it suggests a somewhat similar bit of retaliation which occurred in case of another English visitor, also highly connected, but oppressively well informed, who once at a Philadelphia dinner table, when some suburban town in Pennsylvania was mentioned, remarked incidentally that its population was 3278. While the company sat dumb with admiration, a quiet man farther down at the table, who had hitherto been speechless, opened his lips to say: "I think the gentleman is mistaken. The population

is 3304." An eminent Oxford professor told me, years after, that this incident, which soon got into the newspapers, might be said to have delighted two continents.

When I lived at Newport, Rhode Island, from 1864 to 1878, there was a constant procession of foreign visitors, varying in interest and often quite wanting in it. I remember one eminent literary man, who, in spite of all cautions to the contrary, appeared at a rather fashionable day reception in what would now be called a golf suit, of the loudest possible plaid, like that of the Scotch cousin in *Punch* who comes down thus dressed for church, to the terror of his genteel cousins. What was more, the visitor also wore a spyglass of great size, hung round his neck, all through the entertainment. Another highly connected Englishman, attending an evening reception given expressly for him, came into the parlor with his hat and umbrella in his hand, declining to be parted from them through the whole evening; which suggested to a clever Newport lady the story of the showman who exhibited a picture of Daniel in the lions' den, and pointed out that Daniel was to be distinguished from the lions by having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm. In this case, the lady remarked that the conditions were reversed, since it was the lion that carried the umbrella.

One also saw at Newport many foreigners of distinction and positive interest, especially at the house of Mr. George Bancroft, where I remember seeing the Emperor of Brazil, traveling as Dom Pedro, with his wife, she having with her a little lady in waiting who felt it her duty to go about and whisper to the other guests not to forget that her Imperial Majesty was a Bourbon. When I paused to recall what that name had signified through centuries of despotism and gloom, it was startling to think that I was sitting on the same sofa chatting peacefully with one of its

last representatives. A more interesting visitor was Thomas Hughes, still dear to the schoolboy heart, whom I took up on the cliffs for a stroll, which he has kindly commemorated in his published journal, but which was saddened to me by the fact that as we stood together beside the Spouting Rock, and he, despite caution, went too near, a sudden jet of salt water deluged his only white duck suit from top to toe, and he was driven hastily back to the house. I recall with pleasure, also, a visit to Newport by the young Baron Mackay, now Lord Reay, whom I took with me, at his request, to see a public grammar school, where he talked to the children with such simplicity and frankness as to win their hearts, and to prefigure his fine career as chairman of the London school board, lord rector of St. Andrews University, president of University College, and governor of Bombay.

It may be said in general that American strangers who had decent introductions were most kindly received, twenty-five years ago, in London. A little flavor of foreignness was not only borne patiently, but accepted as a merit; and indeed Lord Houghton told me that the early Americans, as Ticknor and Sumner, had been sometimes characterized as not having enough flavor of their own soil. I cannot forget, however, that Miss Kate Field, then living in London and having a decided circle of popularity of her own, used to declare that the English kindness toward our fellow countrymen was strictly limited by selfishness; that it must be a poor letter of introduction which would not bring forth an invitation to dinner. "After that," she said, "if you do not make yourself agreeable, they will drop you like a hot potato." From this calamity a very short stay is a sure preventive, and may work successful results, like Sam Weller's brief love letter. At the time of which I write (1872) many cultivated Englishmen were meditating visits to

America, and even lecturing tours, so that such men as Tyndall, Froude, and others were naturally inclined to make the acquaintance of those familiar with the field; and authors, again, are always fancied to be kindly disposed to those who write literary criticisms for the press. It was also a period when two or three American writers were so enormously popular in England that I could at once command the ear of any Englishwoman by telling her that I had been a pupil of Longfellow, or of any Englishman by dropping out the fact that I had dined with Mark Twain in his own house and that he had said grace at table.

But even apart from these phantom ties I was constantly struck with the genuine spirit of hospitality among Englishmen toward Americans as such, even those with whose pursuits they might have almost nothing in common, and for whom they had not the least reason to put themselves out. I liked this none the less because it had definite limitations as to pecuniary obligations and the like, including everything in the nature of "treating;" all this being, in my opinion, a weak point in our more gushing or more self-conscious habit. I remember to have once been taken by a gentleman, on whom I had but the slightest claim, to the country house of another, on whom I had no claim whatever. The latter was not at all literary, and had not even the usual vague English interest in American affairs; yet he gave up his whole afternoon to drive me to Kenilworth, which he had seen a thousand times. But that for which I liked him best, and which afforded a wholly new experience, was that, as we entered the outer doorway, he, going first, looked back over his shoulder and said simply, "They make you pay threepence for admission here," and then added, speaking to the attendant, "Here is my threepence." After all the time and trouble he had given to his stranger guest, he yet left him to pay his own threepence,

a thing which most Americans would not have dreamed of doing. It would have been the American notion of good breeding to save a guest from expense, as it was the English impulse to save him from the sense of obligation. I confess that I prefer the latter method.

On the other hand, I was much impressed with the English weakness constantly shown in the eagerness of even radical audiences to secure, if possible, a man of rank to take the chair at any public meeting; and also with the deference with which such hearers would listen to very poor or dull speaking if backed by a title, while they would promptly stamp down a man of their own rank, with a rudeness rarely paralleled in America, if he spoke a little too long or not clearly enough. This I noticed, for instance, at a large meeting in the Freemason's Tavern (in 1878), at which I had been invited to speak in favor of opening picture galleries and museums on Sunday. Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven both argued acceptably, followed by the late Lord Dorchester, who spoke with the greatest difficulty and quite inaudibly, but received nevertheless a rapt attention, whereas a delegate from Manchester, who spoke far better and more to the point, was stamped down without mercy. In following him I was received and heard with the greatest cordiality as an American, while I said nothing to compare in value with what the man from Manchester had said. Again, it is held in England perfectly legitimate for a party to break up by force a meeting of the opposite party, whereas this is very rare with us, and always hurts the rioters. Much is said about the English love of fair play, but this instinct would really seem less strong among the English than among ourselves.

I had the great advantage, both in England and France, of being sent in 1878 as a delegate to some prison discipline meetings; and although this was

a subject with which I was somewhat unfamiliar, yet I went, fortunately, under the wing of the late Rev. Dr. E. C. Wines, whom I found everywhere to be treated with great deference as the recognized leader in that whole matter. I particularly enjoyed a meeting at the Social Science Rooms in London at which the late Lord Carnarvon presided. I became acquainted for the first time with the much more formal habits of English public meetings, as compared with ours, — the detailed proposing and seconding of everything, even of votes of thanks to chairmen and secretaries, always accompanied by speeches by the proposer and seconder. I noticed there, also, the marked difference between English and Irish public speaking, the latter exemplified by the late Lord O'Hagan, and remarkable in his case for its ease and flow.

But most remarkable of all, and surpassing in spontaneous oratory anything I ever heard in England, was the speech, at this meeting, of Cardinal Manning, a man whose whole bearing made him, as my friend Conway said, "the very evolution of an ecclesiastic." Even the shape of his head showed the development of his function; he had the noble brow and thin ascetic jaw, from which everything not belonging to the upper realms of thought and action seemed to have been visibly pared away; his mouth had singular mobility; his voice was in the last degree winning and persuasive; his tones had nothing in them specifically English, but might have been those of a highly cultivated American, or Frenchman, or Italian, or even German. I felt as if I had for the first time met a man of the world, in the highest sense, — and even of all worlds. His knowledge of the subject seemed greater than that of any other speaker; his convictions were wholly large and humane, and he urged them with a gentle and controlling courtesy that disarmed opposition. In reading his me-

moirs, long after, I recognized the limitations which came from such a temperament and breeding; but all his wonderful career of influence in England existed by implication in that one speech at the Prison Congress. If I were looking for reasons in favor of the Roman Catholic Church, its strongest argument, in my opinion, would be its power to develop and promote to high office one such man. The individual who stands next to him in my personal experience, and perhaps even as his superior, is a French priest I once met by chance in one of the great Continental cathedrals, and whose very name I do not know; but who impressed and charmed me so profoundly by his face, manner, and voice, it has seemed to me ever since that if I waked up to find myself betrayed into a great crime, I should wish to cross the ocean to confess it to him.

In meeting the Englishman whom I had perhaps most desired to encounter, — Mr. Gladstone, — I had a curious illustration of the uncertain quality of a letter of introduction. On one's first visit to a foreign country one collects these with a curious interest, as if each were a magic key to open a realm of unbounded promise; but he may live to find that there is much difference in the keys. I was offered a letter to Mr. Gladstone from an English clergyman, an Oxford doctor of divinity, not now living, who had resided for some time in this country as a very successful tutor or coach for college students. He had written, when in England, a pamphlet in support of Gladstone, at some important crisis, and in his letter of introduction recalled himself to the great man's memory by this good deed. On arriving in London I sent out my letters with my card in the usual way, and that to Mr. Gladstone was the only one which remained unanswered. This state of things continuing for many days, it crossed my mind that I had heard a vague rumor at home to the effect that the clergy-

man had left England under a cloud, and mentioning the matter to Sir John Rose, whom I had met in America and whom I knew to be on intimate terms with Mr. Gladstone, the matter was soon set right, and the obstacle turned out to have been just what I supposed. After all, however, I had but a brief interview with Mr. Gladstone, by his own appointment, on which occasion, as I find by my notebook, I was struck with his being in voice and appearance more like an American than most Englishmen I had seen. He was surprisingly well acquainted with our leading American authors, and came near to conceding, so I fancied, that the outcome of our civil war had been quite unlike what he had expected. He showed great pleasure in the fact that Edward Everett had sent his son to the English Cambridge, and expressed earnest hope that this would become more common for American youth. It was pleasant to carry him the first information that his *Juventus Mundi* had been reprinted in this country, a thing which seemed to please him exceedingly. I find recorded of him in my brief diary: "A fine, wise, keen face; a voice like Emerson's without the hesitancy." My visit to London being very hurried, it was necessary to decline an invitation to breakfast, and through a series of circumstances we did not meet again.

The radical side of London was more conspicuous then than now, and I should have been extremely sorry to have missed it. I wished particularly to hear Charles Bradlaugh, who was just at the height of his fame as a popular speaker. I was piloted to his hall by Mr. Odger, a prominent workingmen's leader, a diminutive, sturdily built man, who ploughed his way before me through the Sunday-evening crowd like a bluff little English tug making the way for a clumsier craft. The place of meeting was a low and dingy hall, crowded with people who listened with great enthusiasm to an ad-

dress on Jehovah. Bradlaugh seemed to me one of the natural orators, like Beecher, a man of commanding appearance and fine voice, and without mere sensationalism or the pursuit of antagonism for its own sake; in all these points quite surpassing Colonel Ingersoll, with whom he has been often compared. I never shall forget the impressiveness of one passage in which he described a shipwrecked mother, stranded upon a rock in the ocean during a rising tide, and continually lifting her baby higher and higher, still praying to her God to preserve her child, until the moment when the pitiless waves submerged them both. I imagined that it would be almost impossible to paint a picture from the agnostic point of view which would be more powerful with an audience. He came to lunch with me a few days later, and I found in his talk that vigor and power of adaptation which made his career in Parliament so remarkable. I saw him also in frequent attendance at the trial of Mrs. Annie Besant, an occasion which presented the strange combination of a contest for the custody of a child between a Christian father and an atheistic or agnostic mother, the case being up for determination before a Jewish judge.

It is a constant attraction about London that the step from the associations of radicalism to those of royalty is always easy, and implies hardly more than the crossing of a park. So I felt, at least, when, on May 13, 1878, I found myself taking the breezy walk on a showery morning from Aldershot railway station to the Common, amid an irregular procession of carriages and pedestrians with that fringe of vagabond life, always more abundant and picturesque in England than among ourselves, consisting of gypsies, showmen, tinkers, peddlers, and donkeys. One of the habitual English showers came on. A crowd under dripping umbrellas soon loses all visible distinction of caste, and I drifted easily into

a very favorable position, quite near the flagstaff beneath which the Majesty of England was to take its stand for a review of troops. In England, when it is sunshine men know it will soon rain ; and when it rains hard they know that the sun will promptly reappear. In this case the gleaming of light was presently brilliant ; umbrellas were lowered, raindrops glistened on horses' manes and on officers' plumes, and brightly against the intense green of English hills shone the scarlet regiments advancing to take their places. Her Majesty has the royal virtue of punctuality, and all eyes were turned toward a low straw wagon with two white ponies which came trotting along the line of spectators.

But now all eyes were turned in another direction, where they were riveted so long that the Queen herself became an object of secondary interest. Two soldiers had long stood ready at the flagstaff to hoist the great standard, and when the Queen was seen the signal for its raising was given. Up it went, flapping in the strong wind ; but so clumsily was the flag handled that it was wrapped around the staff, and not half of it blew out freely. The men twitched and tugged in vain ; and her Majesty drove by, apparently not noticing the mishap, but nodding and smiling good-naturedly to some of the ladies who sat in favored positions.

When she had gone by and had turned to drive past the line of troops opposite us, there was a subdued murmur of "Lower the flag, and try it again." An officer stepped forward to give orders, and down it came. Then it began to go up once more, this time blowing out clearly, until it reached half-mast and stopped. There was a general groan. Again twitching and pulling were tried in vain ; the halyard was plainly choked in the block. At last a soldier advanced to climb the flagstaff ; subdued cheers greeted him ; the Queen was now far away, driving down the long line of sol-

diers ; there was plenty of time. Up and up he went, and when he stopped, halfway, to rest, the cheering grew more outspoken. But more than halfway up he never got, and the cheering died into a muffled groan when the poor fellow, with a sheepish smile, slid slowly downward, downward, quite exhausted ; and the flag was still at half-mast, and the Queen was still advancing.

Then, after a pause and hurried consultation, came forward a cavalryman, and great was the relief when, on stripping off his coat, he showed the tattooed arms of a sailor. "Bless him !" gasped a lady near me. "There's but just time !" growled her husband. Up went the bold dragoon, not stopping even to take off his heavy boots ; no applause met him till he had passed the point where his predecessor had stopped ; then all seemed to take breath, and the murmur of triumph swelled. But as he went higher he went ominously slower ; and ten feet from the top, utterly powerless to climb an inch farther, he stuck helpless, an object of dismay to twenty thousand people. Stretching out his tired arm, bending and unbending it, as if to say, "If you only knew how I feel !" the poor victim of unavailing patriotism slid slowly down ; and there was the Queen now in full sight and rapidly approaching.

The commander of her advanced guard had just reached the flagstaff as the poor cavalryman slunk back among his mates. "Pull down that flag !" shouted the officer or somebody. Down it came, and her Majesty the Queen of England and Empress of India reviewed her troops without a flag over her head. I do not know how many Englishmen present recalled the fact that a somewhat similar mishap occurred when the flag of the ill-fated Charles I. was first raised at Nottingham, in 1642 ; indeed, I did not find a single one who remembered it ; but it was at least a curious coincidence. There was,

at the time of this review at Aldershot, quite a general impression that war with Russia was impending; and the more songs one sang about "the meteor flag of England," the more awkward it certainly was to have the meteor go down instead of up. But so far as England's Queen was concerned, this annoying test only brought out her finer qualities. Her expression was, as all said, unusually bright and cheerful on that day; she cast one light glance at the empty flag-staff, and from that moment seemed to ignore the whole matter. The effect was to make every one else ignore it, and all were soon absorbed in the brilliancy of the review.

That is, it was called very brilliant; and no doubt the predominant English scarlet is incomparably more effective to the eye than our sober blue. But the very perfection of the appointments made it all seem to me rather a play-soldier affair; I had grown so accustomed to judging of soldiers by their look of actual service that a single company of bronzed and tattered men would have been a positive relief among these great regiments of smooth-faced boys. This involved no reproach to the young recruits, and did not affect the mere spectacle, but it impaired the moral interest. However, the drill and the marching were good, though there is a sort of heaviness about the British soldier when compared with the wonderful vigor and alertness of German infantry. As for the uniforms, the arms, the appointments, the horses, they were simply admirable. I do not believe that there ever was an army in finer material condition than those sixteen thousand men at Aldershot.

And all this brilliant display was subject to a woman; and when the final salute was paid, every gun was at "present arms" for her, and in her honor the band played "God save the Queen!" I find written in my journal: "There was something of real majesty in her

manner, as she stood up before her soldiers in acknowledgment of the salute. She is short, stout, with a rather heavy and not altogether a pleasing face; but in spite of all this, she has a dignity of bearing which amounts almost to grace, and is the only personal charm that her subjects claim for her. Even this does not make her exactly popular, and at this very time I heard ungracious remarks in regard to the large Highlander, John Brown, her confidential servant, who, in gorgeous array, sat behind her Majesty, much more lofty and conspicuous than herself. But I am afraid it is true that England still prefers to be ruled by a queen; and it is certain that the present sovereign will hold her prerogatives, such as they are, with a firm hand. I never find myself quite such a ruthless republican anywhere else as in England; and yet there is a certain historic interest and satisfaction, after the long subordination of women, in thinking that the leading monarchy of the world still takes its orders from a woman's hand."

It has rarely happened in history that a single sovereign, by the mere prolongation of a peaceful reign, has so influenced human history as has been the case with Queen Victoria. It was everywhere distinctly recognized in England, in 1878, even among radicals, that this strong personal influence was sure to be exerted while she lived. I was struck with the remark made by one of the ablest women I met, the late Mrs. Augusta Webster, who pointed out to me that, in the existing state of public opinion, the British throne was a thing just suited to a woman. It was largely, she said, a position of ceremony; the sovereign must reign without governing. And this would hardly be a dignified position for a man; one occupying it must either seem rather insignificant, or else be tempted to acts of aggression in order to enhance his dignity, and this the people would not endure. An English

army officer of high rank told me, in that same year, when I asked him if England would ever become a republic, that while the Queen lived it would be an absolute impossibility; but that if she outlived the Prince of Wales, which was quite possible, and if there were then to be a disputed succession, or some young and imprudent sovereign were to ascend the throne, it would be difficult to predict the consequences. There is undoubtedly much less of visible republican feeling in England to-day than was the case twenty years ago; but we must always remember, on the other hand, that the Emperor of Germany, with all his high-flown theories of absolutism, is Queen Victoria's grandson; that he has been claimed by some Eng-

lish journals as the rightful heir to the English crown; and that, even if we set this heirship aside as wholly impossible, we do not know what influence his example might have upon that still untried cousin who may succeed him to the throne. I have never yet met an Englishman who would admit that the British people would tolerate for a month any assumptions like those habitually made by the present German Emperor. Great as might be the sacrifice implied in the adoption of a republic, I am persuaded that to the vast majority of Englishmen it would be the more palatable alternative, than to be ruled, I will not say by him personally, but by such traditions and standards as the German Emperor represents.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE FLAW IN OUR DEMOCRACY.

REPRESENTATIVE government, entirely democratic, has been tried in the United States of America under conditions as favorable as can easily be conceived. Its beginnings were on virgin ground, clear of everything obstructive that could impair its foundations or narrow its plan. Its architects had no incongruous remains of old feudal institutions to build over and around. They were architects, too, from the best of preparatory schools. They were educated in the traditions and trained by the habits of the English race. There can never be a work of political construction undertaken more competently than theirs, nor executed with a freer hand. Nor can any political structure ever rise with less experience of disturbing influences from the outer world. It has practically possessed a continent of its own, and surrounding oceans have given their protection to it. Thus militarism, the great peril of democracy, has been excluded

with a completeness unknown in previous history.

In a word, the American experiment of democratic republicanism has been tried with a fairness from circumstances that cannot be impeached, and it has gone far enough at the present day for its results to be fairly judged. That the results are satisfying, as they now appear, is probably more than any believer in republicanism can be willing to say. That they are painfully dissatisfying is the verdict that few will hesitate to pronounce. By more than a disappointment of hopes, and by worse than a realization of fears, the outcome is troubling to thoughtful minds because of the surprises it has brought. Threatening forces that were never suspected have come to light, and influences that roused no dread in early days are found to be the most sinister of all. On the other hand, it is true that some dangers which loomed large in former times have been dimin-

ished by the years, and seem to hold no serious threat. But, on the whole, it is difficult to believe that popular government in the American republic shows as favorably to-day, and gives a promise as fair, as it did when Washington left the presidency or when Lincoln was slain. It is more than difficult — it is impossible — not to feel that our country is farther from government by the fittest to govern than it ever was in any former time. When all reasonable allowance is made for the habitual discontent of mankind with that which is, and for its magnified remembrance of that which was, there remains an obstinate mass of disheartening fact. The decadence — the sickening decadence — of the Senate of the United States, once the pride of the nation; increasing venality in most legislative bodies, and a puppet-dancing quality in the men who make up their majorities; deepening corruption and extravagance in municipal government; a manifest deadening of opinion and spirit in politics, by methods of organization which convert parties into "machines" and the leader into a "boss;" the consequent exclusion, more and more, of superior men from public careers, and abandonment, more and more, of the political arena to self-seeking and vulgar crowds, — these are things that have come to be recognized beyond dispute. And the deplorable phenomena are no plainer than the causes that have worked to produce them.

Among the causes there are several conspicuous ones; but behind them all stands a master spirit of mischief, — the organizing politician. He is no new character, in America or elsewhere. He has always been with us, as he always will be. In the primitive days, say, of Aaron Burr or of Amos Kendall, he did his work, no doubt, with quite as much shrewdness and quite as little scruple as now; but he did it with scant resources and few agents. His "campaign funds" were meagre. Hopes of petty office, and

sometimes the brief reality of it, were all the wages he had to offer for party service. He was a general commanding forces so small and so wretchedly paid that what he accomplished in organization and discipline is more wonderful than the finest machine work in politics to-day. Under that disadvantage he labored until times that are not remote. The spoils of office grew large, but they were never rich enough for the demands of his task. Yet always, as he persevered, the organizing politician must have watched the rise and experimented in the use of new resources that were destined to make him independent of mere patronage and official spoils. These came with the creation of capital interests and corporate combinations, in which both wants and fears of legislation are easily aroused. Within a few years past such combinations have had a tropical growth, and the perfecting of the party machine, the evolution of the omnipotent boss, coincided with the sudden spring of their fertility. If there be any limit to the draft which a master of legislatures and municipal councils can make on corporations or persons whose profits or taxes, or both, can be heavily increased or diminished by an ordinance or an act, it is not probable that the boss has yet found it out. The great scale and the perfection of his organizing work prove the magnitude of the staff employed in it, and the satisfying liberality with which it must necessarily be paid.

Along with these abounding subsidies from corporations that crave his friendship, there has been given to the party organizer in late years an extraordinary multiplication of instruments and facilities for his work. Everything that electricity and cheapened steam and cheapened print have been doing to put men into more communicable relations with one another has tended to make combination and organization easy, for every kind of purpose. The organizers of business, of industries, of religious move-

ments, of reforms, of sports, have all profited immensely from these instruments, and the political organizer has not been behind. No other, indeed, has been helped so much. To what other, for example, could the value of a whisper from lips in New York to an ear at the Albany Capitol, with no syllable recorded, be so great?

To understand what organization in this matter of the action of political parties means, we must consider the elements of which political society is composed. In every democratic body politic there are not less than four well-marked classes of citizens, whose conduct as such will be actuated very differently. There are (1) those citizens who desire good government, and who interest themselves in public affairs simply because of that desire, having no personal objects of place or profit in view; (2) those citizens who are too sordidly absorbed in pursuits of gain, or too frivolously absorbed in pursuits of pleasure, or otherwise too much occupied, to give attention to public concerns; (3) those in the unfortunate social grade where ignorance is so gross, or character so shallow or so debased, that political opinion and independent conduct are out of the question; (4) those who are actively self-seeking in partisan politics, with keen eyes on something that will bring a reward. Of these four classes of citizens, I am sure that the one first described is larger than any other, and that the last in the list is the least of all; and it is between those two that the great, momentous standing issue in politics — the issue that is determining, not of party questions, but of the quality and character of government — lies always. The remaining two classes count in results only by the weight of their indifferent votes, as they are acted upon and used by the other two. In the real forces of the battle, numbers are on the side of good government almost unfailingly, and what has been wanting when victory fails is, not number, nor will, nor

courage, nor intelligence, but organization. The little band of the self-seekers — the professionals of politics — harvest the fruit of elections by controlling the nominations of parties, and control the nominations of parties by perfect manipulation of a small minority of votes, directed with precision to a definite end, systematically planned.

To the mastery and management of all controllable elements in the body politic the professional politicians bring training, experience, constant thought, ceaseless labor, systematic combination and organization among themselves. They can afford to give time, thought, and energy without reserve to the work; it is their vocation; it is what they live for, — commonly what they live by; and the vast tribute levied for their “committee funds” puts every possibility of action and influence into their hands. The Tammany organization in New York maintains, as is well known, a paid captain in each election district, whose business is to know each voter in the district; to establish friendly relations with him; to flatter him with attentions; to bring all appropriate influences to bear on him; to enlist him, if possible, as a recognized Tammany man; and to foster an effective *esprit de corps* among such supporters by means of social clubs, balls in winter, excursions in summer, and the like. For the fruit of his exertions, gathered in substantial votes, each captain is responsible to a responsible committee in his assembly district. He is liberally supplied with funds and with bits of petty patronage, for use in employing assistants and covering his expenditures. His position depends on his success. He loses it if he fails to keep the Tammany vote of his district up to an expected mark. His superiors in the assembly district committee are similarly accountable, in their turn, for the work of all their captains, to the executive committee of Tammany Hall, which is made up of district leaders. It is a system of

more precision and more efficiency than that of the city government. The discipline maintained is stricter than in the military organization of the state. At every moment the forces of Tammany are ready for call; for every need they are exactly known. This is the perfected machine organization of party in American politics, — the model to which all of its kind, state or municipal, are more or less closely conformed. It is a costly piece of administrative mechanism. It involves the employment of an army of paid agents, picked for cleverness and energy, with a great staff of able chiefs, whose services claim high rewards. The maintenance of such a system demands the revenues of a state and the taxing power of a state; and it is precisely because the machine and the boss have acquired that power and those revenues, under conditions lately developed, that they have become what they are.

To resist the self-seeking, the deluding, the corrupt and corrupting labors for which combinations so extraordinary in effectiveness as these are formed, we have an admirable multitude of honest citizens, whose interest in politics is their common interest in the public welfare; who snatch occasional time and thought from their daily occupations for their performance of political duty; who come together once a year, at the best, picking up on the eve of an election the threads of combination that they dropped at the last one, and tying them as they can; who rally for the work of a campaign such agents as they find at the moment, and equip them with such resources as they can beg. What chance have they against the compact "regulars" of politics, who never quit the field from November to November? Just the chance of militia trainbands against a standing army.

If nothing but elections were involved in this matter, the situation would not be hopeless. Elections are decided, in the main, by majorities, and the citizens whose votes are aimed, with more or

less intelligence, at no end but the public good are always a large majority. But it is not in elections that the quality and character of our government are determined. That is done in party nominations. There only is *selection* exercised, and it is there that the machine organization of politicians finds its chief end. There they triumph, almost inevitably; for they do not depend on majorities in a party to control the choice of party nominees. Minorities, handled with organized precision, have a wonderful potency in this primary, selective suffrage, compared with which the *elective* suffrage has small importance. The trick of it, which a territorial or district system of representation makes possible, is seldom noticed and is little understood. A bare majority of bare majorities, in caucusing and delegating, under that system, may be a small minority of the total party vote, but it will control the resultant nominations. This fact can be shown most plainly, perhaps, in an imagined situation. Suppose a state to be divided into one hundred districts for representation in one branch of its legislature, each district containing twenty towns or city wards, in each of which there are 200 voters of a given party. That would make the total vote of the party in the state 400,000. One hundred and one votes in each of eleven out of the twenty towns or wards composing a district (being 1111 votes in all) will elect a majority of delegates to the district convention and control the nomination of a legislative candidate. If this is done in fifty-one of the hundred districts of the state, by bare majorities in each (that is, by 56,661 of the 400,000 voters of the party), it will insure the nomination of a majority of legislative candidates in the interest of the leagued politicians who organize their efforts to that end. In other words, the legislative representation of a party, in this illustrative situation, could be controlled by less than one seventh of its

members, even if the whole strength of opposition to that fraction were brought to the primaries. A much smaller minority would suffice, if opposition became discouraged and negligent of the ineffectual vote, as it usually does. The possibilities are the same in all political action that is districted or broken up by geographical lines.

Picking the needed number of districts in which its work is surest of success, the organization can cheerfully permit opposing majorities to waste themselves in the remainder. It can cheerfully put itself under strict surveillance of law, as it has recently done in the state of New York. The day of its dependence on packed caucuses and fraudulent primaries may be looked upon as substantially past. The system of the machine, at its best, is refined beyond so gross a need. With nice distribution and manipulation, it can shuffle its little minority into the top of the great party pack, and deal out delegates and nominees at will, while it seems to be playing the fairest of games.

Now, this is the situation at which we have arrived in the evolution of representative democracy, and it looks lasting. What can change it for the better? It is the product of conditions that appear to lie beyond the reach of any possible reform in parties, — any possible awakening of political earnestness among the people who desire to be better represented in their government. Is escape from it possible?

It is manifest that an organic weakness in the constitution of representative democracy, by which it is betrayed almost hopelessly to self-seeking and demagogical politicians, is found in the system of territorial or district representation. At the best, that system is incapable of realizing the end for which it was designed. It mixes in one heterogeneous constituency all the differences of will and opinion which pure accident of residence has neighbored within

some given geographical boundary, and leaves them to scramble for a single "representative." There are no circumstances conceivable under which a true representation of the people could be attained by that method. But under the circumstances that actually exist, as we have seen, its almost certain effect is to give a majority of the representation to the most self-seeking and unscrupulous minority in the whole body of the citizenship.

Considering the facts without prejudice of mind, may we not reasonably suspect that the sending of men to Congress, to state legislatures, and to municipal councils, as representatives of the mixed total population of given areas of land, will some day — perhaps soon — be looked upon very much as we now look on the "rotten borough" representation of England before 1832, wondering that it could be endured so long?

Theory would seek an ideal of perfected representation in some plan of free but strictly regulated association, whereby people might be grouped together, in appropriate numbers, according to their affinities in opinion and character, and more or less independently of residence, for the purpose of choosing the representatives who shall act for them in government. Is there anything except the historical habit of voting by wards and towns that discredits such a plan? At least, let theory suggest the mode of it for consideration!

A voluntary association of, say, 200 electors is as well defined and controllable a unit of political action in suffrage proceedings as an election district containing the same number of voters. Its members can be registered and identified as such just as easily and certainly as they are now registered and identified in the character of district residents. They can be certificated, if needful, at each registration, as French voters are, and allowed to vote only on the production of a certificate. They can have the same

freedom of change from one association to another that they now have in their changes of residence from district to district. By proper provisions of law, to regulate the formation and registration of such associated bodies of citizens, to keep them within right limits of least and greatest number, and to formulate the mode of their combination in constituencies, for this and that purpose of representation, the whole system can, apparently, be made as manageable and as practicable as the present territorial system, and better secured against irregularities and fraud.

With what probable results? Certainly one of prime importance, to begin with, — namely, proportional representation of parties. Of many elaborate plans that have been contrived for the accomplishment of that just end, this would seem to be the simplest and most easily carried out. Any party of agreeing citizens, sufficient in number to make up a constituency, as determined in number by law, could readily unite in one, first by the forming of their primary associations, which would be of a neighborhood character, and then by federating these to the number desired. One group of such associations would form a municipal constituency; larger groupings would produce assembly and senatorial constituencies, for representation in the state legislature; a still larger combination would give the constituency for congressional representation. Each constituency, thus voluntarily made up, would be, as nearly as possible, a unit of political opinion and of character in the citizenship. The representative chosen by it would necessarily be as nearly representative of the whole as one man *can* be representative of many. All parties in the state would make up constituencies and elect representatives, therefore, exactly in the proportion of their several numbers, and by no possibility otherwise. Of “gerrymandering” there would be no more.

Not only would the representation be proportional as between political parties, but it could not fail to be likewise proportional, within parties, to an inevitable classification of character and quality among the people composing them. Those in each party who aim at higher standards, of purity, of dignity, of ability in government, would come together in the same associations and constituencies, controlling the representation of these, and bringing the full weight of their numbers to bear in pressing men of the higher stamp into public life. Even a few such constituencies, inviting and attracting the best brain and character into politics, — even a few protected shelters, where the finer fruits of a democratic franchise might have opportunity to ripen and be tasted by the people, — would be worth a revolution. But we have no good reason to believe that they would be few. The desire for these better things is not limited to some small number of our population. It is probably more widespread than any present manifestation of it could lead us to suspect. It has been dulled by discouragement; it has not been killed. Give it free exercise, and it will have the growth which opportunity produces in any human desire, evil or good. Our present system gives that stimulant to the meaner pursuits in politics. A reversal of the conditions would change the face of the political world.

Moreover, if those citizens who are thoughtful of the public good and high-minded in their views of it could mass themselves, in the manner suggested, and act together, who can doubt that they would draw a great part of their more careless fellows into association with them, by an influence that is nearly powerless now?

Of course, it may be objected that nothing would prevent the politicians who now construct political machines from constructing associations and constituencies under the system proposed.

True ; there is nothing to prevent, except the inefficacy of the work. The machine of their present construction is an apparatus for the conversion of a minority of votes into a majority of nominating delegates and elected representatives. Of that profitable product there would be nothing more. Majorities alone will weigh, when the districting of representation is done away with ; the votes that elect will then be the votes that *select* ; and if there is the making of a political boss in those conditions, then our democracy is hopelessly servile indeed.

All that I suggest is consistent with the doctrine that the true ground of political constitutions and political systems is in expediency. The acceptance and admittance of this doctrine into the habits of our political thought would open, I am sure, many new and more hopeful possibilities in the future of democracy. The franchises of our democratic citizenship would then take on an aspect of *privilege* rather than of *right*, with a deepened sense of responsibility attaching to them. They could not seem to be, so much as now, a personal possession of the citizen, to be exercised carelessly, selfishly, ignorantly, corruptly, as he will. They would have to be recognized for what they ought to be, and are, — a trust with which each is invested for the

good of all, and for which the accountability of each to all is beyond dispute.

If we came, in this view, to a purely rational dealing with political franchises, we should deny them alike to the incoming alien and to the native young man who gave no fair evidence of political intelligence and reputable character ; we should withdraw them, unfailingly and forever, from the man who sold his vote and from him who bought it, and equally from the man who attempted to coerce the suffrage of another. As for the citizen who neglected his electoral privilege, showing no consciousness of the duty that reasonably binds him to the exercise of it, we should take it from him, at the least, until he had learned its significance and value.

These are some of the possibilities that seem discernible to me in the future of democracy. If they are not possibilities, I do not know how to look hopefully into coming time. I see no other escape from the mean tyranny of the organizing politician, — the meanest tyranny known to history, and the most disgraceful to its submissive subjects. The old, crude system of territorial representation, historically venerable, but practically delusive and logically absurd, has betrayed us into his power. Unless we break from it, what can deliver us ?

J. N. Larned.

AN OLD VIRGINIA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE letters here given stretch over a period of forty-three years, and cover a lifetime spent under conditions that are now past. The earliest of them were written during the Revolutionary War, the last when nearly a quarter of this century had gone. They have the charm of their time, a gentle formality and a quiet regard for effect, and the grace of good company ; the little accounts of

Washington and Chief Justice Marshall having a pleasant air of intimacy.

The first is from Miss Mildred Smith, a grave person of sixteen years, to Miss Betsy Ambler, who is a year younger.

I.

YORK, VA., 1780.

When you left our dear little town, I felt as if every ray of comfort had

fled. Oh, my dearest loved Betsy (now what would I give if you had a name a little more romantic!), how shall I exist without you? Life seems a dreary waste since deprived of your loved society.

The girls here are charming and very fond of me, but they are all so much my senior; and besides, there is so much freedom and levity, almost amounting to indiscretion, in their conduct that I often blush for them, and certainly can never repose that confidence in them that I have long been accustomed to place in you. . . .

Fain would I cast a veil over their frivolities, but since the arrival of the French ships, commanded by the Viscount Rochambeau and Captain M——, their heads seem turned, and a thousand times have I said that it is well for my well loved Betsy that she is removed from these scenes of amusement and dissipation. *Her* giddy brain would also have been turned were she here. There is something so flattering in the attentions of these elegant French officers, and though not one in ten of them can speak a word of English, yet their style of entertaining and their devotion to the ladies of York are so flattering that almost any girl of sixteen would be enchanted.

But you know how little effect they can have on *me*, nor would I exchange one rational hour's conversation with my solid English B——d for all the bagatelles these sprightly Frenchmen lavish daily upon me. Apropos of poor B——d, he has abjured his own country and got a commission in our army, I really and truly believe, from principle; but my Uncle and Aunt still look coldly on him. Alas! I must endeavour to do so too! What a prospect have I of ever having it in my power to reward his constancy? None, for, as my Aunt says, poverty and dependence must be the portion of those who marry a stranger without a shilling! My own weak heart

reluctantly consents to the truth of the observation.

As soon as the bustle and fatigue of moving is over I shall expect a long letter from you. I am all impatience to hear your description of Richmond, which they tell me is enchantingly beautiful. You must not for the world draw any comparisons between it and York. We lowlanders cannot yet make up our minds to give Richmond credit for anything, so vexed are all our old folks at the removal of the seat of government; to *us* it is pretty much the same.

God bless you, prays your affect.

MILDRED.

Though the letter in reply has no date other than 1780, it was evidently an early response.

II.

FROM BETSY JAQUELIN AMBLER TO MILDRED SMITH.

RICHMOND, VA., 1780.

MY DEAREST MILDRED, — . . . And so you really wish that the name of Betsy could be changed, — softened and romanticized into Bessie or Jaquelin or Sophia, or a more modern termination of any sort. Who would have thought that my Millia, or rather my charming Mildred, who is just as sweet and lovely as any heroine of times past, present, or to come, should try her powers of the heroic?

You who know me so well can readily judge how my heart fluttered when, on the second evening after our arrival at Williamsburg, we received invitations for a ball. It was given at the Palace, by certain gentlemen, in compliment, it was said, "to the Misses Amblers." Though I cannot for my life treat the poor fellow who was the prime mover in this civility with common good manners, yet was I delighted with an opportunity of showing my consequence by accepting his invitation and playing off a thousand airs which would have provoked a lecture from you an hour long. His

more successful friend, Marshall,¹ was devoted to my sister.

The entertainment in itself was like most of the entertainments of the present time, simple and frugal as to its viands, but of the brilliancy of the company too much cannot be said; it consisted of more Beauty and Elegance than I had ever witnessed before, and I was transported with delight at being considered a distinguished personage. (The lady to whom a party is given must always be held, you know, as making the principal character in the Drama.)

In serious truth, however, it was a most charming entertainment, and so much attention did your giddy friend receive as almost turned her poor distracted brain. However, we proceeded on our journey the next morning at a very early hour.

Nothing material happened on our way, and we arrived on the evening of the second day at this famous Metropolis; for so we may now call it, as all heads of departments,² like ourselves, have arrived here in safety. But *where* we are to lay our weary heads Heaven knows; so recently has it become a place of any consequence that accommodations cannot be found for one half the people who are necessarily brought here. It is indeed a lovely situation, and may at some future period be a great city, but at present it will scarce afford one comfort in life.

With the exception of two or three families this little town is made up of Scotch factors, who inhabit small tenements scattered here and there from the river to the hill. Some of them look, as Colonel Marshall³ observed, as if the poor Caledonians had brought them over on their backs, the weakest of whom being glad enough to stop at the bottom of the hill, others a little stronger proceeded higher, whilst a few of the stoutest and the boldest reached the summit.

One of these hardy Scots has thought

¹ Afterward Chief Justice Marshall.

² Her father, Richard Ambler, was first Treasurer of Virginia.

proper to vacate his little dwelling on the hill, and though our whole family can scarcely stand up all together in it, my father has determined to rent it as the only decent tenement on the hill.

When I have seen more of this delectable spot you may expect another epistle. It would seem as if I should have abundance of leisure for writing, so little have we to amuse us in this New World, for it is absolutely a New World to me. Farewell. Your BETSY.

In the interval of more than a year that seems to have elapsed between this letter and that which follows the war was pressed with vigor in Virginia, Tarleton's men making themselves especially dreaded by the patriots. The letter itself, broken by sudden flights and its various parts written in different places, is the best evidence of the disturbed state of the country.

III.

FROM BETSY AMBLER TO MILDRED SMITH.

RICHMOND, 1781.

MY DEAR MILDRED, — Our removal from York to this place, which I considered one of the calamities of my life, lost much of its bitterness when I found, the succeeding fall, that you and your much loved family would also be obliged to follow. No sooner had you from necessity been forced to join us, and we were looking forward to days of happiness, than we were forced to separate again. Even here we found no rest for the sole of our foot. Another alarm this morning! Should it be confirmed that the British are really coming up James River, my poor dear mother will not continue a moment. Poor dear soul, what sufferings are hers!

THE COTTAGE, *Friday evening.*

At the moment I was writing you, we had too certain confirmation of the Brit-

³ Father of the Chief Justice.

ish having landed and being actually on their way to town. Not a moment was to be lost, and we were off in a twinkling. I would have almost wished you could get a view of them in your snug little retreat, — where I should hope that you are perfectly secure ; — but my father seemed to think we had not a moment to lose. Such terror and confusion you have no idea of. Governor, Council, everybody scampering.

I have just received yours of last night. How thankful I am that your residence was too remote to subject you to the outrages of these barbarians ! What a gloomy time do I look forward to ! Oh that you were here with me to beguile the tediousness of these unmeasurable days ! Continue to write, I beseech you.

Your account of your neighbour S——'s escape just as the enemy entered the town made even my poor mother smile. What a gallant fellow he was, to look back and bid them come on, when he was a full mile ahead, with a swift horse that had borne him off many a day before ! But this is not more laughable than the accounts we have of our illustrious Governor, who, they say, took neither rest nor food for man or horse till he reached C——r's Mountain.

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, *Tuesday.*

Oh, my dearest girl, I tremble for your safety. Where were you hid when the enemy passed your door ? We only had time to learn that they were on the road from Richmond, when we were again in the carriage, and in a few hours reached this place where it would seem impossible for us to be in any danger.

My much loved father is full of anxiety for us. Much have we to apprehend for him. The public office which he holds makes it absolutely necessary for him to run no risks of falling into the hands of the enemy. We therefore see him safely lodged in the old coach every

night, with faithful old Sam as his guard, while we endeavour to make ourselves as comfortable as we can in the overseer's tiny dwelling, which will scarcely hold us all.

Thursday morning.

When or where shall we find rest ? Such a journey as we have again had, and now are precisely in the same spot we set out from !

No sooner had we committed our dear father to his solitary confinement on the night I last wrote you, and were endeavouring to console ourselves with the idea that the miserable little hovel we were in was too solitary a situation for us to fear any danger ; then while enjoying our frugal supper of Bonny Clabber, honey, etc., a terrible clatter of horses at the door set us all scampering. The British ! Nothing but the word *British* did we hear ; upon opening the door, however, we soon discovered a parcel of miserable militia belonging to the neighbourhood. They had called to give notice that the enemy were actually proceeding on their way through the country, but not one of them could say which route they had taken. A consultation of our party was then held, and if we had had one particle of our natural reason about us, we should have quietly stayed where we were, but flight had so long been the word that it was determined unanimously that we should be off in a moment. The nearer the mountains the greater the safety, was the conclusion ; so on we traveled through byways and brambles until we could get to the main road leading to Charlottesville. Our design was first to reach a plantation in the neighbourhood of the Springs, where we were at least sure of house room and a bed (a friend of ours having removed his furniture to this place for security) ; and to this place we proceeded, where we arrived just as the sun appeared in all his glory. With difficulty we got admittance, — no soul being in the house, — and were just spreading pallets to rest

our weary heads, when the landlord, out of breath, reached the house, saying that Tarleton and all his men had just passed, and would catch the Governor before he could reach Charlottesville.

What a panic for us all! Our best beloved father had pursued the same route only a half hour before, Charlottesville being the place appointed for public officers to repair to. Fortunately, however, the enemy had got ahead of him by another road, which he by good luck hearing, he immediately joined us and hurried us back to the selfsame spot we had left the night before. Thus were we one whole night and the greater part of the next day accomplishing what placed us precisely in the same situation we were in before, a spot that I defy the British or even the d——l himself to find.

Great cause have we for thankfulness, and however dreary it is I will endeavour to be contented, hoping and trusting for a speedy deliverance.

But how dreadful the idea of an enemy passing through such a country as ours committing enormities that fill the mind with horror, and returning exultingly without meeting one impediment to discourage them!

Your affectionate E. J. A.

Another break of about a year occurs in our record of the relations between the two friends, but the next letter shows Miss Smith still in the position of mentor.

IV.

MILDRED SMITH TO BETSY AMBLER.

YORK, 1782.

MY DEAR BETSY, — Again are we quietly seated in our old mansion. But oh! how unlike it once was! Indeed, were you to be suddenly and unexpectedly set down in the very spot where you and I have so often played together, — in that very garden where we gathered flowers or stole your father's choice fruit, — you would not recognize

a solitary vestige of what it once was. *Ours* is not so totally annihilated, being more remote from the shock and battery — but Heaven knows, it is shocking enough! Others that remain are so mutilated — particularly the L——ys' home, which several balls passed through — as to grieve one's very soul. But it is over!

Our individual sufferings are nothing now we can reflect that the great end is accomplished. Peace is again restored, and we may yet look forward to happy days.

The time passed in the neighbourhood of Richmond so near you, though so often spent in fear and trembling, not infrequently without cause, — particularly that memorable period which made it necessary that you abandon your home, — was yet productive of many pleasurable moments, and but for our British prejudices respecting this one native home, I should have been well satisfied to have made it my residence. Then I should always be near you, always ready with my watchful tenderness to guard you against those juvenile extravagances that, you must allow me to say, need some restraint. . . .

And this leads me to the recollection of your late obstinate infatuation concerning a certain Mr. B——. Oh, my friend, a thousand times have I wondered at the strange weakness of your conduct. It appears to me that if left entirely to your own will you would marry W——, and yet, as if purposely to vex your father, you have suffered the matter to go such lengths! Will you quit such trifling? Remember you are this year leaving your childhood. Farewell.

Yours sincerely, M. S.

The three years that elapse between this letter and the one in reply seem not to have been wasted by Miss Smith, and at last her friend feels moved to defend herself. Her disclaimer of vanity appears not wholly superfluous.

V.

FROM BETSY AMBLER TO MILDRED SMITH.

RICHMOND, 1785.

DEAREST MILDRED, — Cease now, dearest friend, with your lectures ; all former follies are done away, and now I am about to take a new character entirely. Really it must be acknowledged that I have behaved very badly, but hereafter you shall have no cause to blame me. You know I have never, with all my faults, betrayed one symptom of vanity ; but now if you should discover a little spice of it, can you wonder ? Just at this moment are at my disposal two of the very smartest beaux this country can boast of. What think you of G—— and B——, both at my feet at once ? There is much speculation going on as to the preference I shall give — and though I do not intend to practice one coquettish air, as you are pleased to call my little innocent gaieties, yet for my own amusement do I intend to leave these speculating geniuses to their own conjectures for some time. At least till I have made up my mind as to the time. For you must know I mean to make one surprise do for all, by being married off-hand. Believe me, it is impossible for me to think too long on the subject lest I should in truth be whimsical. They are both men that are not to be trifled with, — men that, either coming separately, no girl in our city would refuse ; but both in one day ! What would be done if a little fluttering at the heart did not enable me to decide ? This I found no hesitation in doing ; and yet had the other appeared some little time ago, it would not have been impossible to have loved him. Still a little spice of the coquette, I hear you say. No, my friend, not one particle, believe me ; it is only when the object is not entirely to my mind that I could ever feel the least disposition to trifle. Now is my heart seriously interested, and from this moment do I resolve to act precisely as

you and all my dear friends would have me.

Colonel Brent is everything that can be wished. In his last visit to Richmond during the summer session he was introduced to me at the theatre. He remained long in our box, but as my friend Eliza was with me, who has the knack of attracting more certainly than the Loadstone, I took it for granted that her charms had riveted him. Not so ; your own giddy friend, who did not consider it worth while to practice one grace extraordinary, stole into his heart, and now he is declaring most vehemently that he *has* thought nor could think of no other mortal since. How ready we poor silly girls are to believe ! He has lost no opportunity since he has been in town, which is nearly two months, of repeating this, and indeed has done everything in his power to ingratiate himself with my family through our mutual friend Carrington.

He has had a communication with my father, and now, if you were not just at this time laying a similar plan for yourself, I would entreat that about the last week in March you would gladden our hearts by repairing to ——. But this is impossible, so after wishing you as much happiness as I am contemplating for myself, I am

Your own affectionate E. J. A.

The next, which is the first dated letter we have had, gives a melancholy cause for the new observance of days and dates. In spite of the youthful excess of the letter, it is difficult to realize that the writer was only twenty when it was written.

VI.

FROM BETSY AMBLER BRENT TO MILDRED SMITH.

RICHMOND, *July 10, 1785.*

MY DEAR MILDRED, — When I prevailed upon my friend Eliza Marshall to write you before I left the Potomac, it did not appear possible that I should

ever gain composure enough to write myself ; but now that I have reached my dear Parents and changed those dreadful scenes which Eliza's letter too well described to you, I feel as if unburthening my heart to my friend would in some measure mitigate my sufferings.

Four months only have passed since I last wrote you. What have I not endured since then ! Widowed, wretched, forlorn — a month since, I was the happiest of wives, and now — Oh, my friend ! In February only I think it was I last wrote you. What vicissitudes have I not experienced since !

The 31st of March made me the happiest of wives ; the 15th of June — oh, day never to be forgotten — my adored Brent was snatched from my arms. Forty hours of suffering such as no pen can describe, and then, oh then, I had to give him up forever. Think, oh think, my friend, what it is to part forever with those we fondly love. Forever did I say ? Let me indulge in better hopes and blot out that word.

This dreadful, dreadful blow came too under the most aggravating circumstances. Three weeks after our marriage the carriage of my husband's mother was sent to convey us to his seat on the Potomac. E—— and C—— accompanied us. Everything that the season held there so delightful to one who had seldom had an opportunity of beholding the beauties of nature ; the full tide of health and spirits ; in short, every circumstance that could spread a charm over mortals conspired to make our journey delightful.

On our arrival at Richlands what a reception had we ! A tender and respectable mother, with a countenance beaming with delight at the view of her eldest son's appearance, watched our approach ; two lovely sisters, eager to call me by that endearing name, ran to meet us. Relations of every degree assembled to welcome us ; in short, nothing was wanting to my happiness.

A few weeks was I permitted to taste these pure delights, and then — one fatal night — but it is impossible for me to give you an idea of the scene that succeeded. How I kept my senses is the wonder. The melancholy news soon reached my father, and, with his wonted tenderness, he despatched the carriage with my darling brother Marshall to bring me to my old apartment, where I now sit, — no longer the happy, cheerful friend you once had, but miserable, oh, how miserable ! Come, if it is possible, to soothe my wretched state. Farewell.

Yours ever affect.

E. J. A. B.

A period of fourteen years separates this broken-hearted letter from the next, which is written to her sister from the serene atmosphere of Washington's home at Mount Vernon. The writer has won a serenity of spirit, too. She is again married, — to Colonel Carrington, an old friend of hers and her husband's ; in fact, the " mutual friend " she speaks of in an earlier letter, and a friend and comrade-in-arms of Washington.

VII.

FROM BETSY AMBLER CARRINGTON TO HER SISTER NANCY.

MOUNT VERNON, *November 22, 1799.*

MY DEAR NANCY, — We arrived at this venerable mansion in perfect safety, where we are experiencing every mark of hospitality and kindness that the good old General's friendship for Colonel Carrington could lead us to expect. His reception of my husband was that of a Brother. He took us each by the hand, and, with a warmth of expression not to be described, pressed mine and told me that I had conferred a favour, never to be forgotten, in bringing his old friend to see him. Then bidding a servant to call the Ladies, he entertained us most facetiously till they appeared. They were, Mrs. Washington, venerable, kind, and plain, very much resem-

bling our Aunt Ambler; Mrs. Steward, her daughter-in-law, once Mrs. Custis, with her two young daughters, Misses Steward, all pleasant and agreeable; Mrs. H. Lewis, formerly Miss P—— of Richmond; and last, but not least, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis. But how describe her? Once I had heard my neighbour, Mrs. Tucker, give a romantic account of her when Miss Custis; how, her lovely figure made doubly interesting by a light fanciful summer dress, with a garland of flowers she had just entwined and an apron full that she had selected, she came in and threw them at her grandmother's feet, — all which I considered as the fanciful effusions of my friend's romantic turn of mind. But now when I see her the Matron, — for such her situation makes her appear, though she has only been ten months a wife; lovely as nature could form her; improved in every female accomplishment, and what is still more interesting, amiable and obliging in every department that makes woman most charming, particularly in her conduct to her aged Grandmother and the General, whom she always calls Grandpa, — I seem actually transported in beholding her. Having once seen her as she passed through our town seems to give me a claim to her kindness, and her attentions are unremitted. On retiring for the night, she took me into her apartment, which was elegantly prepared for an expected event. When we separated, "How glad I am that you are here!" she said. "What a pleasure it will be to me to retain you, till this dreaded event has passed." I assured her nothing would give me more pleasure than to remain and to offer every friendly aid in my power. In this promise I thought this morning I should be indulged, for, on entering the Breakfast Room, I understood she had been complaining all night; but unfortunately my husband spied the armchair being carried up-stairs, and a moment after ordered our carriage. In vain did

the General insist upon our stay, promising to take him over the grounds and farm and show him the Mill, etc., which would occupy them until 3 o'clock; but no, — the world could not tempt him to stay, at a time when, he said, every one should leave the family entirely undisturbed, but that, after a few days, when we should have finished our visit to my friends in Maryland, we would again see them and prolong our visit. Is it not vexatious to have so scrupulous a husband? Nothing could distress me more than to leave this charming family at such a moment; but I am bound to obey, and at 12 we are to leave this place for Washington. When I return you may expect to hear further from me.

MOUNT VERNON, November 27th.

After passing a week most charmingly with my numerous friends in and about the City, we returned to finish our visit to this revered mansion. Our Headquarters whilst in the city (for I shall have no terms to use but what are military, hearing as I do a repetition, from these dear old veterans, of Battles, Fortifications, Marches and Countermarches, which are familiar as every-day topics to one connected as I have been with Soldiers and Heroes) — our Headquarters, then, as I said before, were here at D—— C——'s, the husband of your old friend Annie Brent. This visit of a week would furnish subjects for a series of letters instead of one. I must therefore only tell you that I found myself while in Washington in a new world, though in the selfsame spot where a few years before I felt quite at home. On those very farms where dwelt my old friends, the Youngs, the Carrolls, etc., did I see the stately edifices of the Capitol, President's house, etc., all appearing to me like enchantment. But a few years since, when passing an Autumn with these dearly loved friends, I saw the first trees felled on their farms. Now avenues and intersecting streets cover

the ground I so often passed over in going from one friend's house to another. It is absolutely magic! I could not have imagined that the cutting down trees and rearing a few houses (for as yet there are but few in the city) could so totally have metamorphosed this charming spot.

I, having missed the post, continue to scribble, and am well pleased that my letter was not ready, as I have much to say, and am really delighted that our first visit here was shortened so that we are at liberty to finish it at a time when our presence is of more consequence to this amiable family than it would have been before. It is really an enjoyment to be here and to witness the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house, except now and then a little bustle occasioned by the young Squire Custis, when he returns from hunting, bringing in a "Valiant Deer," as he terms it, "that Grandpa and the Colonel will devour." Nice venison, I assure you, it is, and my taste in seasoning the stew is not passed unnoticed while the whole party — I won't say *devour* it, but do it ample justice. My mornings are spent charmingly, alternately in the different chambers. First, an hour after breakfast, with The Lady in the Straw, dressing the pretty little stranger, who is the delight of the Grandmamma. Then we repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely on the style of our good old Aunt's; that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other a little colored pet learning to sew; a decent old woman, with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself, and pointing out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she has just finished, and presenting me with a pair half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake. Her netting too is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that all the

younger part of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it, and have furnished me with a whole suit, so that I shall appear *à la domestique* at the first party we have when I get home.

It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them, in retirement, assume the domestic manners that prevail in our country, when but one year since they were forced to sacrifice all these innocent delights, which are so congenial to their years and taste, to the parade of the Drawing Room and Levee. The recollections of these "Lost Days," as Mrs. Washington calls them, seem to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world has made her a most extraordinary companion, and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century.

The weather is too wintry to enjoy out-of-door scenes, but, as far as I can judge in a view from the windows, the little painting we have seen, that hangs up in my friend Mrs. Wood's drawing room, furnishes a good specimen of the outlook.

Everything within doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable except the paintings of different artists which have been sent as specimens of their talent, — I think there are five portraits of the General, — some done in Europe and some in America, that do honour to the painters. There are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world, that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation. Besides these there is a complete greenhouse, which at this season is a vast source of pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in this neatly finished apartment, and from the arrangement of the whole I conclude that it is managed by a skilful hand, but whose I cannot tell. Neither the General nor Mrs. Washington seems more interested than the visitors.

We have met with no visitors here, but are told that scarcely a week passes without some, and often more than is convenient or agreeable. When transient persons who call from curiosity, they are treated with civility, but never interfere with the order of the House or the General's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army or in the President's chair. Even friends who make a point of visiting him are left much to themselves, — indeed, scarcely see him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ride, which is very agreeable to him. But from dinner to tea our time is charmingly spent. Indeed, one evening the General was so fascinating, and drew my husband out into so many old stories relating to several campaigns where they had been much together, and had so many inquiries to make respecting their mutual friends, particularly Kosciusko and Pulaski, — who have always corresponded with Colonel Carrington, — that it was long after twelve o'clock before we separated. By the bye, I will show you some of those letters, on my return, for I know you will find great pleasure in them. At breakfast I feel quite at home, — everything is so plain. . . .

[The rest of this letter is missing.]

After another long silence, Mrs. Carrington, who has now become matronly and begun to be reminiscent, writes to strengthen her sister's remembrances of their father. The office their father held to which she refers was that of Collector of Customs for the King at York, Virginia.

VIII.

RICHMOND, 1807.

MY DEAR NANCY, — In my last letter I dwelt entirely upon the virtues of our inestimable mother; now would I bring the best of fathers to your recollection.

Our poor mother being too infirm to

engage much in the care of her children, it almost entirely devolved upon my father. When my sister Moll and myself were barely five and six years old, he went through the arduous task of teaching us, and in every particular supplying the place of a mother. Notwithstanding he held an office that afforded little leisure for such employment, every hour from business was devoted to us. Our copies, as soon as we could write, were written in the fairest hand by himself; short, but always containing a lesson of piety or an elegant moral quotation, the orthography and grammar entirely defective, which we were to correct. No English grammar at that time could be found. Parents and teachers in later times owe much to Lindley Murray in that branch of education, but in my own opinion the good *old-fashioned teaching to spell* has greatly the advantage of the modern. Our arithmetic commenced most pleasantly. The first figures, I well remember, were encircled with flowers, which had a happy effect in drawing our attention. Amusing books were carelessly left open on the writing table; letters from the children of his friends in Philadelphia were given us to answer; and so our education went on without rules or forms.

Thus did our dear father devote himself to us and pursue every means in his power to give us instruction at a time when girls in our country were simply taught to read and write at twenty-five pounds and a load of wood per year. A boarding school in Virginia was nowhere to be found. Such attentions as we experienced were without parallel. It was thought, however, to have too much of severity; for the Rod, at that time, was an instrument never to be dispensed with, and our dear father used it most conscientiously. . . .

At this time our country was thrown into great confusion by the long continuance of the war, and afterwards seemed to imbibe too much of that infidelity

which so much prevailed when Paine and Godwin disseminated their writings abroad, and a more insinuating distinguished personage gave his lessons at home.

The churches in Virginia were almost entirely shut up, and the holy ordinances of religion were unobserved. Most of our men were engaged in the war.

Your loving sister, E.

In the next letter, also to her sister, Mrs. Carrington, in setting down the memories of her girlhood, gives an interesting picture of travel in the Virginia of the eighteenth century. Among the officers with Colonel Carrington, whom she mentions meeting on the way, was Major Brent, who became her first husband.

IX.

1810.

MY DEAR NANCY, — When in our childhood we were left at Winchester, as we were, our female relation who had us in charge, though truly amiable, was but young and inexperienced, and almost as childish as ourselves.

The society of Winchester consisted of all descriptions of persons who seek a new country to better their fortunes. Thus, you may suppose there could be little refinement and of course little improvement gained amongst them. There were, however, a few genteel and respectable families. There were English, Irish, and Dutch, but the chief population was Dutch. During our stay we often met with genteel travellers, and not unfrequently made acquaintance with agreeable men, who were condemned in various parts to banishment to this dreary place, on account of disaffection, as it was called, to the great cause of liberty. In this remote corner they were entirely precluded any intercourse with Britain or British agents, of course, unable if they had the disposition to enter into any plans with them. Amongst these, proscribed genteel Quakers

ers from Philadelphia were numerous, and I also remember with much pleasure a Colonel Elligood from Norfolk. Added to these there were many charming young officers who had been prisoners in Canada, and just then liberated. Such were Heath, Brown, McGuire, etc. Here was a fine field open for a romantic girl to exhibit in, and here I could tell you many pretty stories of sighing swains, tender billets, love-inspiring sonnets, etc., but that they would be blended with so many childish absurdities that I will not venture to repeat them. Fortunately, nature blessed me with such versatility of temper that at that time it would have been impossible to have fixed my attention on any one object, so that consequently I escaped an entanglement that might have eventuated in regret.

Early in the spring our good father returned and withdrew us from scenes that were so truly improper; and though he treated us himself as children, yet it was evident he saw that we had been considered of an age to attract too much attention. The only consolation I have ever felt for the youthful follies was that, in a subsequent visit to Winchester, I found that my temper and deportment, to those of my acquaintance who remained there, had been such as to inspire them with an affection for me which had induced them to throw a veil over my youthful follies, and that they continued to love me with unabated affection.

It is not a pleasant thing to retrace the follies of youth, but I have determined, by a candid representation of different periods of my life, to guard our dear little girls against errors that I have fallen into; if our lives are prolonged, probably they may not be exposed or placed in similar situations. Certain it is that another Revolutionary War can never happen to affect and ruin a family so completely as ours has been. The only possible good from the

entire change in our circumstances was that we were made acquainted with the manner and situation of our country, which we otherwise should never have known. Added to this, necessity taught us to use exertions which girls of the present day know nothing of. We were forced to industry, to appear genteelly; to study manners, to supply the place of education; and to endeavour by amiable and agreeable conduct to make amends for the loss of fortune, which by this time was reduced to a pretty low ebb.

See us at this period reduced to the necessity of travelling in a common wagon, which to be sure was fixed comfortably with swinging seats, etc. Like Goldsmith's good old vicar's family we were rather ashamed of our cavalry, but the constant attentions we received from all who knew the virtuous and independent spirit of my father rendered it more supportable. One little mortification, however, I may relate.

We arrived at Fredericksburg rather at a late hour in the evening. Our equipage was safely lodged. We passed the next day with our friends there, had much attention paid us, and were invited to a ball that evening that we declined going to, not having ball dresses with us, which, by the way, were not to be found elsewhere, and besides we were to take our departure at a very early hour in the morning. We prevailed upon our father to let us walk to the outskirts of the town where our vehicle would be in readiness for us, when lo and behold! just as we were stepping into it several genteel and elegant officers appeared who had encamped with their regiment the preceding night at this very spot. Here was a terrible blow to our fancied consequence. Like the Miss Primroses we began to bridle, and perhaps would have glanced at better days and talked of the coach we had lately passed that way in, on our journey up, but our vicar-like father cut the matter short by shaking hands with the gentlemen, all of whom

he had known before, said he was carrying his children (for he still treated us as such) to join their mother, and wished them a good journey. The commanding officer proved to be Colonel Carrington, afterwards the friend of all others most respected, and ultimately the husband of my choice.

Your loving sister.

The account of Chief Justice Marshall contained in the next letter is interesting for its warm personal tone and the pleasant light in which it reveals his domestic relations, especially his care of Mrs. Marshall, who, as the letter shows, was an invalid for the greater part of her life.

The York referred to is of course Yorktown, the scene of Cornwallis' surrender, and the river is York River.

X.

RICHMOND, VA., 1810.

MY DEAR NANCY, — Had I the talents or the necessary information for writing the history of my country, the period of my life mentioned in my last letter would afford an ample opportunity to distinguish myself; but possessing neither the one nor the other, it is impossible to give you an idea of the interesting state of the Colonies at that time.

That eventful war, which I so often had occasion to dwell on, was at that period carried on in the Northern States with the utmost rigor. Our own, however, for some time was exempt from its ravages, and we returned to our dear York; not indeed to our former mansion, but to a small, retired tenement that had long been occupied by others.

My father at this time accepted an appointment which kept him almost constantly in Williamsburg. Our town had now become a garrison. We should have been left to experience repeated alarms had we not been fortunately next-door neighbour to the commanding officer,

Colonel Marshall. It was at this time we became acquainted with our much loved brother, then called Captain Marshall, who, being just then without a command, left the Northern army, to visit his father and friends.

Perhaps no officer that had been introduced to us excited so much interest. We had been accustomed to hear him spoken of by all as a very *paragon*; we had often seen letters from him fraught with filial and paternal affection. The eldest of fifteen children, devoted from his earliest years to his younger brothers and sisters, he was almost idolized by them, and every line received from him was read with rapture.

Our expectations were raised to the highest pitch, and the little circle of York was on tip-toe on his arrival. Our girls, particularly, were emulous who should be first introduced. It is remarkable that my sister Mary, then only fourteen, and diffident beyond all others, declared that we were giving ourselves useless trouble, for that she, for the first time, had made up her mind to go to the ball, though she had not even been at dancing school, and was resolved to set her cap at him, and eclipse us all. This in the end proved true, and at the first introduction he became devoted to her.

For my own part, I am free to confess that I felt not the smallest wish to contest the prize with her; in this, as in every other instance of my life, my sister's superior discernment and solidity of character has made me feel my own insignificance. She with a glance divined his character and understood how to appreciate it, while I, expecting an Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward figure, unpolished manners, and total negligence of person (which, by the bye, did often produce a blush on her cheek).

Nevertheless, how trivial now seem such objections! Under the slouched

hat there beamed an eye that penetrated at one glance the inmost recesses of the human character; and beneath the slovenly garb there dwelt a heart complete with every virtue. From the moment he loved my sister he became truly a brother to me (a blessing which before I had never known), and the reciprocal interest which we have each felt for the other has never known abatement.

During the short stay he made with us our whole family became attached to him, and though there was then no certainty of his becoming allied to us, we felt a love for him that can never cease; and how could it have been otherwise when there was no circumstance, however trivial, in which we were concerned that was not his care? Much indeed do I owe him in every respect, and if I claim any consequence in life it may be ascribed to my early intimacy with so estimable a friend. Certain it is that whatever taste I may have for reading was entirely gained from him, who used to read to us from the best authors, particularly the Poets, with so much taste and feeling, and pathos too, as to give me an idea of their sublimity, which I should never have had an idea of. Thus did he lose no opportunity of blending improvement with our amusements, and thereby gave us a taste for books which probably we might never otherwise have had.

Soon after making his acquaintance we learned with pleasure that he was determined to attend the law studies in Williamsburg during his absence from his regiment, of about three months; and at the end of that time, after obtaining a license, he rejoined his regiment, — gaining as much in that short time as would have employed many the same number of years.

Notwithstanding his amiable and correct conduct, there were those who would catch at the most trifling circumstance to throw a shade over his fair fame. Once in particular, I remember an ob-

servation of one of his contemporaries, when allusion was made to his short stay at William and Mary College, that he could have gained but little there, and that his talents were greatly overrated. How far he has left this *wise observer* behind him might be easily shown, were I at liberty to describe the *distinguished* personage.

One remarkable trait, however, in his character is that he was never known to make even to his most intimate friends an invidious or malevolent retort, though slanders were propagated and whispered in the ear of those with whom of all others he wished to stand well, insidiously representing the most trifling failings into crimes of the blackest dye. And yet has he always preserved the same amiable, unsuspicious temper which so remarkably distinguished him, and has wisely shown that nothing can so completely blunt the shaft of envy and malice as a life spent in virtuous and noble usefulness.

The year after the war closed, his marriage took place at the cottage in Hanover County, to which place we had been invited by our relation, John Ambler. It has been ill-naturedly said that my father made objection on the score of fortune, but nothing was ever less true; for though I have heard Mr. Marshall say a hundred times that, after paying the parson, he had but one solitary guinea left, yet had that been lacking, my father would have considered him the very best choice his daughter could have made. Certainly the event has proved so, for no man, in my estimation, has ever, save one, stood so high in our country. What his conduct has been in the tender relations of domestic life you have had as good an opportunity of knowing as myself. His exemplary tenderness to our unfortunate sister is without parallel. With a delicacy of frame and feeling that baffles all description, she became early after her marriage a prey to extreme nervous affection which more or

less has embittered her comfort through life; but this has only seemed to increase his care and tenderness, and he is, as you know, as entirely devoted as at the moment of their first being married. Always and under every circumstance an enthusiast in love, I have very lately heard him declare that he looked with astonishment at the present race of lovers, so totally unlike what he had been himself.

His never failing cheerfulness and good-humor are a perpetual source of delight to all connected with him, and, I have not a doubt, have been the means of prolonging the life of her he is so tenderly devoted to.

Affect. your sister,

ELIZA JAQUELIN AMBLER CARRINGTON.

The closing letter of this broken series, written on her fifty-eighth birthday, is an old woman's letter; cheerful, however, and showing the mellowness and serenity of spirit which came with age.

XI.

RICHMOND, March 11, 1823.

MY DEAR NANCY, — This date brings me indeed to my grand climacteric. What an age, with such infirmities as I have had to contend with! Surely they are now fast drawing to an end. This being a snowy day, my natural propensity for scribbling to you recurs. It is my habit, when time hangs heavy on my hands, which is often the case, to look over old manuscripts and letters which have been carefully put away with a view to retrace a long and variegated life, and so many of them appear so frivolous that I am tempted to commit them to the flames. Frequently have they been brought to the verge of that close, and at this moment I can scarcely forbear consigning them to everlasting oblivion.

With the reflection that they have frequently beguiled a miserable day, I again put them back into the little cabi-

net which with its contents was always intended for you, either to destroy or to be handed to your daughter. You will discover in them what you have often seen, a strange mixture of good and bad that should induce you to peruse them with a sister's eye, such as they are. Unless I again change my mind they will at my death be yours.

In the same cabinet are my letters to and from friends (for by strange circumstances I have fallen heir to my own letters). Many from dear Miss Cairns,

Kingsdown, Bristol, England. Mildred Smith's, afterwards Mrs. Dudley of York, etc., etc., with whom I was in correspondence from early life. . . .

[The remainder of this letter torn off.]

The mention, in the closing sentence of the last letter, of Mildred Smith, the writer of the first letter of this correspondence, serves in a manner to close the long gap of time and knit the series together.

THE LOUISIANA EXPANSION IN ITS WORLD ASPECT.

I.

"My intention is to take possession of Louisiana with the shortest delay, and that this expedition be made in the utmost secrecy, under the appearance of being directed against San Domingo."

These words were addressed by Bonaparte to Decrès, his Minister of Marine, who was directed to draw up plans and figure out the cost of an expedition from France to New Orleans. The date was June 4, 1802, two months after the peace of Amiens. After ten years of war, in which, at one time and another, most of the nations of Europe had been involved, the hands of France, the foremost military nation in the world, were freed, and Bonaparte was France. The First Consul despised republics, although theoretically France was still a republic. He had an especial contempt for a country, republic or absolutism, which had only a small army and navy. The United States had but 5,000,000 inhabitants at that time, while France had 27,000,000. It was controlled by a party which thought that even the little army and navy which the country possessed at the retirement of

John Adams from the presidency were a peril to liberty, and started to abolish both. The country was presided over by a philosopher and philanthropist, Thomas Jefferson, who would have been an admirable head of the state during a period of tranquillity, but who was as poorly calculated to deal with the cyclonic conditions generated in the wars between Bonaparte and his world foes as Leo XIII. would have been to control the Robespierres, Couthons, and Saint-Justs of France's reign of terror. It was a fateful hour in the life of the United States.

Why did the First Consul want to take possession of Louisiana? Because Louisiana would have aggrandized France at the expense of her old rival England, which was also believed to be anxious to get a foothold in it, and because its possession would restore to France a province which formerly was hers, and which Bonaparte and the other French statesmen of his day believed had been needlessly sacrificed in the war of 1756-63. From Champlain's days in 1608 down to 1763, France, by exploration and occupation, owned Canada. By La Salle's descent of the Mississippi to its

mouth in 1682, supplemented by the planting of a few colonies on the banks of the Mississippi, the Illinois and other streams running into the Mississippi, by La Salle, Iberville, Bienville, and their successors, France claimed the entire watershed of the Mississippi, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and called it Louisiana. As a result of the French and Indian War, which was the American extension of the Seven Years' War (1756-63), but which began two years earlier, France, then under the shiftless and pusillanimous Louis XV., lost all her possessions on the American continent, ceding the region west of the Mississippi, with New Orleans and its district on the east side of the river, to which collectively the name Louisiana was afterward restricted, to her ally Spain, in the secret treaty of Fontainebleau on November 3, 1762. France gave Canada and all her territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, except the New Orleans district, to England by the treaty of Paris on February 10, 1763.

The Duke of Choiseul, Louis XV.'s minister, probably had two secret objects in ceding Louisiana to Spain: to keep it out of England's hands, and to place it where, when the opportune time arrived, France could get it back again. Spain had been under French influence during most of the time since 1700, when Louis XIV. placed his Bourbon grandson on the Spanish throne as Philip V., and abolished the Pyrenees. The opportune time came when, by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1, 1800, Bonaparte, on the promise to give Tuscany to the young Prince presumptive of Parma, the son-in-law of Charles IV. of Spain, deluded that weak monarch into retroceding Louisiana to France. Probably Bonaparte did not intend to carry out his promise. He very likely knew he could not carry it out if he wanted to; and he knew also that if it were carried out, it would be

an absurdly small compensation for the territory which Spain ceded to him.

Technically, therefore, Louisiana had been French soil a year and two thirds at the time that the First Consul told Decrès he intended to send an expedition to New Orleans. Why did he not send the expedition in 1800 or 1801? Because he wanted to conceal from England and the United States the fact that France had obtained a title to the territory: from England, because he was at war with her then, and by her command of the sea she could prevent him from taking possession, and she might capture it herself; from the United States, because he knew this country would object to France as a near neighbor, and might be inclined to join the combination with England against him. Why did he delay taking possession after his announcement to Decrès? Because when the treaty of Amiens of March 25, 1802, brought peace with England, a rebellion, under the lead of Toussaint L'Ouverture at the outset, was raging against France in Santo Domingo. In various phases it continued for years, and was ultimately successful. The skill of Toussaint and that of his successors, the courage of their black soldiers, but chiefly the yellow fever, which swept away the French troops by the thousand, blocked Bonaparte's purpose to use Santo Domingo as a base in his projected operations at the mouth of the Mississippi, and temporarily affected the current of the world's history.

II.

"The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence that is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation."

These were Jefferson's words, in a let-

ter, dated April 18, 1802, to Robert R. Livingston, the American Minister to France. They were called out by two facts of vital consequence to the American republic. One was the confirmation — by a letter of Rufus King, the American Minister at London, dated November 21, 1801, to Madison, the Secretary of State — of the reports which had been floating around the United States for several months at that time, that France had obtained Louisiana from Spain. The other was the news that General Leclerc, about the end of January, 1802, had landed in Santo Domingo with a French army.

The second fact confirmed the fears aroused in Jefferson's mind by the first fact. Bonaparte had not only recovered Louisiana, but he intended to occupy it at the earliest possible moment, using Santo Domingo as a base of operations. These were the facts which called out Jefferson's warning letter to Livingston. About the same time, Dupont de Nemours, a French friend of both Jefferson and Bonaparte, was prompted by Jefferson to assist Livingston in persuading Bonaparte, through threats of an American-English alliance, to desist from occupying his new territory. Right here the beginning of the United States activity in the struggle for the possession of Louisiana may conveniently be placed.

As Jefferson and the rest of the world well knew, a rebellion against France was under way in Santo Domingo, incited by the First Consul's decree to restore slavery there, which had been abolished by the French National Assembly in 1793. The war and the yellow fever swept away the French armies sent to the island, including Leclerc. A large force was designed to leave France for Louisiana at the end of September, 1802, to be commanded by Victor, one of Bonaparte's ablest marshals, but the blacks and Yellow Jack blocked its way.

While Jefferson and Bonaparte, with widely different emotions, were watch-

ing the conflict in Santo Domingo that was affecting the history of two great nations, the alarming news reached Washington from Claiborne, the governor of Mississippi Territory, on October 2, 1802, that Morales, the Spanish intendant at New Orleans (the actual transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France did not take place until 1803), had rescinded to Americans the right of deposit for their goods at that port. This privilege was one of the most important features of the treaty of San Lorenzo of 1795, negotiated by Pinckney, the American Minister to Spain, and Godoy, the Prince of Peace, Spain's Prime Minister. In it Spain had stipulated to allow Americans to deposit their merchandise at New Orleans, on its way down the river to the markets of the Eastern states and of Europe, free of duty for three years, and agreed that if this entrepôt were withdrawn, some other place of deposit on the Mississippi should be provided. Morales, however, furnished no other place of deposit.

Jefferson, though seriously disturbed at the turn events had taken, concealed his alarm from the country by a mere incidental mention of the burning issue of the day in his annual message to Congress on December 15, 1802. The cession "of the Spanish province of Louisiana to France . . . will, if carried into effect, make a change in the aspect of our foreign affairs which will doubtless have just weight in any deliberations of the legislature connected with that subject." This minimizing of the gravity of affairs by Jefferson was done to quiet, as far as possible, the popular apprehension, and to delay matters with the hope that Bonaparte's fears might ultimately be worked on by threats of an American league with England.

To placate the enraged West, Jefferson, on January 11, 1803, nominated, and the Senate on the 13th confirmed, James Monroe, who was especially pop-

ular in the West, because of his championship of its interests, to be Minister Extraordinary to France and Spain, to assist Livingston and Pinckney in "enlarging and more effectually securing our rights and interests in the river Mississippi, and in the territory eastward thereof." Monroe started for France on March 8, 1803, and arrived there on April 7, carrying with him instructions to buy, at a price not exceeding \$10,000,000, New Orleans and East and West Florida, — West Florida being a narrow strip stretching from the present state of Florida on to the Mississippi. The two Floridas were still Spanish territory, but Jefferson supposed that France, by the acquisition of 1800, had obtained both of them as well as Louisiana.

The draught of the proposed treaty carried by Monroe read thus: "France cedes to the United States forever the territory east of the Mississippi, comprehending the two Floridas, the island of New Orleans, and the islands to the north and east of that channel of the river which is commonly called the South Pass, together with all such other islands as appertain to East or West Florida; France reserving to herself all her territory on the west side of the Mississippi." As a means of inducing the First Consul to sell New Orleans and the Floridas, Monroe was instructed, if this concession were necessary, to go as far as to offer a guarantee by the United States of the west side of the Mississippi to France. If Bonaparte were still obdurate, Monroe, by instructions agreed upon by Jefferson and the Cabinet April 18, 1803, was directed to delay matters as long as possible, with the hope of arranging an Anglo-American alliance to bring pressure against him.

Happily, neither the delay nor the British alliance was necessary. Before these instructions were written, the First Consul had decided to sell Louisiana to the United States. "They ask of me

only one town in Louisiana, but I already consider the colony as entirely lost, and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing power it will be more useful to the policy, and even to the commerce, of France than if I should attempt to keep it."

These were Bonaparte's words to Marbois, his finance minister, on Sunday, April 10, 1803. That is an important date mark in Louisiana's annals. It was the day of Bonaparte's first definite disclosure of his purpose to sell Louisiana to the United States. The reason he assigned to Marbois for this course was his dread that England would seize the territory in the war which other developments about that time showed he had already determined upon, and which began in May of that year. Having decided to give up the territory, with his characteristic energy he started to carry his purpose into immediate effect. "Irresolution and deliberation are no longer in season," he declared to Marbois next day, April 11. "I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I cede; it is the whole colony without reserve. Have an interview with Mr. Livingston this very day."

Livingston heard from Bonaparte that day, but it was through Talleyrand, the foreign minister. With calm duplicity Talleyrand asked Livingston how much he would give for Louisiana, but pretended he spoke without authority. Livingston, as well as Monroe, to whom he communicated Talleyrand's offer, was startled. Well they might be. The offer was far beyond their instructions and plans. It was beyond their wildest hopes.

The negotiations between Talleyrand and Marbois on the one side, and Livingston and Monroe on the other, culminated in a treaty dated April 30, 1803, by which, for the payment of \$15,000,000 by the American government, Louisiana, stretching from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, and

from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and including New Orleans on the east side of the river, was added to the domain of the United States.

III.

Why did Bonaparte cede Louisiana to the United States? There were several reasons. Some of them are part of world politics. Like Sheridan, he felt that the treaty of Amiens settled nothing and pleased nobody. Lord Grenville said that by the terms of that adjustment "England gave up everything, and France nothing." But the terms were not carried out by either side. England distrusted Bonaparte and kept Malta, which she had stipulated to surrender. March 12, 1803, a month before the First Consul announced to Marbois that he would sell Louisiana, he said to Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador at Paris, "I must either have Malta or war." Whitworth told Livingston about this immediately afterward, and at once notified the London government. Unquestionably Bonaparte knew at that time that war was inevitable. War was declared by England in May, shortly after the Louisiana cession was signed. Bonaparte was aware that French occupation of Louisiana would make the United States an enemy of his at a time when most of the nations of Europe were to be arrayed against him. He felt that if he attempted to hold the territory, England, by her command of the sea, might wrest it from him. He needed money to prosecute his war. By selling Louisiana he would keep it out of his old rival's hands, would gain the friendship of the United States, and would get money.

These were some of the obvious reasons for the transfer. There were other reasons, which were not so obvious to the average person then, but which can be made plain now. Some of them were undoubtedly grasped by Bonaparte. The Americans belonged to a world-conquering race. As Bonaparte knew, their an-

cestors, eighteen centuries earlier, in the Teutenberg forest, under Arminius, destroyed Varus and his army, drove the Romans out of Germany, and kept them out, though Rome, then under Augustus, its greatest emperor, was at the summit of its power. In the fifth century, the descendants of Rome's conquerors, the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, landed in England, exterminated or drove out the Celts and the other Romanized inhabitants of Britain, and took possession of the country. These victors' descendants landed in Jamestown and Plymouth in the seventeenth century, exterminated the Indians or brushed them out of their path, held the Spaniards at bay at the south, helped England to drive the French out of Canada, and then drove England out. For eighteen hundred years their march had continued without interruption, and that march had been westward. No ground which they occupied was ever lost. Wherever their flag went up, it stayed up. Their march's momentum, moreover, was constantly growing. Eleven and a half centuries passed between the landing in Britain and the landing at Jamestown. A century and three quarters took them from Jamestown to the Alleghanies. And now, just as the older branch of the race, with which Bonaparte's country had been warring for over seven centuries, had carried its flag from Canada to India, encircling the globe, the younger and more vigorous offshoot of the family, bursting through the barriers of the Appalachians, had pushed its vedettes to within sight of the Mississippi. Terror at this menacing movement was one of the reasons which incited Spain, as a protection to her Mexican territory, which she valued far more highly than Louisiana, to throw France as a barrier across the path of the American advance.

To the imagination of Bonaparte, the soldier and the fatalist, this march without retreat or reverse was majestic, tre-

mendous. On the banners of this oncoming host, headed by the men of the western wilds, he read Crécy, Agincourt, and Quebec. And, still more imminent and portentous, there were the names of Bunker Hill, King's Mountain, and Vincennes. The Hengist, Horsa, and Cerdic of the western legions were there, — Boone, Robertson, and John Sevier. There, too, he discerned the westerners' Arminius, George Rogers Clark. Jefferson, the civilian, had seen in the shouts of the Kentuckians and the Tennesseans for immediate war against France, upon the news of the transfer of Louisiana by Spain to France, only a restlessness and an irritation which the possession of the Floridas and New Orleans by the United States might appease. If he could get possession of the east bank of the Mississippi, Jefferson would be willing to guarantee to France the west bank. Bonaparte, clearer-eyed and larger-visioned, knew that the west bank would be wrested from France within a few years, even if circumstances permitted him to occupy it then. It was not Jefferson who gained the territory west of the Mississippi. Nor was it Santo Domingo's war, or the war then about to open between France and England, which was destined to last a dozen years, and to end at Waterloo. These merely determined the time and the conditions of its acquisition. It was the might of the American people, particularly of their western contingent, the heirs of the traditions and fortunes of a world-mastering race, which won Louisiana for the United States.

IV.

"We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives!" exclaimed Livingston to Monroe and Marbois, — one of the framers of the Declaration of Independence to a man even then seen to be in the line of succession to the presidency, and to one of Bonaparte's most experienced and most trusted ministers, — after their signatures had been put to

the treaty of cession. Livingston did not exaggerate the importance of the transaction. It was the first and greatest step in national expansion ever taken by the United States, and it made all subsequent steps — the acquisition of Florida, Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, California, Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines — inevitable. To a country comprising 827,844 square miles it added 1,171,931 square miles. Within this region there are now, in whole or in part, chiefly in whole, twelve states and the territory of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. One of Louisiana's states, Missouri, ranks fifth in population among the forty-five states of the Union, and one of its cities, St. Louis, stands fourth on the roll of the country's cities. The Louisiana region has to-day about 15,000,000 of the 75,000,000 population of the United States.

But the strictly physical effects of the acquisition were in themselves less important than were the moral consequences. "The Constitution," said Jefferson in a private letter written after the acquisition, "has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union," and he proposed amendments to legalize the transaction. His political friends, however, had none of his constitutional scruples, and the proposed amendments were never presented in Congress. John Randolph, Wilson Cary Nicholas, John Taylor, and others, all as ultra strict constructionists as Jefferson himself, contended that the President and Congress had ample authority to make the purchase; Gallatin and some of the others found it in the treaty-making power, just where Chief Justice Marshall afterward declared it to be. But if these men had promulgated this doctrine a year or two before 1803, they would have landed themselves in the Federalist camp. On this theory the treaty was ratified by the Senate, and the appropriation to put it in operation

was carried through Congress, in both branches of which Jefferson's party was overwhelmingly predominant. Jefferson himself became reconciled to this exercise of power before Congress acted, and said he should "acquiesce with satisfaction" in the views of his friends, "confiding that the good sense of our country will correct the evil of construction when it shall produce ill effects."

Thus, in 1803, did the author of the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 "acquiesce" in the exercise of governmental powers far more sweeping and destructive to his own particularist theories than were those against which that deliverance was directed. The strict constructionist theory of constitutional interpretation broke down long before the first term of the first strict constructionist President was ended. As Jefferson's Republican (Democratic) party controlled the government, with only two short periods of interruption, from 1801 to 1861, the change of front which the Louisiana legislation forced had mighty historic consequences for the country.

In many concrete ways the Louisiana acquisition has profoundly altered the current of political and social thought in the United States down to the present hour. The states carved out of it (like, of course, all the states except the original thirteen), being creations of Congress, had none of the old state sovereignty notions which threatened to destroy the Union many times, and which attempted to do this in 1861-65. The abundance of fertile lands at low prices in the territory which France sold to us attracted millions of emigrants from Europe, all of whom were nationalists in sentiment; all of whom, by settling in the northerly part of the region, helped to give the free states their preponderance over the slave states, when the inevitable conflict came, and contributed their quota to the armies of the Union. The country saw the nationalizing effects of the Louisiana legislation

and ideas when, during the strike in 1894, President Cleveland, of the state rights party, sent soldiers into Illinois to enforce federal laws, against the fierce protests of that state's executive, Governor Altgeld. By one of the ironies of politics, the state sovereignty party established the policy which destroyed state sovereignty.

The necessity that the Mississippi River should be controlled through its entire length by one nation was one of the demands which would have forced the annexation of Louisiana ultimately. Jefferson told Dupont de Nemours, just before the annexation, that the control of the Mississippi is so "indispensable to us that we cannot hesitate one moment to hazard our existence for its maintenance." "The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," exultantly exclaimed Lincoln in 1863, when Grant at Vicksburg supplemented the work done by Farragut and Butler at New Orleans in 1862. Without the nationalizing influences generated by the purchase of this new territory, there was a chance that Hayne instead of Webster would have been the recognized interpreter of the Constitution; that the ideas of Jefferson Davis, and not those of Abraham Lincoln, would have triumphed in 1861-65; and that the little country shut in on the east side of the Mississippi might have been split up into two or three diminutive and discordant nations like those of Central and South America.

Even Jefferson, one of the most sanguine men of his day, had some doubts regarding the success of the democratic experiment which was being tried in this country; for he said in 1804, before the effects of his purchase began to reveal themselves, that "whether we remain in one confederacy or divide into Atlantic and Mississippi confederations I believe not very important to the happiness of either part." The possession of the western territory ultimately banished all peril of a dismemberment of the Union, and

made real democracy — the spirit which, radiating from the United States, incited the Central and South American countries long ago to expel Spain; which has registered itself in the political reforms of the past half or two thirds of a century in England, France, Germany, and other nations; which established a confederation in Canada in 1867, and in Australia in 1899; and which has just brought Japan into the family of modern states — for the first time in the world's history a working principle in government. At the same time, it gave us a purpose and a strength which enabled us to round out our territorial boundaries to conform to the demands of physical geography, by compelling Spain to give up Florida; by peopling Texas and making that republic a part of the United States; by sending settlers into Oregon who won that region for the nation; and by acquiring, through conquest and purchase, the territory of New Mexico and California which placed our boundary line along the great western ocean.

These expansions and triumphs have in the lapse of time profoundly changed American ideas as to the country's ultimate place and purpose among the nations. The country which had 827,000 square miles of territory at the time of Washington's first election has 3,600,000 now, exclusive of the accessions made in 1898. The population of 3,000,000 at that time has been increased to 75,000,000 at present, and the national wealth, which was about \$1,000,000,000 at that time, has expanded to \$90,000,000,000 to-day. No other civilized nation except Russia has so many inhabitants as the United States. This country's wealth equals that of the United Kingdom and France combined, the nations which stand second and third respectively on this roll. A trip round the world occupied over two years at the time when, in 1792, the Yankee skipper Gray sailed into the mouth of the Columbia River, and the United States obtained its first

claim to Oregon. When the Trans-Siberian railroad, now in process of construction, is completed, the globe can be encircled in thirty-three days. In time required for transit, the Philippines are as near New York as Missouri was when Jefferson bought it.

In his first inaugural, Jefferson said that the United States, then bounded on the west by the east bank of the Mississippi, and shut off from the Gulf of Mexico by the Spanish territory of East and West Florida, had room enough for our people to the "thousandth and thousandth generation." A United States three times larger than the one Jefferson had in mind has filled up most of its waste places in three generations. Jefferson, who was thought to be a visionary in his time, did not, and could not, foresee the steamboat, locomotive, and telegraph. The sweeping changes of conditions which have taken place in the United States since the beginning of the century have rendered obsolete some of the counsel appropriate for the early days, and have altered the entire perspective of the American people.

Frémont, hoisting the stars and stripes at San Francisco in the later forties, and looking through the Golden Gate at the broad Pacific, probably asked, "Is this the end of the westward march of the American race?" Dewey's guns in Manila Bay on that fateful May day of 1898 were the answer. A new pathfinder has blazed new paths to the spread of American civilization, influence, and power. "The settlers in Oregon will open to us the North American road to India. It lies through the South Pass and the mouth of the Oregon." The spirit voiced in these words of Benton when the nation was striving for a boundary on the Pacific is more vital than ever, but the goal has been advanced. A richer prize than India lies before us. Dewey has opened to us, by way of the Philippines, the gateway to China. The world's future is in the keeping of three countries, — Russia,

England, and the United States. In the race for universal empire, the two Anglo-Saxon nations, whose paths henceforth are likely to lie parallel, have an immeasurable superiority over Russia, and the larger, more progressive, expansive, and resourceful branch of the race is the American people, —

“The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.”

In this story of the continuous advance of the American race and its progenitor and present collateral branch across the continents there are no accidents. All

the triumphs are the result of the operation of clearly recognized forces. No link in the chain of occurrences could have been spared. Midway, not in time, but in the sequence of events, between Arminius' liberation of the Teutonic family of men from Roman thralldom and America's enfranchisement in 1898 of the last of the peoples subject to the nation which was once the most powerful of Rome's progeny, stands Jefferson's territorial acquisition of 1803. The Louisiana expansion was a step in the conquest of a world.

Charles M. Harvey.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF P'TIT JEAN.

HUMAN nature is a good deal like vegetable nature in some things. Asparagus, for instance, needs a treatment under which lettuce would not thrive. A humiliation hardens one heart, whereas it softens another. All the world knows how changed Madame Martin, our mayor's wife, has been of late, with more sympathy for, and less aggressiveness toward, her neighbors. The train of events leading to this happy culmination began one October afternoon.

The cold wind was blustering unpleasantly through the village, whirling the dust about in a way that could not be calculated upon in time to shield the eyes from it, and worrying wisps of straw and scraps of paper that had been inoffensive enough until this unmannerly breeze had discovered their hiding places and forced them into unseemly caperings. Near the corner by the hooded well was a group of women; they were clustered so closely together that a table napkin could have covered their white caps, all bent over something in their midst, while the score or more of ankles rising above an equal number of sabots formed a circle of considerable size.

Their coarse woolen skirts swayed in the wind which twisted them about. The object which absorbed their attention was a small boy, not much over four years old. He was alternately bellowing loudly and showering abuse, collectively and individually, upon his audience. In spite of the bitter weather, he had on only a ragged cotton shirt, gaping at the throat, and a pair of trousers so much too large for him that he was forced to keep one hand continually busy in holding them up. His bare feet were thrust into ill-mated shoes, and his matted mop of yellow hair was covered by no hat. Notwithstanding the thinness of his little body and the liberal coating of dirt which crusted every available place, he was a pretty child; straight, well made, with bright blue eyes, and a rosy skin peering through the grime.

“And then what happened, little one?” asked a woman coaxingly, in a lull after a long roar.

“Why, then, you old cabbage head, you, I got back — and Bibi was gone! That beast of a mère Victorine! I want Bibi. I do, — I do. I don't want all you big turkeys.”

"Ah, here is Monsieur le Curé!" exclaimed another member of the group, drawing back, and breaking up the circle.

"That is well; he may find out the truth," said a third.

The village priest was seen coming near, his black robe swinging from side to side, and his wide hat pressed firmly on his head. He was a man of middle age, with a misty, far-away look in his eyes. He always answered appropriately, but his expression was such that it came as a slight shock that he had heard and understood the question.

"What is the trouble?" he asked, raising his hat to his parishioners.

A chorus of voices replied, which, loud as they were, seemed low beside the shrill scream coming from the small boy: "Go away, you black crow biddy! I won't have you about! Go away!"

"I apparently excite the child," said the curé mildly. "Who is he?"

"We don't know," came the answering chorus. "We have been at him for half an hour, and can't find out anything."

"I'm P'tit Jean, you stupid woodcocks!" rang clear and distinct from the unknown.

At this moment Madame Martin bustled round the corner, two steps in advance of her brother, the blacksmith. Madame Martin is invariably two steps, if not more, in advance of her men folk. All the village used to call her a "master woman," and respected her energy, even if in those days they did not love her overmuch. Her superior position was emphasized by the fact that she wore neither cap nor sabots. The pink of neatness, she recalled one of her own copper saucepans, rotund, ruddy, glittering with cleanliness, and hard. Her nose and chin showed an inclination to meet, and her firm, straight mouth seemed bashfully taking its place in the middle distance.

Outwardly, her brother, Jérôme Lucas, was like her, but his rotundity was ex-

pressive of cotton wool rather than copper, and his approaching nose and chin expressed amiability rather than rapaciousness.

"Good-afternoon, Monsieur le Curé. What is the reason of this to-do?" demanded the lady mayoress.

"These ladies can tell you better than I, madame," returned the unenlightened priest.

"'T is a lost child, Madame Martin," spoke up Madame Dubois, a small landowner: "he was found wandering round and crying, and we think he belongs to the gypsy wagon that halted by the roadside yesterday, and made off early this morning."

Madame Martin seated herself with much majesty on the well-curb, and held out one hand.

"Come to me and answer my questions, child. I represent the mayor. — I have sent him to the upper farm to see to getting in the wine casks," she threw out in parenthesis to her townsfolk, as if explaining her tone of authority, "so you must obey me."

P'tit Jean drew near with reluctant tread, until her outstretched hand had descended on his shoulder. "Faugh! how dirty he is!" she exclaimed; adding in a catechismal manner, "What is your father's name?" Her allusion to the mayor had evidently impressed the boy, for he ceased his bawls and abusive names.

"Have n't no father," he replied doggedly.

"What is your mother's name, then?"

"Have n't no mother."

"Who took care of you?"

"Nobody."

"Where did you live?"

"In the wagon."

"Who else was there?"

"Nasty old mère Victorine." P'tit Jean's color began to rise, and his voice lost its subdued tone.

"How did you lose her?"

"Oh, my Bibi! I want my Bibi!"

broke out the boy, digging both fists into his eyes.

"Don't let go your trousers, for mercy's sake!" exclaimed Madame Martin energetically, as she jerked him nearer to her. "Dear Lord, how thin he is!" she added in a different key, as she raised him to her lap to adjust the unruly garment. The lady mayoress had no living child, but in her neat bedroom, hanging beside her mirror, was a black oval frame inclosing a thick golden curl. It was twenty-three years since that curl had been cut off, and people called her hard; yet something waked and fluttered inside her breast, as she held the waif on her knee, something that had not died in all this time. Her baby had been thin, too, at the last, although she had done all she could to save him.

But she was not a woman to show her feelings, and after a moment's pause went on. "Who is Bibi?" she demanded.

"I won't tell you."

"Why?"

"Because I won't," said P'tit Jean, defiantly raising his head. "But I will you," he added, slipping from her knees, and running as well as he could with his descending drapery to the blacksmith.

"Well said, my good little man," answered Jérôme, with his slow smile. "Tell me all about him."

"He's the big yellow dog who sleeps under the wagon, and I cuddle up with him when they're drunk inside."

"Good! good! And what made you let them get away without you?"

"Mère Victorine woke me up early this morning, and showed me a castle away over the hills, and said they would give me little cakes and nice white wine there. And I walked and walked, and they only gave me nasty bread; and I came back, and Bibi was gone."

"Oh, the cruel wretch! The poor little lamb!" came from the kindly women.

"The child must be worn out," said

Madame Martin. "I will take him home with me, and give him a bath and some supper. Then to-morrow I will tell the mayor what to decide about him. Come along, little one."

She rose and advanced in P'tit Jean's direction, but he speedily dodged round Jérôme's portly person.

"I won't go with her," he asserted, "but I will with you; for you put shoes on our Moustie a long, long time ago, and you were kind to her and gave her a rotten apple."

"You can't take him, Jérôme; there's no woman now to look after him," said Madame Martin.

"I can give him shelter for the night as well as another. It's lonesome since Marthe died, and the children married and left," replied the blacksmith, with simplicity.

"There, hear to him! He's still grieving for his wife!" exclaimed his unsympathetic sister, raising her eyes, and apparently addressing a colossal sabot, painted scarlet, which hung as a sign above a neighboring door. "And Marthe Lucas was but a poor little body, say what you may, — always ailing; while I, strong as a horse as I am, never sick so to call it but once, when I broke my ankle doing double work, although the mayor talks about that idle slut of a chambermaid as if she was ten servants — yes — I — Where was I? Oh, I remember. No one would wet two pocket handkerchiefs crying for me, if I died. One would be enough, from the laying out to the graveyard."

"Oh no, no. Don't say that, Agathe, — don't, now," urged Jérôme tearfully. "You shall keep the kid, if you hold to it."

"I don't. I would n't have him tracking his filth through *my* house for sums untold," retorted the irritated representative of law and justice.

"The poor child should be fed, however," gently suggested the curé: "perhaps if my good friend Jérôme got him

some supper, he would be more easily managed afterward."

"Monsieur le Curé is right," affirmed Madame Dubois, and the other women being of the same mind the crowd dispersed, blowing right and left to neglected tasks, while Jérôme led off P'tit Jean, limping and stumbling between lameness and the disorder of his nether garment.

Madame Dubois accompanied Madame Martin to her house, wishing to see a wonderful bit of crochet work, the pattern of which came originally from Paris.

"When little Mademoiselle Leroy was at the convent in Paris she made a tidy of this stitch," said the mayoress, ushering her caller into her spick-and-span salon. "Her older sister married a nephew of my mother-in-law's second husband, and that is how I happened" — She broke off as if a new thought had struck her, although in fact it had been in her head ever since she had left her brother. "I don't think he has a thing in the house that a child would like the taste of!" she cried. "Besides, I'm just dying to clean that young one. What do you say, Louise Dubois, to going with me? We'll take him a good bite, and then we'll wash him, and cut his hair, and get him to bed."

"Would you wash him all over?" asked Madame Dubois doubtfully. It was a village theory that Madame Martin's baby had been kept too clean for this world. She was not averse to sectional bathing herself, this worthy Madame Dubois, but when it came to wholesale immersion she shrank somewhat.

"Indeed I would; 't won't do him a mite of harm. Come on!" exclaimed her energetic friend. She led the way to the kitchen, where she opened a cupboard door. "Here, Louise Dubois, do you hold this," she said, taking a basket from a hook where it hung, "and I'll see what I can find to put in it. Here's a piece of chocolate and some bread. There's some jam left in that tumbler; well, I might as well give it to him as

let it mildew. These cakes are getting dry; it's only waste to keep them any longer; I've had them since the mayor's birthday. The child talked, too, about white wine. I gave the mayor a fresh bottle for his breakfast, and there's a good deal left in it. I suppose it won't do any harm to let him have another fresh one for his dinner, — he's partial to it that way, — and the little scamp can have this. There's a slice of cold chicken — no, I must keep that for — Oh, it's not enough to make a good-sized dish, and the mayor would eat the most of it, anyway. I'll put that in. And here's a bit of *brioche*, too. Now you wait till I get towels and soap, and then we'll start."

The two women had but a step to take to reach the blacksmith's by way of the smithy. Jérôme's assistant was hammering on some ironwork, and ran to open the door that gave on to the small garden which separated the house from the shop. They stepped across the narrow space paved with square red bricks, and paused a moment on the threshold to look into Jérôme's kitchen. It was a large, low-beamed room, into which the divided door opened directly; through the open upper half they could see the ample fireplace, with a fagot of dry sticks crackling merrily on the hearth, before which P'tit Jean sat stiffly in a chair, gazing with wide eyes at the fire. Jérôme was going helplessly about peering into crockery jars and tin boxes.

"Has he had his supper?" asked Madame Martin in her sharp voice.

"No, poor little man; I can find naught but tobacco and dried coffee," answered Jérôme, still searching in impossible places.

"Are men stupid, or are they not?" demanded his sister, entering and casting her eyes ceilingward. No reply being vouchsafed to her question, she briskly drew P'tit Jean's chair to the table without disturbing him, and spread before him the contents of her basket.

"Look at the kid's face!" exclaimed Jérôme in a stolid ecstasy. "Just look at it, will you? He never saw such a lay-out before, I'll warrant."

"It will be a better sight yet when the child is clean," returned the mayor-ess, beginning to enjoy herself in her own way.

In the garden stood an iron pot on three legs: without disturbing Jérôme, who kept repeating, "Look at the kid, look at him!" the two women filled this pot half full of water, and then kindled a fire beneath. This accomplished they indulged in a whispered consultation, which ended in the disappearance of Madame Dubois. As she whisked importantly through the smithy door, Jérôme looked up. "What's the fire for?" he asked.

"To clean things."

"But you saw to my wash not so very long ago. Besides, it's too late in the day to get linen dried."

"It's not linen that's to be washed."

"What is it, then?"

"Flesh, human flesh," was Madame Martin's emphatic answer.

"Agathe, you're not going" —

"Yes, I am," she snapped. "I could never sleep in my bed for thinking of the dirt on that child." She dipped her finger into the water as she spoke. "It's not near warm enough yet. Why, bless his heart," she added, putting her head into the kitchen, "he's finished every crumb, and is licking the jam tumbler."

P'tit Jean looked round with an air of placid comfort. "I'm sleepy," he announced.

"And you shall go to sleep in a nice soft bed, with feathers all round you, as soon as you are clean," said the mayoress.

"I'd rather be dirty, and have Bibi."

"Oh fie! dirty boys are not nice," she returned, ignoring the allusion to his lost friend. "Now come here and let me fix your hair."

Snip, snip, went the scissors in those capable hands which never trembled.

Truth to tell, in the active delight of doing something, the curl in its black frame was for the moment forgotten. By the time that the matted locks were shorn, during which performance the patient was sleepily quiescent, Madame Dubois returned in breathless triumph. A timely friend had lent a helping hand, and between them they carried a tin bath tub of antiquated pattern.

"A thousand thanks, madame," she panted, dismissing her aid with a dignified bow; then, turning to Madame Martin, she continued: "I'd have been here sooner, but the curé's housekeeper had a hunt to find it. She had put it in the loft over the sacristy, after the English pupil left, two years ago, and had forgotten all about it. I told her that you had kept your eye on it, and here it is at last."

"I've always thought Agathe had English blood in her," remarked the blacksmith.

Madame Dubois gave him an uncompromising stare, and asked, "Is the water warm?"

Madame Martin felt again, this time plunging her arm far down into the pot. "Yes, it's hot near the bottom, and lukewarm near the top. Now, then, Louise Dubois."

With an adroit movement they lifted the heavy receptacle and poured half its contents into the tub, which they then lifted by its handles and set before the cheerful fire.

"Now, master," said the mistress of ceremonies, "in twenty minutes you will be the cleanest boy in the village."

But P'tit Jean's naturally violent disposition had only been lulled by food and warmth; at this horrible threat it sprang into activity. He directed a kick at his tormentor's shins, which missed its aim, and then made for the door and liberty. Madame Dubois shut off this retreat, however, upon which he began a series of dodges between the two women.

The mayor would have scarcely believed his eyes had he been there, but Madame Martin, despite her rotundity and ordinary domineering propensities, entered into these manœuvres as a sort of game. Jérôme stood gaping, shrinking sensitively each time he saw his sister's hand outstretched, expecting to see it followed by a cuff on the waif's ear; instead, with purple cheeks she lumbered about, uttering shrill screams of excitement. Madame Dubois joined in the chase, and the noise drew the apprentice from his bellows. At last those unlucky trousers tripped up the quarry; he stumbled; strong arms caught him, and in a second he was immersed in that fluid which had previously impressed him as synonymous with the wheel and rack.

To his surprise he rather liked the sensation; his little legs, stiff from their long tramp that morning, stretched luxuriously out; the suds made pretty colors in the firelight; the touch of the grand inquisitor was vigorous, but not rough, and the faces of the three spectators expressed kindly curiosity.

How intensely Madame Martin enjoyed that scrubbing! When even she felt that nothing more remained to be rubbed off but skin, P'tit Jean was lifted from the tub in her strong arms, allowed to drip for a moment, and then stood on a bit of flannel close to the hearth, where she rubbed him with her towels till his little body glowed red in the flames.

"Isn't he a picture?" she said, breathing hard from her exertions and standing erect. "Heavenly powers, but I have a crick in my back from bending!"

"He's a real little Saint John," said Madame Dubois with enthusiasm, as she slipped over his head a nightdress of the late Madame Lucas. P'tit Jean was too surprised to rebel, and too sleepy to do anything but roll up in a ball and go immediately to sleep when the blacksmith had tucked him into poor Marthe's side of the bed.

The following morning Jérôme had a thrill of pleasure at feeling the soft, warm little body cuddled close to his, and when the boy, not quite awake, murmured "Bibi," he stroked the hand that tugged at his beard.

There was not much search made for the gypsies, who, according to popular opinion, had purposely deserted the child. The villagers gave enough from their scanty stores to dress P'tit Jean respectably, and the curé presented him with a pair of shoes. The situation remained vaguely outlined. Jérôme promised nothing, made no definite proposition, thereby driving his sister nearly wild. She hated to have anything left to chance, and wavered between the pleasure it gave her to see the waif growing plump and rosy and the resentment caused by the thought that her family was "being put upon by other folks' brats." She was still undecided as to which side to cast her weight, when the problem was solved by an unthought-of factor.

In Touraine news travels but slowly, and three weeks had passed before the rumor of a new inmate in Jérôme Lucas' cottage traversed the ten miles which lie between our village and the valley of the Cher, where lived Jérôme's eldest son with his father-in-law. Young Madame Lucas had brought six little Lucases to the light of day, and possessed a fine will of her own. She quickly made up her mind that the gypsy's outcast should not gain the heart of her offspring's grandfather, and one bright Sunday morning set out betimes in the two-wheeled cart for Jérôme's house. Her husband and her eldest hope, a boy of twelve, accompanied her, but she was fully aware that she herself was the pivot on which would turn the day's events.

A drive of something less than two hours brought them to the smithy. Madame clambered carefully from her high perch, keeping her second-best black skirt from the mud on the wheel. Very

determined was she in her bearing as she pushed young Jérôme ahead of her through the forge, dim with a holiday twilight, and opened the door into the court. The sun shone bright that cool, crisp morning, making a bit of transparency worthy of a cathedral window as it smote athwart a grapevine branch still bearing some yellow and crimson leaves. Two clumps of ordinary chrysanthemums, the one with white, the other with reddish-brown flowers, flanked the doorway, just inside of which, his feet in the sunshine, sat the ruddy blacksmith. His hair was plastered to his head, and he wore his Sunday suit. By his side sat the sleek house cat, and between his knees stood P'tit Jean in a clean black blouse strapped about his waist with a leather belt, his shining locks already escaping from the extra care lately bestowed upon them, and his cheeks glowing with health and a vigorous application of Madame Martin's soap. He was explaining, with an earnestness that supplemented his limited vocabulary, why he had been naughty and had refused to go to mass with "la tante Agathe," as he calmly called the lady mayoress. He looked up as the smithy door opened, and the words died away before the newcomers, — a lady very finely dressed, and a big, *big* boy.

Jérôme looked, too, and rose slowly; he advanced to meet his daughter-in-law, solemnly kissed her on both cheeks, went through the same performance with young Jérôme, and then said, "And Jacques?"

"He is putting up the horse at the inn," said Madame Jacques, showing by every angle of her rigid figure that she came for war, not peace.

There was a long silence, while Jérôme felt that he must make an effort to rise to the duties of host and parent. At last he brought forth the words, "You'll have a snack with me?"

"You are too good." This came with elaborate politeness from the unexpected

guest. During the pause she had been examining the interloper, who had returned her gaze with one of frank admiration.

"Your aunt Agathe," volunteered Jérôme, "will be here soon. She is at mass, and it must be nearly over."

As he spoke the church bells began a joyous clash; then sounded a clatter of hobnailed shoes as the advance guard of boys dashed down the steep paved alley that ran up to the church from the village road along the other side of the blacksmith's wall. After this noise had died away came the sound of more restrained footfalls, accompanied by a murmur of voices, — women's voices; only one man went to church in those days, and as he was lame he followed haltingly. Conversation seemed difficult in the small court. Jérôme had pointed to his chair, and Madame Jacques had plumped down into it. She wished her husband to uphold her in the coming interview, and she did not wish la tante Agathe to be present; but she suspected that neither desire would be satisfied. She had a shrewd idea that Jacques would keep out of the way until the storm had blown over; being willing (after the manner of men) to fight, but a very coward when it came to looking on at another's engagement.

"We came over to see how things were with you, father," said the young woman in a gloomy tone. "There were stories told us last week we did not want to believe unless our own eyes told the same tale." She stared pointedly at P'tit Jean as she spoke.

Jérôme answered never a word. He took from his pocket a buff-and-white-plaid handkerchief, which he applied to his nose and gave an unnecessary, trumpet-like blow. Then he cocked his head on one side, like an aged terrier, and listened to a voice in the alley beyond the wall, while his face brightened. The voice was Agathe's, and was announcing emphatically: "Yes, I always see to his

Sunday breakfast myself. Men are such helpless souls! He and the child would go hungry, if I did n't look after them." Jérôme felt instinctively that his sister would protect him; and he also felt that he might need her aid, for in spite of his daughter-in-law's reticence he was fully aware what had caused her visit.

There was a short interval between the overheard conversation and the smart opening of the forge door, through which swept Madame Martin in all the glories of a black silk dress and a Parisian bonnet only three years old. She halted at the sight of her niece. There was no love lost betwixt the two, and they had had many a skirmish, but this fine Sunday morning saw their first pitched battle.

A detailed account of the affair would be grotesque, and give a distorted view of the valor displayed on both sides. Madame Martin's temper rose the moment she saw Madame Jacques in Jérôme's doorway, and P'tit Jean's wistful, admiring look at her. She divined the object of the reconnaissance at a glance, and boldly charged the younger woman. After this first shot both talked at once, their voices soaring with shrill iteration above the garden wall, attracting a small knot of inquisitive gossips. Finally, those without heard only a series of pants which followed the wildest outburst of all; then Madame Martin was heard to speak in slow, emphatic accents. "The child is my care," she said. "I shall see to his future, so that you will lose naught. But I am not bound to provide for grandnephews nor yet for grandnieces, and the less baiting I get on the subject the better for them at the last. The boy is company for my poor brother, and keeps him warm nights, so there is no need to buy a new coverlid for the cold weather."

"That he does, the young rogue!" exclaimed Jérôme, highly delighted at the way things were going. "And now, Agathe, let's have a good meal for the

young folks; they have a long drive before them, and the days are short."

Thus was the situation defined, and P'tit Jean's future assured.

Madame Martin had been surprised into giving this promise, but her word was good, and she kept it stanchly. Needless to say that her townspeople criticised her unmercifully, and she heard more than once that she had fallen from her formerly high estate in their esteem. She shook her head at the dismal prophecies regarding the waif's future, and was unusually happy all through the winter; adding to and supervising her protégé's wardrobe, giving him an occasional bath, leading him to school, and trying to lead him to church. Although P'tit Jean was what is called "a handful," she generally contrived to get her way by bribes, coaxings, and an occasional cuff. For the first few months no power could induce him to enter the church. Some dim prejudice against the "crow biddy," as he persisted in calling the curé, made him fight his benefactress tooth and nail. But on Easter Sunday Madame Martin's desire to prove to all the world what a success she was making of her experiment gained the upper hand. He was flattered into a new suit of clothes, and dragged up the steep lane to the porch.

"Now listen. You will be a good boy within," she said, giving a final touch to his vast cravat of bright blue silk that nearly strangled him.

"I won't," he replied, with his naughtiest look. "You'll see how bad I'm going to be."

In spite of this threat, he was so amused by the service, with its flowers, lights, incense, and music (such as it was), that his demeanor was truly pious until the very end. Madame Martin was triumphant; not a boy in the whole congregation had sat so still and looked so angelic as her waif. She had waved her flag of victory before the eyes of all men, and as she gained the door, with

elated mien, she paused to scatter a few condescending remarks among the group of neighbors gathered together. Up to this moment she had kept P'tit Jean's hand tightly grasped within her own, but now the weight of responsibility was off her heart, and relaxing her hold she said, "Run out, my boy, into the air."

P'tit Jean's attention, however, had been attracted by the stoup for holy water; it was in the shape of a cockleshell, carved out of stone, and attached to one of the pillars. He wanted very much to see what was in that curious shell, wondering why the people dipped their fingers into it. He stood on tip-toe to peer within; but the rim was just above the level of his eyes, so, drawing back a few steps, he gave a short run and jumped up, catching hold of the fluted edge with both hands to support himself. He had been so good that he felt he had earned the right to equalize matters a little. The water was very clear, and reflected the crude tones of the window glass, which he thought the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He was admiring the tremulous blobs of crimson and blue when he caught a horrified exclamation: "Just see what that imp is doing!"

Madame Martin, whose back was turned, wheeled round. P'tit Jean saw that he must take some means of defense, so, plunging his rosy face into the water, he filled his mouth with the blessed liquid. At the same moment he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and Madame Martin dragged him to his feet in the midst of the group of women. For perhaps three seconds he stood in their midst, casting merry, malicious gleams at them, his cheeks distended until the skin at the corners of his mouth nearly cracked. Then, with a most unecclesiastical sound, he showered all within reach with a fine stream, half spray, half water. His victims scattered with stifled screams, and the culprit was hauled by his collar to the *place* before the church, where he

was cuffed heartily. But, upheld by a philosophy worthy of a better cause and the memory of far more cruel chastisements from *mère Victorine*, he stood in sturdy silence until Madame Martin paused for want of breath. Then he said, "Dame! it was worth it."

After this scene the first symptoms of softness in the character of the lady mayoress were observed.

In spite of his mischievous ways the blacksmith and his sister doted on P'tit Jean, while even the mayor entertained for him a feeling composed of fear and admiration. He feared him, never knowing on whom would fall the consequences of his next trick; he admired him for standing up to the redoubtable Agathe.

The month of June drew near. All the village was agog with excitement over the preparations for the "Fête Dieu," or Corpus Christi Day. It is one of the pretty customs in Touraine to erect open-air altars for this festival of the Church, before which the priest, marching in a procession of his parishioners, pauses and holds a short service.

Madame Martin always took an interest in the celebration, and had one of the altars before her gate. This year she was more important than before. Her preparations were carried on in secret. It was whispered that the decorations would be something more splendid than ever, and that her manner suggested a surprise of some sort. She was continually running up to the presbytery to hold whispered consultations with the curé's housekeeper; she hid things in her own room; she was absent one day for the entire afternoon, and some one saw her returning from the big farm on the uplands. A very Sphinx in her mysterious silence, neither husband nor brother guessed at her plans.

At last the great morning dawned. It was a "day made on purpose," as the peasants say. Towering mountainous clouds, with dazzling peaks and depths of violet and rosy shades, tempered the

heat, while the sky was intensely blue between the cumulous masses. The road running through the hamlet was strewn with reeds placed in the form of stars, with poppy petals for their centres. Three *reposoirs* had been erected, and the first one to be visited was in front of Madame Dubois' house, and under her supervision. She stood with two neighbors eagerly waiting for the signal that the procession had started from the church, when they would make haste to light their candles. It came at last in the blatant notes of the band. The good women flew to their tasks, and the pale candle flames flickered and bent in the fresh breeze. Now they are coming! They have turned the corner. What a crowd! Nearly a hundred and fifty souls.

Madame Dubois, satisfied with the artistic effect of her work, stood aside with a sigh of relief to watch the pageant. She noticed that something of which she could catch no glimpse was attracting unusual attention. The boys broke rank and ran along to see. The men straggled, and threw glances over their shoulders, giving amused, indulgent chuckles as they did so. The curé, under the white canopy with white plumes nodding at the four corners, was unheeded. The bunch of young girls in their muslin frocks and blue ribbons drew no admiration. Everybody was staring one way. Madame Dubois strained her eyes and stretched her neck, rising on tiptoe, and then for the first time she saw —

P'tit Jean! He was standing on a square of solid wood fitted with handles at the corners, which were upheld by four men, conspicuous among them being the mayor and the blacksmith. He represented Saint John as he is painted in pictures of the Holy Family. A sheep-skin half covered his chubby limbs; in his right hand was held a slender cross, and in his left he firmly grasped a red ribbon, the other end of which was tied

about the throat of a white and woolly lamb. So happy and so holy was his look that more than one woman had tears in her eyes without knowing why.

P'tit Jean was moved. He vaguely felt himself on a higher moral plane than any he had ever touched. Soft, gentle impulses crept into his laughter-loving nature, and he could even have hugged the curé. Many thousand thoughts passed through his little head as the procession moved slowly along. He was curiously agitated; the brazen music excited him, and the big drum seemed to play against his stomach. At the halting places before the altars, the sound of the priest's voice, rising like incense in the pure air, touched him; he knelt beside the lamb at the elevation and bent his shining curls, while his heart swelled at the memory of his old friend Bibi.

Madame Martin could hardly restrain her joy. That cherub, that saint, was her own work. She swelled with gratified importance, like a pouter pigeon, and threw satisfied glances about her that all might see.

Two of the *reposoirs* had been visited, and now the procession was to wind down through the wheatfields to the highway, make a turn to the left, and return by the road that leads off to the town hall.

The dry rustle of the wheat mingled with the tramp of the feet as they passed along the narrow path; the band was silent for a moment, and the birds had it all their own way. There is a slight incline before the highway is reached, and P'tit Jean staggered a little as the last bearers of his holiness failed to bring his platform to the right level. When he had recovered his balance they had turned the corner, and his eyes fell on something that caused them nearly to start from his head.

And yet it was a common sight: only a traveling house wagon standing on one side of the road. The horse had been let loose, and P'tit Jean craned his neck

to look underneath the wagon ; it might not be his old home, after all. No, he decided with a long sigh, the dog was an ugly black thing, not his Bibi. But at that instant he saw a slovenly, dirty woman leaning against the wall, staring at the procession. It was la mère Victorine ! It was ! There was no doubt. That was her cruel face ; those were her hard hands that had given him many a fierce blow. P'tit Jean recalled what he had suffered from her, and a great gush of gratitude toward Jérôme and la tante Agathe swept over him. This was followed by a feeling of such su-

preme triumph that, unless he expressed it, he felt there was danger of his bursting. The silence was broken only by the solemn Latin words chanted by the curé. P'tit Jean dared not interrupt by any sound. He wound the red ribbon of the lamb round one wrist, and tucked his cross under his arm ; then looking la mère Victorine full in the face, heedless of the gaze of all the surrounding populace, he placed one thumb on the end of his nose, and joining his hands spread out all ten fingers in her direction.

And the sonorous Latin phrases rolled out, and the procession moved slowly on.

Helen Choate Prince.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. OLIPHANT.

"ALL knowledge," says the old Chinese proverb, "is by nature implanted in the mind of a woman ;" and one cannot run through the presumably complete list of works appended to the reminiscences of the late Mrs. Margaret Oliphant,¹ born Wilson, without being reminded of the kernel of everlasting, though to some women peculiarly unpalatable truth so smoothly enveloped in this crafty paradox.

From the amazing bibliography in question, it seems that in her half century of unresting literary activity, from 1847 to 1897, Mrs. Oliphant produced some hundred and twenty-five novels and biographies, and nearly twice that number of shorter essays, critical, descriptive, and speculative. Most of the latter appeared first in Blackwood's Magazine, and that they did so appear is in itself a warrant of their general excellence. The range of subjects treated in these pieces is enormous ; and while some of them are light enough and of

merely ephemeral interest, a good many display far more than the average reviewer's grasp of the kind of theme on which a man trained in modern methods of research, or a woman trying to proceed like a man, would think well bestowed the *gründlich* investigation and slow constructive labor of a lifetime. Mrs. Oliphant was capable of industrious research, too, and knew when her task required it, as the best of her historical summaries and her half dozen almost unrivaled biographies conclusively show. Her mind was keen, her temper candid and conscientious ; and she was gifted by nature with that unerring sense of the relative value of facts which is so mighty a help in the study of original documents. Yet it is by no means to the wealth of her accumulated knowledge, or to any academic equipment whatsoever, that the main charm and value of this woman's remarkable work are due. That work has been thoroughly discussed and appreciated since her lamented death in 1897, and adjudged by the almost unanimous verdict of the best living critics to have been not only fabu-

¹ *Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant.* Edited by Mrs. HARRY COGHILL. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

lous in quantity, but upon the whole admirable in quality. It was unequal, because human; but it was all good, and some of it very nearly of the very best. The writer managed, however, to keep herself out of her work and her affairs hidden from the world, as very few authors of either sex have ever done; and her posthumous memoirs claim attention most of all for the light they shed on a life of heroic endeavor, and the picture they artlessly reflect of a highly distinguished yet curiously debonair, detached and retiring personality.

The so-called autobiographical part of the new volume will be found a little disappointing at first, in that it is not a complete and continuous narrative, but consists of several fragments. The earliest of these, which is dated, 1864, is little more than a desperate outpouring of the mother's grief over the loss of her eldest child and only daughter, Margaret, who died in Rome at the age of eleven, on January 27 of that year. Twenty-one years later, in 1885, Mrs. Oliphant went back to the recollections of her own infancy, and began a systematic narrative of the events of her outwardly commonplace life, for the benefit of her remaining children, the two idolized boys whom she fondly and naturally expected to survive her. But this narrative was again interrupted by the stress of professional work, to be resumed only in 1894, and then abruptly and most tragically concluded after her sons also had been taken from her.

"Orba resedit
Exanimis inter natos, natusque, virumque."

Mrs. Oliphant was not quite thirty-six years old when her beautiful Maggie died. Already a popular author, she was to achieve, during the desolate years immediately following that sore bereavement, her best creative and dramatic work

¹ Not absolutely unassisted, because she had for a number of years a pension of £100 a year from the Crown. But the effort to se-

in the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, as she had already touched the limit of her analytic power in the *Life of Edward Irving*. She had been married at twenty-four, and her long connection with the house of Blackwood, so honorable and profitable to both parties, began at exactly the same time; she having received, as she always loved to remember, the proofs of her pretty Scotch tale of *Katie Stewart* on the morning of her wedding day. Her husband, a cousin on the mother's side, and an artist of some promise, died of pulmonary consumption, also at Rome, four years before the visit which proved fatal to little Margaret; and her youngest child, Francis, always mentioned in these naïf pages by his Italian baby name of Cecco, was born there six weeks after his father's decease.

Left a widow when only a little over thirty, with three babies and debts to the amount of £1000, she provided by the all but unassisted labor¹ of her pen for her own maintenance during almost forty years, and for that of her sons, both of whom she educated at Eton and Oxford; beside giving a happy home, a mother's care, and an advantageous start in life to three children, — a son and two daughters of her brother, Francis Wilson, who became insolvent and a helpless wreck in 1868. From a purely commercial point of view, this record is sufficiently remarkable; and to censure Mrs. Oliphant, as some of her critics presume to do, for not having also left a fortune behind her seems to me unreasonable. It might, at all events, be worth the while of those would-be reformers — mostly women of too much leisure, who so earnestly advocate the "economic independence" of their sex — to consult these pages for information as to what such independence really means, in the case even of a superlative for her, when she was first widowed, one of the lodgings at Hampton Court proved unsuccessful.

tively endowed and exceptionally successful woman.

The editor of Mrs. Oliphant's Autobiography, her kinswoman Mrs. Harry Coghill, — also, for some years previous to her own marriage, a member of the household at Windsor, — has bridged the gaps in the personal story simply and skillfully; and has added an interesting selection from the great mass of her cousin's letters, chiefly from those addressed to different members of the Blackwood family, beside a brief but touching and pertinent preface and the bibliography aforesaid. No editor could have done more or better, under the restrictions imposed by the authoress herself; and these restrictions were so entirely in harmony with her habitual view of life, and of Margaret Oliphant's very moderate importance in it, that no true lover of hers can wish them absent. She had an indifference to renown, and a constitutional and cultivated antipathy to *réclame*, which amounted almost to a foible. Pose of any kind was abhorrent to her, the literary pose most of all; and she records with unmistakable glee the fact that people were very apt to relieve their minds, after a short acquaintance, by whispering in her ear their dislike of literary women. She did with her might what her hands found to do at the bidding of her brain, — as unto God always, and not unto man; and she lay down at night, for threescore and ten brave years, to the laborer's welcome rest, with no thought, apparently, that her particular daily task was worth more than another's. It had sufficed to keep intact the home of her womanly affections, the seat of her true life, and even to make fair that beloved interior with a little modest adornment: and this was enough for her.

The mixture in her of whimsical humility and a rare power of humorous observation preserved her from ever taking herself too seriously; but neither was she always able to take with entire

seriousness reputations much more stately than her own; and her quaint ingenuousness and freedom from conventional bias give much piquancy to the incidental allusions to other writers which occur during the retrospect of her own career.

When the Life of George Eliot came out, in 1885, "I wonder," muses Mrs. Oliphant, "if I am a little envious of her. I always avoid considering formally what my own mind is worth. I have never had any theory on the subject. I have written because it gave me pleasure, because it came natural to me, because it was like walking or breathing, besides the big fact that it was necessary for me to work for my children. . . . How I have been handicapped in life! Should I have done better if I had been kept, like her, in a mental greenhouse and taken care of? This is one of the things it is perfectly impossible to tell. In all likelihood, our minds and our circumstances are so arranged that, after all, the possible way is the way that is best; yet it is hard sometimes not to feel with Browning's Andrea that the men who have no wives, who have given themselves up to their art, have had almost an unfair advantage over us who have had, perhaps, more than one Lucrezia to take care of. . . . I used to be much impressed in the Laurence Oliphants with that curious freedom from human ties which I have never known, and that they always felt it possible to make up their minds to do what was best, whether they could or not! . . . I know I am giving myself the air of being *au fond* a finer character than the others. I may as well take the little satisfaction to myself, for nobody will give it to me. No one even will mention me in the same breath as George Eliot. And that is just. It is a little satisfaction to me to think how much better off she was, — no trouble in all her life, so far as appears, but the natural one of her father's death, and perhaps coolnesses

with her brothers and sisters, though that is not said. And though her marriage (with Mr. Cross) is not one that most of us would have ventured on, still it seems to have secured her a worshiper unrivaled. *I think she must have been a dull woman, with a great genius distinct from herself*, — something like the gift of the old prophets, which they sometimes exercised with only a dim sort of perception of what it meant. But this is a thing to be said only with bated breath, and perhaps further thought on the subject may change even my mind. She took herself with tremendous seriousness, that is evident, never relaxing ; — her letters ponderous beyond description, and those to the Bray party giving one the idea of a mutual improvement society for the exchange of essays."

In the same spirit of mild detachment, she contrasts herself with a woman of a yet more vivid and original genius : " I was reading of Charlotte Brontë the other day, and could not help comparing myself with the picture, more or less, as I read. I don't suppose my powers are equal to hers, — my work, to myself, looks perfectly pale and colorless beside hers, — but yet I have had far more experience, and, I think, a fuller conception of life. I have learned to take, perhaps, more a man's view of mortal affairs, — to feel that the love between men and women, the marrying and giving in marriage, occupy, in fact, so small a portion of either existence or thought. When I die, I know what people will say of me. They will say that I did my duty with a kind of steadiness, not knowing how I have groaned under the rod."

She first made the acquaintance of the Carlyles while collecting her materials for the Life of Edward Irving ; and she always claimed to understand them and their unique relation to each other much better than did most of their English contemporaries, through her own old Scotch blood and the memory of her

delightful Scotch mother. Of her she has left a portrait as picturesque as Barrie's of Margaret Ogilvie, and she thought her very like Mrs. Carlyle. "God bless them," she says, — "that much maligned and misunderstood pair ! His treatment of me was not much like the old ogre his false friends have made him out to be !" She won the heart of Mrs. Carlyle directly, and saw always the most affectionate and sunny side of her ; but she owns to having been mortally afraid beforehand of approaching the Sage of Chelsea, and proportionably relieved when he deigned to bestow his difficult approval on her history of his early friend. Nothing, he declared, had so taken him by the heart for years as that biography. Its author was "a fine, clear, loyal, sympathetic female being, worth whole cartloads of Mullocks, Brontës, and *things of that sort !*"

It is in very truth a masterly piece of human portraiture, and hardly less so is her life of another eminent pietist, though a totally different type of man, — much more complex and sophisticated, — Count Charles de Montalembert. Him she had known personally from the anxious first days of her widowhood, when she gallantly undertook, among other tremendous tasks, the translation of his monumental work on the Monks of the West. "Montalembert's English," observes Mrs. Oliphant, "was delightful, perfect in accent and idiom. I don't remember any mistake of his except the amusing and flattering one with which he expressed his surprise, when we first met, to find me 'not so respectable as he had supposed.' . . . It was then 1865, and I must have been thirty-seven, and had gray hair. Montalembert himself was, I think, one of the most interesting men I ever met. He had that curious mixture of the — shall I say ? — supernaturalist and man of the world (not mystic, he was no mystic, and yet *miraculous*, if there is any meaning in that) which has always had so great an attrac-

tion for me; keen and sharp as a sword, and yet open to every superstition far more than I ever could have been, who looked up to him with a sort of admiring wonder and sympathy, not without a smile in it. He was a little like Laurence Oliphant in this; but Laurence was not a highly educated man like Montalembert."

Some of the most graphic of Mrs. Oliphant's letters describe her visit in the winter of 1871 to the widowed countess at the château of La Roche-en-Bressy, when she was preparing Montalembert's Memoir. When she came, twenty years later, as an aging woman, to tell the life stories of Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews and of Laurence Oliphant, she was writing of intimate personal friends, the secrets of whose mental being they might themselves have communicated to her. But her sympathetic perception of the springs of human action, and her seemingly instantaneous divination of the key to a character, served her almost as well with subjects she had never known, and served her to the very last. They are nowhere more conspicuous than in her *Life of Jeanne d'Arc* and in the sketches of early contributors to *Maga* embodied in her history — unfinished, alas! — of the house of Blackwood. And yet these tasks were executed when hope was dead, even in her buoyant breast, and she had no more interest in her work at all; and their excellence appears to be due merely to the automatic infallibility of a fine intellectual machine kept always in bright running order.

Along with Mrs. Oliphant's own letters, in this volume, there are given a few from distinguished people to herself, and among them several from Kinglake, the brilliant author of *Eothen* and the *History* — which is rather a prose epic — of the Crimean War. Mr. Kinglake was a great admirer and a diligent reader of Mrs. Oliphant's novels, of which he never thought there could be too many;

and the point upon which, in discussing them and their characters, he always dwells, with a wonder that approaches envy, is her unflagging imagination, — a quality in which he himself, as an historian, has not always been thought deficient. But he was quite right: her one supreme and incommunicable native endowment — that which enabled her both to draw real men and women to the life, and to create an almost endless succession and variety of living and convincing fictitious types — was imagination, kindled and guided by inexhaustible human sympathy.

The discovery of her own gift for biography was a delight to her, and she had a passing impulse, half jestingly expressed in a letter to Miss Isabella Blackwood, to forsake for it all other and more trivial forms of composition. "I like biography. I have a great mind to set up in that as my future trade, and tout for orders. Do you know anybody that wants his or her life taken? Don't fail to recommend me, if you do." And not far from the same time she wrote with reference to one of the very cleverest of her own novels: "As for Miss Majoribanks, I am a little disgusted with her, and with novels in general: with the latter so greatly that I am contemplating an indignant address to all who are worth their salt in the trade, praying them to give it up, and take to some more honest mode of livelihood. Let us take people's lives or anything that is worth the trouble." To similar purport she says early in the autobiography, — which might more accurately be termed her *Apology*: "Occasionally my books pleased me; very often they did not. I always took pleasure in a little bit of fine writing (afterward called in the family language 'a trot'), which, to do myself justice, was only when I got moved by my subject, and began to feel my heart beat, and perhaps a little water in my eyes, and ever more really satisfied by some little conscious felicity

of words than by anything else.” And yet once more: “I shall not leave anything behind me that will live. What does it matter? Nothing at all now, — never anything to speak of. At my most ambitious times, I would rather my children had remembered me as their mother than in any other way, and my friends as their friend. . . . God help us all, what is the good done by such work as mine, or even better than mine? . . . There is one thing, however, I have always whimsically resented, and that is the contemptuous compliments that for many years were the right things to address to me, and to say of me, as to my ‘industry.’ Now that I am old, the world is a little more respectful, and I have not heard so much about my industry for some time. The delightful superiority of it in the mouth of people who had neither industry nor anything else to boast of used to make me very wroth, I avow. The same kind of feeling, the other day, even, made me comically angry at a bit of a young person who complimented me on my *Beleaguered City*. Now, I am quite willing that people like Mr. Hutton should speak of *The Beleaguered City* as the one little thing among my productions that is worth remembering, but I felt inclined to say to the other: ‘*The Beleaguered City*, indeed, my young woman! I should think a good deal less than that might be good enough for you.’ By which it may perhaps be suspected that I do not always think such small beer of myself as I say, but this is a pure matter of comparison.”

Always the same humor and spirit and captivating spontaneity; the wholesome light of common day; the broad, clear outlook upon life and its values; the irrepressible candor, now pensive, and now playful! If ever there was a soul that needed not conversion to become as that of a little child, it was hers.

Nevertheless, as the clouds returned after the brief sunshine of her noonday,

and the storm of calamity gathered which darkened the late afternoon of her earthly life and tried her spiritual mettle to the utmost, we find Mrs. Oliphant’s personal record assuming more and more the character of a severe and sometimes almost remorseful self-examination. Her boys — the objects of her passionate and unwearying devotion, for whom alone she had been ambitious — both disappointed her cruelly. Brilliant and amiable, and invariably sweet and flattering to herself, they were morally unstable and incurably indolent. They did little or nothing to justify to the world the mother’s fond faith in their powers; and while both lived to be over thirty, — that is, to the age at which she herself was the willing breadwinner for a large and expensive household, — neither was ever able to maintain himself, or to lighten in any way, save by the sunshine of delightful manners, the burden that she had carried so long. And how far, she now and then sadly asked herself, was she answerable for their failure? Had her lavish devotion actually minimized their sense of responsibility, — her glad self-denial entangled them irreparably in habits of selfish luxury?

Such questions are natural to a spirit as ingenuous and as far from any tendency to self-exaltation as that of this *Mother of Sorrows*. To cry *mea culpa* for the faults of others is the instinctive impulse of a generous heart. But to me it seems that she distressed herself needlessly, and these are the passages which I, if I had been her editor, would certainly have omitted from the fragmentary record of her life. Private confession may be good for the soul; it is undoubtedly comforting, and needful to many a soul of the most élite. But only in very exceptional cases, as I believe, is public confession good either for the confessor or for the public. Minute researches into motive, the subtle analysis of foregone mistakes and misadventures, are always of doubtful profit;

but at any rate they belong to the arcana of the human spirit, and should have but one confidant. The truth which leaps to the eyes in this case, the only one with which the world has any concern, is that the moral infirmities of Cyril and Francis Oliphant were due largely to the constitutional taint which they inherited from their father, and which closed the careers of both before they had had time to retrieve the faults of their adolescence. If their mother were responsible for their weakness at all, it was only in some obscure physiological sense, through the excessive and abnormal, though as it seemed indispensable activity of her own brain at the time of their birth and nurture. It is here, if anywhere, that the honorable and yet sorrowful story of her life may furnish an important lesson. Intelligence is not sexless, as many people contend, and Mrs. Oliphant's was, when all is said, only an unspoiled feminine intelligence of the very best kind. I do not know, either, why I should use that de-

precatory word "only." Hers was one of the two kinds of genius which apparently have been appointed for the illumination and rectification of the world. The intuition suggested by the Oriental proverb is, after all, a noble instrument for the discovery of truth, and one no less legitimate than the power of acquiring and coördinating an infinitude of dates and facts. Or rather, it is an essential factor in all discovery; for induction at best can only justify deduction, and imagination must precede them both.

And so I come back to the thought which was uppermost in my mind when I finished Mrs. Oliphant's *Apologia*, and I ask myself and the reader how far the efficiency of her vigorous and beautiful but comparatively untrained powers would have been enhanced — whether it might not possibly have been impaired — if, instead of working in freedom, her mind had been constrained from girlhood by masculine rules and methods, and weighted by a heavier panoply of masculine armor.

Harriet Waters Preston.

A CENTURY OF INDIAN EPIGRAMS.¹

It is refreshing to find in Mr. More's little volume of epigrams a book on India which is at once scholarly and attractive to the general reader. The new Renaissance to which Schopenhauer looked forward as a result of the study of Sanskrit has found as yet but scant expression in literature. For a century past German scholars have hewn from Sanskrit huge blocks of erudition, but there has been no successful attempt — except perhaps in the stanzas of Rückert — to extract from this crude ore of scholarship its residue of human wisdom and experience. Yet the problem raised

by the meeting in India of the two extremes of Aryan civilization, of English and Hindu, and by the slow infiltration of Indian thought into the West, is in itself of real interest to all thinking men. Mr. More has rendered a service to those who wish to reflect on the larger aspects of the question by attempting to give in brief compass a faithful image of the ideals of ancient India. He has only in rare instances used his Sanskrit originals as a background on which to embroider his own poetical fancies, nor has he, like Fitzgerald, read into them any of the moods of the modern agnostic.

¹ *A Century of Indian Epigrams.* Chiefly from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari. By PAUL

ELMER MORE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

It would hardly have been possible to make a literary rendering of the older Sanskrit writings, as any one will testify who has read a book like the translation of the Upanishads in the Sacred Books of the East, and has consented, for the sake of an occasional impressive passage, to struggle through dreary wastes of ineptitude. Mr. More has turned the difficulty by drawing for half his epigrams on the collection of stanzas attributed to Bhartrihari, a work which, as much as anything in Sanskrit, has a distinct personal flavor, and seems to belong to that brief period of the literature when it had attained to some degree of conscious art without as yet having fallen into entire artificiality. And then he has rounded out his "century" by borrowing freely from the earlier sources. The stanzas of Bhartrihari are divided into three centuries, one for each of the "paths," — Love, Worldly Wisdom, and Renunciation. Mr. More has imitated this division in the sequence of his epigrams, giving due prominence to the first and third of the paths, since, as he remarks, the Hindu conceived of but little middle ground between the ideal of the voluptuary and that of the ascetic.

"One walketh in Renunciation's way ;
Another fain would pay
In Worldly Wisdom all his soul's large debt ;
And one in Pleasure's path
With love still wandering on would all forget : —
Three roads the wide world hath."

Mr. More tells us in his preface that the Hindu treatment of love, etc., is in many ways more akin to our own sentiment than is that of the classics. This romantic attitude toward woman is visible in whole episodes of the epics, such as the story of Nala and Dama yanti, and perhaps also in epigrams like the following : —

"A flower whose fragrance none hath savored,
A singing bird no ear hath favored,
White pearl no jeweler hath bored,
Untasted honey freshly stored

In a clean jar, unbroken fruit
That ripens now from virtue's root, —
Wondering I ask, O form unspotted,
To whose delight, sweet girl, thou art allotted."

The Hindu conception of woman, however, in general reminds us of the one held in the Middle Ages. Gaston Paris, indeed, in his studies on old French poetry, has attempted to show how largely the mediæval conception is derived from India. A portion of Mr. More's epigrams, then, have a real historical interest, in that they take us back to the far Indian origins of that ascetic distrust of woman which permeated mediæval thought, and entered as so important a part into the monkish ideal, — *mulier hominis confusio* : —

"In woman is the cause of shame,
For woman burneth hatred's flame,
Through woman in this body's snare
The soul is mewed, — of woman, ah ! beware."

Mr. More has taken as motto for his little volume a stanza of Emerson ; and indeed one cannot help being struck by an analogy between the thought of Emerson — and, we may add, the thought of Tennyson in his old age — and the philosophy of India. This analogy, if we consider it more carefully as it appears in the essay on the Over-Soul or in a poem like the New Pantheism, will be found, we imagine, to consist in a certain sense of the absolute. It is a familiar remark of Scherer that the chief achievement of nineteenth-century thought has been to weaken the faith in the absolute ; but by this remark Scherer meant the absolute as visibly embodied in rules and observances, the attempt to imprison perfect and immutable truth in creeds and formulas. There is obviously little relation between this form of the absolute and the absolute of Emerson and Tennyson, which may be defined as a purely spiritual perception of the light beyond the reason, entirely disassociated from the faith in creeds and formulas.

"Fire is the Brahmin's god ; the seer
Knows in his heart the godhead near ;
Fools have their idol ; but the clear,
Untroubled vision sees him there and here."

It is in this inner sense of the absolute, this constant aspiration toward the central unity of life, that we are to seek, if anywhere, the message of India to the modern world. The disappearance of faith in a visible absolute, as understood by Scherer, has meant for the average man the lapse into pure impressionism. He has not as yet succeeded in creating by reflection a set of inner standards, to take the place of the outer standards he has lost. We of America, as being most completely emancipated from the past, from all respect for authority and tradition, are likewise the most impressionistic. We are, to a degree almost unexampled in history, a nation of impressionists. Herein lies the secret both of our weakness and of our strength. We owe to this fact especially our freedom from exclusiveness and intolerance, those twin vices almost inseparable from the faith in an outer absolute. Our less lenient critics might also trace to this source a certain triviality and lack of elevation in our temper, an absence of vigorous personal conviction, a weakening of the sense of conduct, and a falling off in the stanchness of individual character. If these evils of impressionism are masked from us at present, it is possibly because we are still living on the capital of moral energy inherited from Puritanism. The study of Oriental philosophy, therefore, might find some justification if it gave even a few of us a means of escape from our impressionism, — from that intellectual anarchy of the present which has so frightened thinkers like M. Brunetière that they are ready to return to the old conception of the absolute as embodied in Catholicism. In truth, if an effective resistance is to be offered to the arguments of M. Brunetière, some new vision of the absolute would seem to be needed to crown the

edifice of modern rationalism, and reconcile the antinomies into which life resolves itself when viewed from the platform of pure intellect.

This new insight, if we are to judge from India, will bring with it a new sense of obligation, a new form of self-discipline, to take the place of that "principle of restraint" the gradual disappearance of which fills M. Brunetière with so much alarm. The goal toward which everything tends in Hindu philosophy is to enter into communion with the Atman, or true Self, the divinity hidden in the secret place of the heart, and then to subdue to its authority the senses and the turbulent passions of the lower self.

"Seated within this body's car
The silent Self is driven afar ;
And the five senses at the pole
Like steeds are tugging, restive of control.

"And if the driver lose his way,
Or the reins sunder, who can say
In what blind paths, what pits of fear,
Will plunge the chargers in their mad career ?

"Drive well, O Mind, use all thy art,
Thou charioteer ! O feeling Heart,
Be thou a bridle firm and strong !
For the Lord rideth, and the way is long."

The present, then, is perhaps one of those moments in the history of the West when its sense of certain truths needs to be refreshed and quickened by contact with the thought of the East. Entirely absorbed as we have been in the pursuit of the secret of power, it may be well for us, if we would avoid satiety, to turn at times to a country like India, which has given itself no less entirely to the pursuit of the secret of peace.

"Like an uneasy fool thou wanderest far
Into the nether deeps,
Or upward climbest where the dim-lit star
Of utmost heaven sleeps.

"Through all the world thou rangest, O my
soul,
Seeking and wilt not rest ;

Behold, the peace of Brahma, and thy goal,
Hideth in thine own breast."

Our endeavor to penetrate by analysis to the infinitely small may result in mere pedantry and immersion in detail, unless tempered by something of the Oriental's aspiration toward the infinitely large. The West tends more and more to pure activity, just as India, when most herself, has tended toward pure repose. Here again the half truth of the East may serve as a corrective to the half truth of the West, and may bring to pass that activity in repose which some one has defined as the classical ideal. We in America, especially, if we are not to spend ourselves in vain surface agitation, might profitably cultivate some feeling for the "ultimate element of calm." We should thus avoid the reproach of Ruskin, that as a nation we are incapable of rest.

The friend of classical culture will not be deterred from thus commending the thought of India by any fear that we may be led into the opposite excess of quietism. We appear at present to be in no danger of being too much pre-occupied by the thought that the kingdom of heaven is within us. The danger is rather that serious attempts to interpret Eastern thought to American readers should fail of due recognition. There is, it is true, no lack of a certain kind of interest in things Oriental; no lack of people ready to listen to some Brahmin, specially imported for the occasion, as he holds forth on the blessedness of dissolving one's self in the divine essence. One is tempted, indeed, to think at times that Orientalism, in order to attract one portion of the American public, requires a dash of charlatanism. How many persons who wax enthusiastic over Buddhism as set forth in the works of Mr. Paul Carus would shrink

back if brought into direct contact with a Pali text, repelled by the virtues even more than the faults of their original! Nothing at bottom could run more counter to the gregarious and humanitarian instincts of the present age than that insistence on renunciation and meditation, on the essential loneliness of the human spirit, which is the burden of so many of Mr. More's epigrams.

"Alone each mortal first draws breath,
Alone goes down the way of death;
Alone he tastes the bitter food
Of evil deeds, alone the fruit of good."

The real reason that the Indian point of view is so foreign to us is not far to seek. The main concern for the Hindu, as it was for the mediæval Christian, is the salvation of the individual soul, whereas the interest of the modern man centres more and more in the progress, not of the individual, but of society. Bhartrihari is more akin in spirit to a mediæval saint than to a nineteenth-century philanthropist, as appears in epigrams like the following, which is very nearly literal:—

"O mother earth! O father air! O light
My friend! O kindred water! and thou
height
Of skies, my brother! crying unto you,
Crying, I plead adieu.

"Well have I wrought among you, — now the
day
Of Wisdom dawning strikes old Errors' sway,
And the light breaks, and the long-waiting
soul
Greeteth her blissful goal."

It is translations of this quality which make of Mr. More's little book a contribution to general literature. At the same time, its success, and the success of other work done in the same spirit, will serve as a measure of the legitimate interest taken in this country in the thought of the Far East.